Feb. 26, 1944
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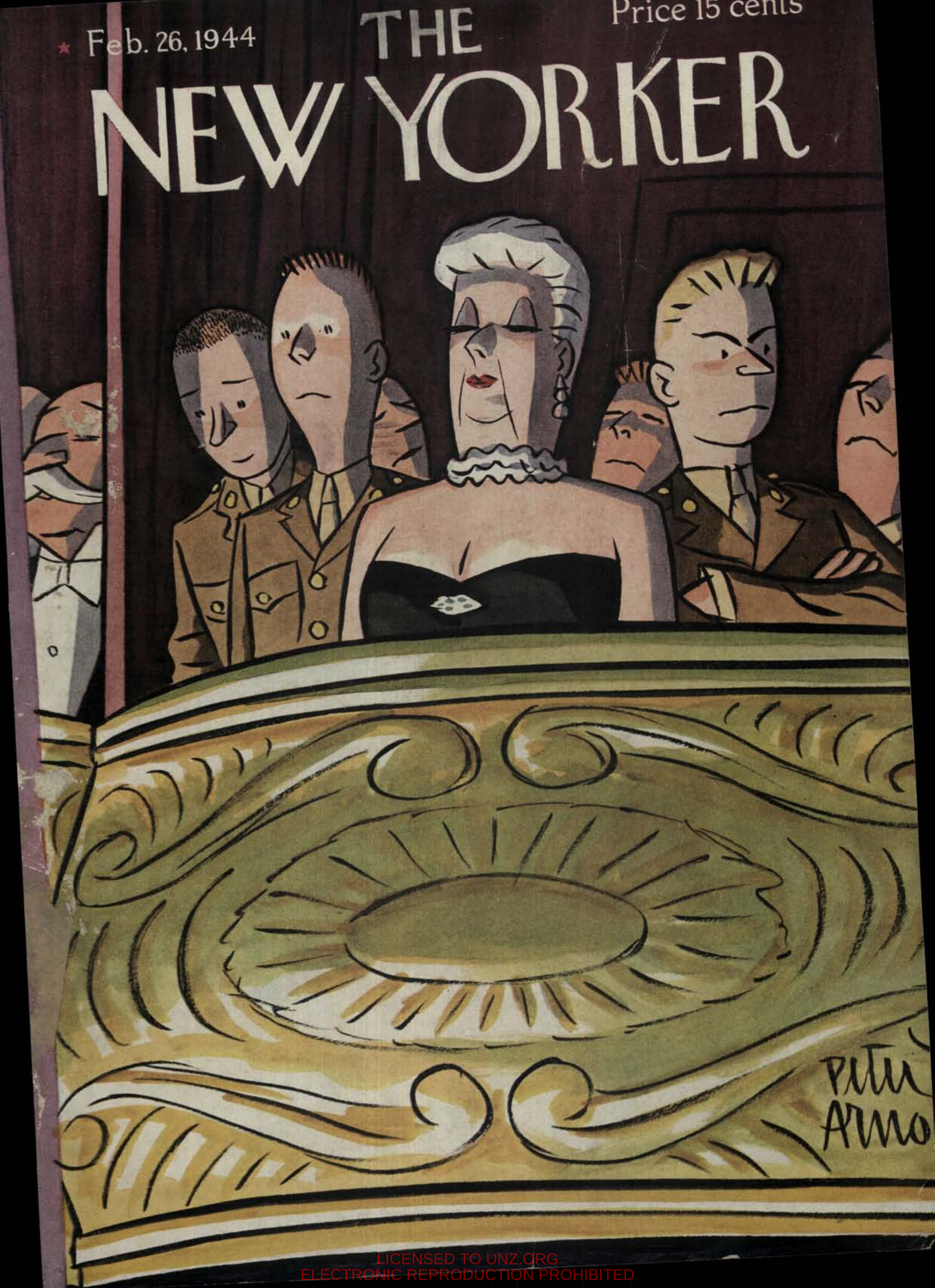
THE NEW YORKER



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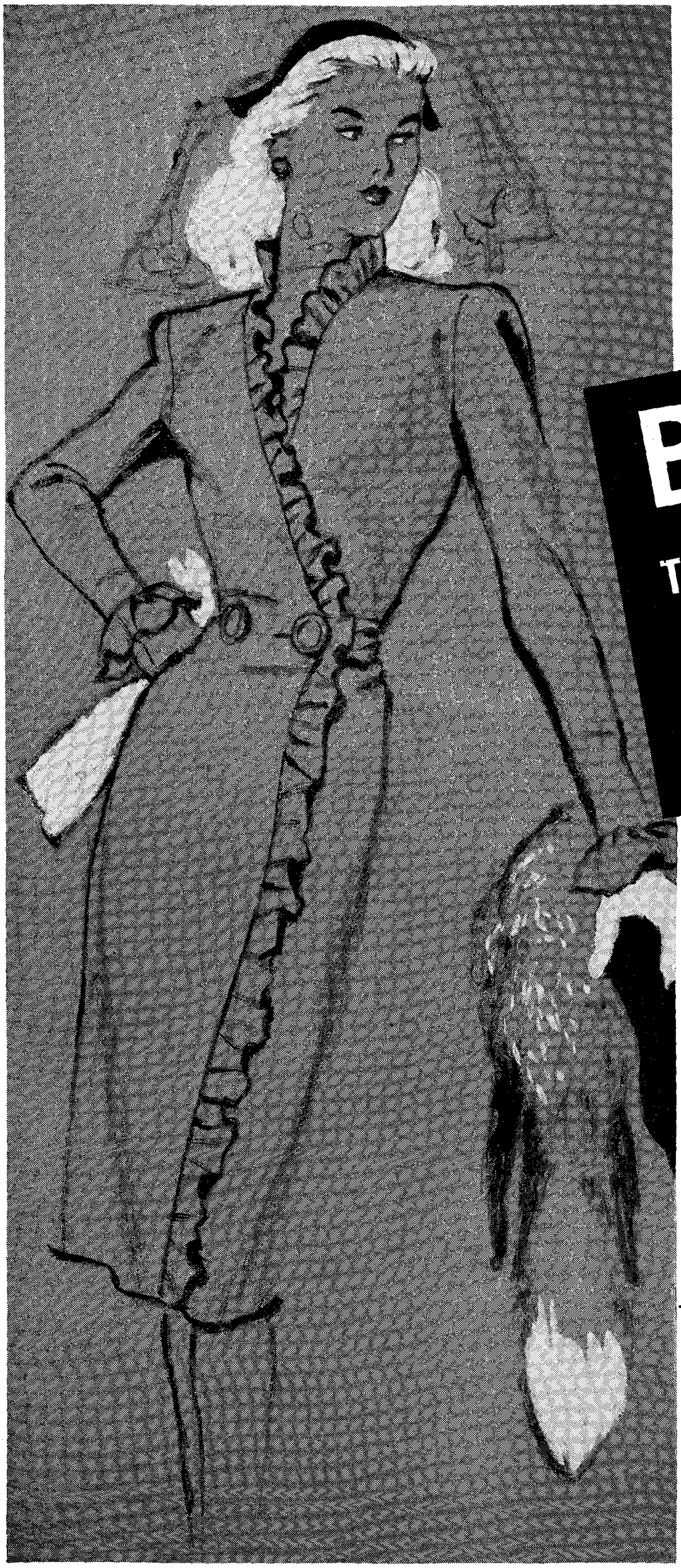

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 4.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., Feb. 24 and 28, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Margaret Webster's slightly disappointing revival of Chekhov's most touching play, with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf, Gwen Anderson, and Larry Hugo. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon. at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a piece about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Feb. 26.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—High-toned British triangle play around the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell is as fascinating as ever, and Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, and Carol Goodner are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—Shakespeare's tragedy made plausible and tremendously effective by the casting of a Negro as the Moor. Paul Robeson is given fine support, especially by José Ferrer as Iago, and Margaret Webster's direction is superb. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not quite as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., Feb. 24 and 28, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than three hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15; special War Bond Mat. on Tues., Feb. 29, at 2:15, with tickets on sale at all large department stores.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Right Next to Broadway—A comedy by Paul K. Paley, with Jeannette Chinley, Tom Daly, and Frances Tannehill. Staged by William B. Friedlander and produced by Mr. Paley. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival proving perhaps that things aren't always as exciting as we remember them. Reasonably good entertainment, though, and Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen are both very fine. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., Feb. 24 and 28, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—A comedy concerned dimly with bullfighting and Martinique, but the whole thing needn't bother you one way or another. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Jackpot—Vinton Freedley, who has done some very good musicals, offers a disappointing one about some Marines who win a girl in a lottery. Allan Jones, Nanette Fabray, and Jerry Lester are in it, and Guy Bolton, Vernon Duke, and Howard Dietz are mainly responsible for the story and the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Merry Widow—A good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except Feb. 24, and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Betty Garde, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Mrs. Kimball Presents—A farce by Alonzo Price, with Arthur Margetson and Vicki Cummings. Staged by Mr. Price and produced by Ted Gerken and Joe Chandler. Opens Tues., Feb. 29. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Thank You, Svoboda—Sam Jaffe in a play by H. S. Kraft, based on a novel by John Pen. Staged by Mr. Kraft and produced by Milton Baron. Opens Wed., March 1. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—"Porgy and Bess," with Etta Moten and Avon Long: nightly, starting Mon., Feb. 28, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company—"Iolanthe," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 24, and Fri. Eve., March 3; "Patience," Fri. Eve., Feb. 25; "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 26; "The Mikado," Sun. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 27; "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Cox and Box," Mon. and Tues. Eves., Feb. 28-29; "Ruddigore," Thurs. Eve., March 2; "The Yeomen of the Guard," Sat. Aft. and Eve., March 4. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Eves. at 8:35. Mats. at 2:35.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Hansel and Gretel," "Princess Red Riding Hood," and "The Never Empty Purse," Sat., Feb. 26 and March 4, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.) . . . The Children's Theatre of the New School presenting "Bobino," Sat. and Sun., Feb.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 2, February 26, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 4.

26-27, at 2:30 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. GR 7-8464.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which should be enough for anyone.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A pleasant, be-muralled place, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Pearl Primus, Josh White, and Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room with beautiful girls and palm trees. Also Jimmy Durante, Mary Raye and Naldi, Joel Herron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and handsome, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the mind-reader, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm sings at the supper hour in the Persian Room and Bil and Cora Baird operate their marionettes at dinnertime. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays, discreetly of course, in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Val Olman's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room and Gracie Fields entertains after the theatre. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and a supporting cast. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a rococo sort of place, with a number of entertainers. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Irene Bordoni heads a small show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is back, with all her old songs and a few new ones. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, and plenty of elbow room.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with charm; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, George Morris's orchestra, and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as the original but much handsomer, with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **CASABLANCA,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): stripes and plenty of noise; Ralph Font's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya and her troupe will be here through Mon., Feb. 28; Machito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Georgie Auld's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter and the Clarence Profit Trio.

●

Mostly for Music—At the **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ethel Waters is here, heading the all-Negro show. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just a bar, some tables, and Sidney Catlett's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the musicians being featured right now are Coleman Hawkins and Clark Monroe's band.

ART

Hans Arp—Bas-reliefs, sculpture, gouaches, and drawings, by one of the great early Abstractionists: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57: Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

Milton Avery—Nature and people, somewhat simplified: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 11.

Max Band—Biblical and Californian subjects: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 25.

Louis Bosa—New oils: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 18.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A hundred portraits of Abraham Walkowitz by as many well-known artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 12.

Enrico Donati—Surrealist oils by a protégé of André Breton: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 26.

Lyonel Feininger—Recent water colors and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

French—At the **VALENTINE,** 55 E. 57: Braque, Mondrian, Miró, Léger, and other school-of-Paris painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: classics of the Paris school, about half of them new to this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 11. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: twentieth-century paintings, many never before shown here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 15. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: drawings from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 2. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 11. . . . **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: water colors, drawings, and pastels by Pissarro, Renoir, Degas, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21.

Ida Gordey—Delicate still lifes by Marc Chagall's daughter: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Feb. 29.

William Gropper—Oils and gouaches with war as their theme: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sun., Feb. 27.

Groups—At the **PUMA,** 108 W. 57: some younger painters who favor impasto. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 4. . . . **BRANDT,** 15 E. 57: a loan show of paintings and sculpture by Marcel Duchamp, Raymond Villon-Duchamp, Joan Miró, Max Ernst, and many other modern artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 18.

Leon Kelly—Surrealist paintings, mostly of insects. Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

Sidney Laufman—Southern landscapes: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

Matta—New paintings with design as well as color: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 11.

Sigmund Menkes—Landscapes, still lifes, and figures: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 26.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; and a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern American and European drawings. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through April 16.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of miscellaneous work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The seventy-seventh annual show of the American Water Color Society. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., March 1.

Georgia O'Keeffe—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 25.

John C. Pellew—Recent paintings: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 6.

Horace Pippin—Landscapes of Pennsylvania and the South, and still lifes: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 11.

Anne Poor—Sombre paintings of the West Coast and drawings of a WAC camp: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 26.

Primitives—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: Grandma Moses' paintings of the past three years. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 11. . . . **HARRY STONE,** 555 Madison, at 55: recently discovered water colors by a Miss Willson, an early nineteenth-century artist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25.

Ad. Reinhardt—Abstract gouaches and collages: Artists', 43 W. 55. Daily 1 tc 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 26.

William Sharp—Etchings and aquatints illustrating "Don Quixote": Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 26.

Charles Smith—Abstract block paintings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Painting and sculpture which the Museum has had in safekeeping since the beginning of the war. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Feb. 24, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 25, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 26, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 27, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., March 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 3, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., March 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Witold Malcuzynski, piano, Feb. 26-27; Josef Hofmann, piano, March 2-3.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné and Dorothy Holcomb conducting. Fri., Feb. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Le Nozze di Figaro." Thurs. Eve., Feb. 24. . . . "Il Trovatore," Fri. Eve., Feb. 25. . . . "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Sat. Aft., Feb. 26. . . . "Norma," Sat. Eve., Feb. 26. . . . "Tosca," Mon. Eve., Feb. 28. . . . "Aïda," Tues. Aft., Feb. 29 (a Milk Fund for Babies benefit; for tickets, call CI 6-0462). . . . "Götterdämmerung," Tues. Eve., Feb. 29. . . . "La Forza del Destino," Wed. Eve., March 1. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs. Eve., March 2. . . . "Carmen," Fri. Eve., March 3 (a New York Diet Kitchen Association benefit; for tickets, call PL 3-9245). . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., March 4. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Eve., March 4. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance, so it's best to make a last-minute call to the box

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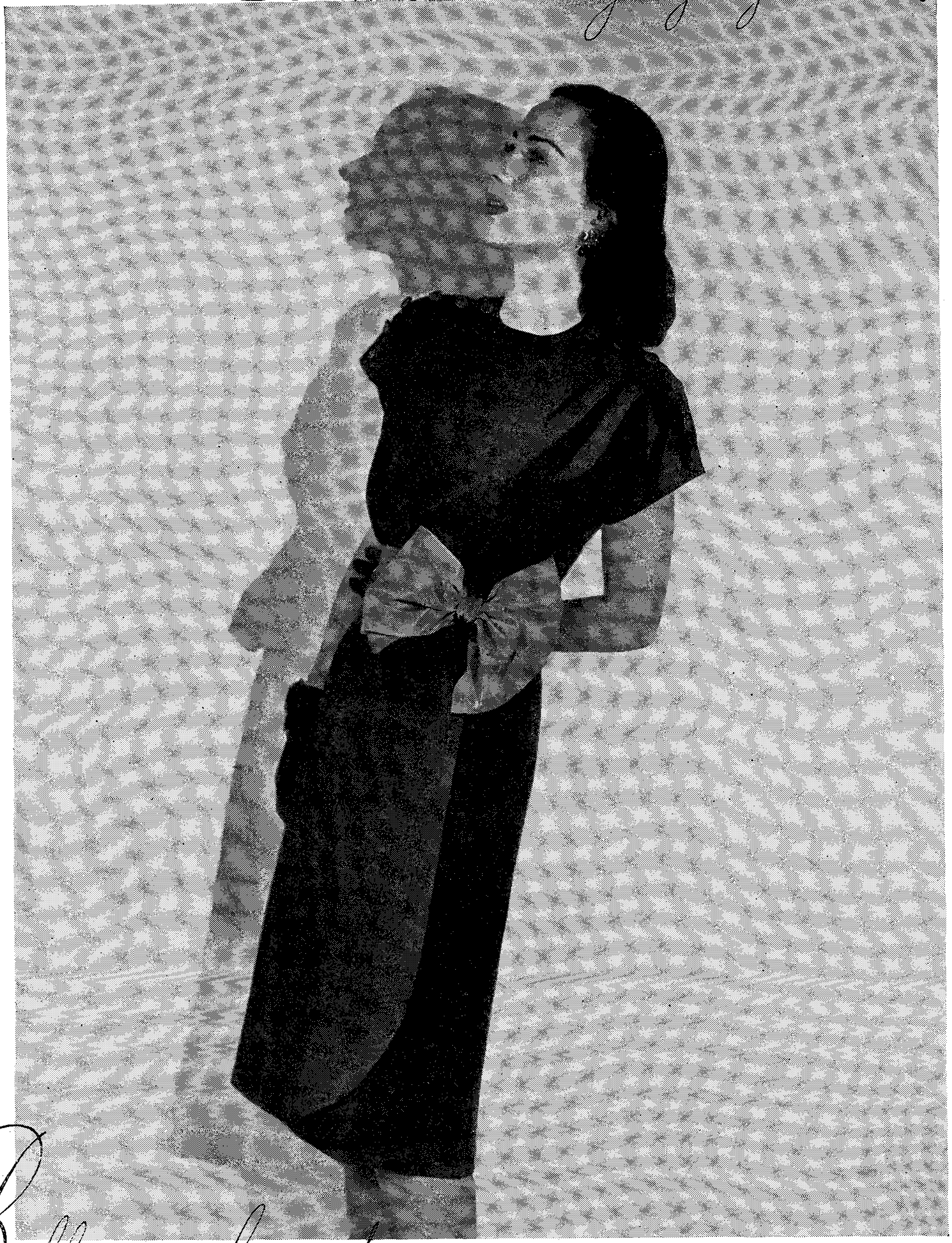

Ballerina bow dress

Milada Mladova, young ballet star currently rehearsing for the ingénue lead in the new musical, "Allah Be Praised!" is wearing our newest sorcerer. A black shift, in rayon crepe . . slashed with rayon taffeta and a big bow, for exquisite body lines. Black with bright green or all black or brown. 10 to 18, 29.95

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 4.

office, PE 6-1210.) . . . Among the singers on the Sunday night concert, Feb. 27, at 8:30, will be Licia Albanese, Patrice Munsel, and Alexander Kipnis.

NEW YORK CITY CENTER OPERA COMPANY—"Carmen," Thurs. and Sun. Eves., Feb. 24 and 27, and Sat. Aft., Feb. 26. . . . "Martha," Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 25-26. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

MUSEUM CONCERT—Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Thurs., Feb. 24, at 3 P.M. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70.)

IVAN IVANTZOFF—Tenor. Thurs., Feb. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

OPERATIC CONCERT—An English version of Smetana's opera "Dalibor," in concert form, Paul Eilser conducting; a benefit for United Czechoslovak Relief. Sat., Feb. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. At the McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116, Sat., Feb. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.) . . . At the Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave., Tues., Feb. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (ST 3-6700.)

JOSEPH SZIGETI AND ANDOR FOLDES—Violin and piano. Sat., Feb. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Busch Trio. Sun., Feb. 27, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JOHN FEENEY—Tenor. Sun., Feb. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ROMOLO DE SPIRITO—Tenor. Sun., Feb. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. Sun., Feb. 27, at 8:50 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

COOLIDGE QUARTET—Chamber Music. Mon., Feb. 28, at 8:45 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. For tickets, call BU 8-0656.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Caterina Jarboro, soprano, and two chamber-music groups from the Juilliard School of Music; for the United Parents Association. Tues., Feb. 29, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Violin. Wed., March 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

CHAMBER MUSIC TRIO—René Le Roy, flute, Sidney Foster, piano, and Janos Scholz, 'cello. Wed., March 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano. Sat., March 4, at 3 P.M.; a war-relief benefit. (Town Hall.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Ballad singer. Sat., March 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—N.Y.U. vs. Oklahoma, and L.I.U. vs. Cornell, Wed., March 1, at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Joe Baksi, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Feb. 25; Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, 15 rounds, for the lightweight title, Fri., March 3. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M. . . . Golden Gloves Tournament, New York City finals, Mon., Feb. 28, at 8 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 24, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series: Sun., Feb. 27, at 1:30, 3:30, and 8:45 P.M.

TRACK AND FIELD—Madison Square Garden—National A.A.U. Meet, Sat., Feb. 26, at 8 P.M. . . . I.C. A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 4, at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes (through March 15); also, an exhibition, arranged by the British Information Services, of charts, models, and maps, showing the tactics used at St. Nazaire and in other Commando raids (through March 31); and the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through June 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: scale models by Norman Bel Geddes illustrating land and sea battle formations and tactical operations in the present war. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 5.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 11.

AMERICANA—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: a loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early nineteenth century, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Feb. 29. . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Feb. 27, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Feb. 26 and March 4, at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Feb. 26 and March 4, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sun., Feb. 27, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Feb. 27, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Raoul Jobin, Patrice Munsel, Lily Djanel, and Jarmila Novotna, Sat., Feb. 26; "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, John Brownlee, and Nino Martini, Sat., March 4; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: Act II of "Carmen," with Jennie Tourel, Sat., Feb. 26, at 3:30 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boxing: Tami Mauriello vs. Joe Baksi, Fri., Feb. 25; Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, Fri., March 3; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

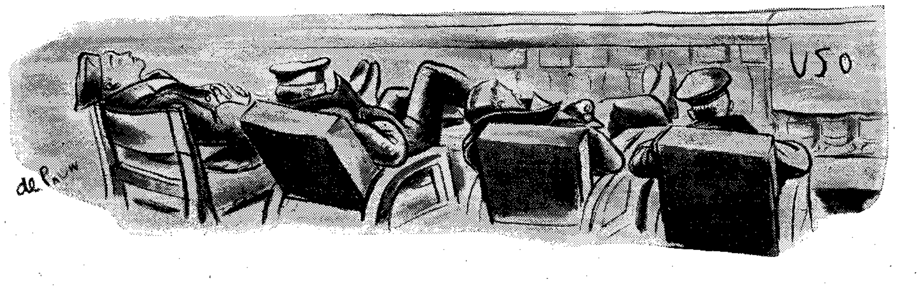
AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—French and English eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, owned by the late Susan V. de Rose, Flora P. Kempner, and others: Fri. and Sat., Feb. 25-26, at 2 P.M. . . . The library of Lieutenant Colonel James W. Flanagan: Tues. and Wed., Feb. 29-March 1, at 2 P.M.

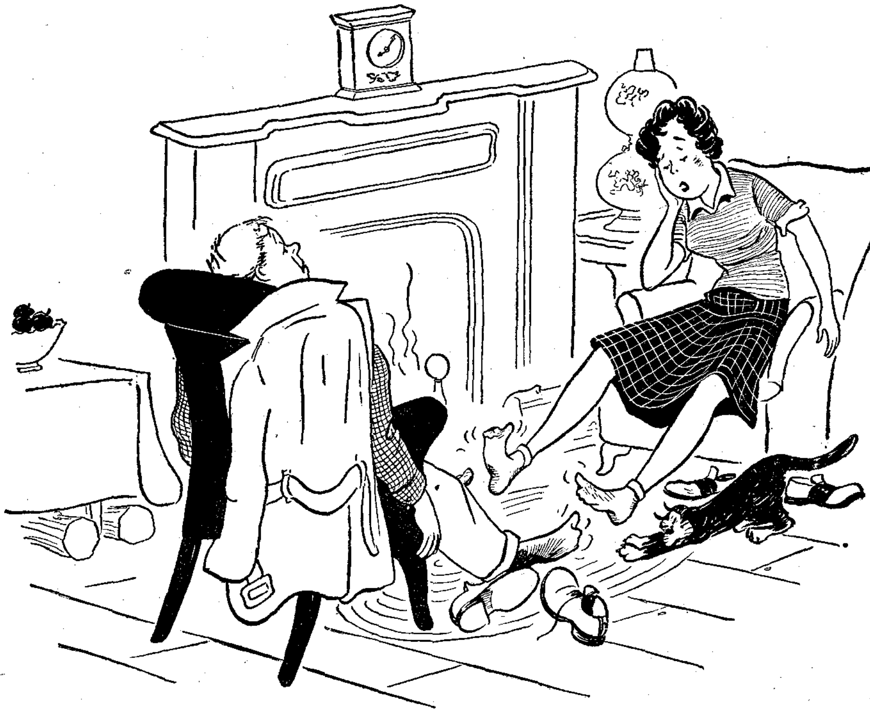
KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Sung, Ming, and other Chinese porcelains, painted-glass pictures, and scrolls, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hart Burling: Fri. and Sat., Feb. 25-26, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

A GUY NAMED JOE—A flying picture that's amusing and intelligent except when the fantasy gets out of hand. Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., March 1.)

IN OUR TIME—Life in the stuffy set in Poland just





A Quiet Evening on the Farm

The Brysons never guessed six acres could keep them hustling from crack of dawn till the last Orpington has gone to roost. Only a little later they too, call it a day—ready and eager to sleep the sleep of the just about all in. Each issue of FARM JOURNAL, however, brings them refreshing new ideas and shows them better ways of doing things. Except for paper rationing it would be helping thousands of other new subscribers, as well. Our editions are now limited to slightly under 2,700,000 copies.

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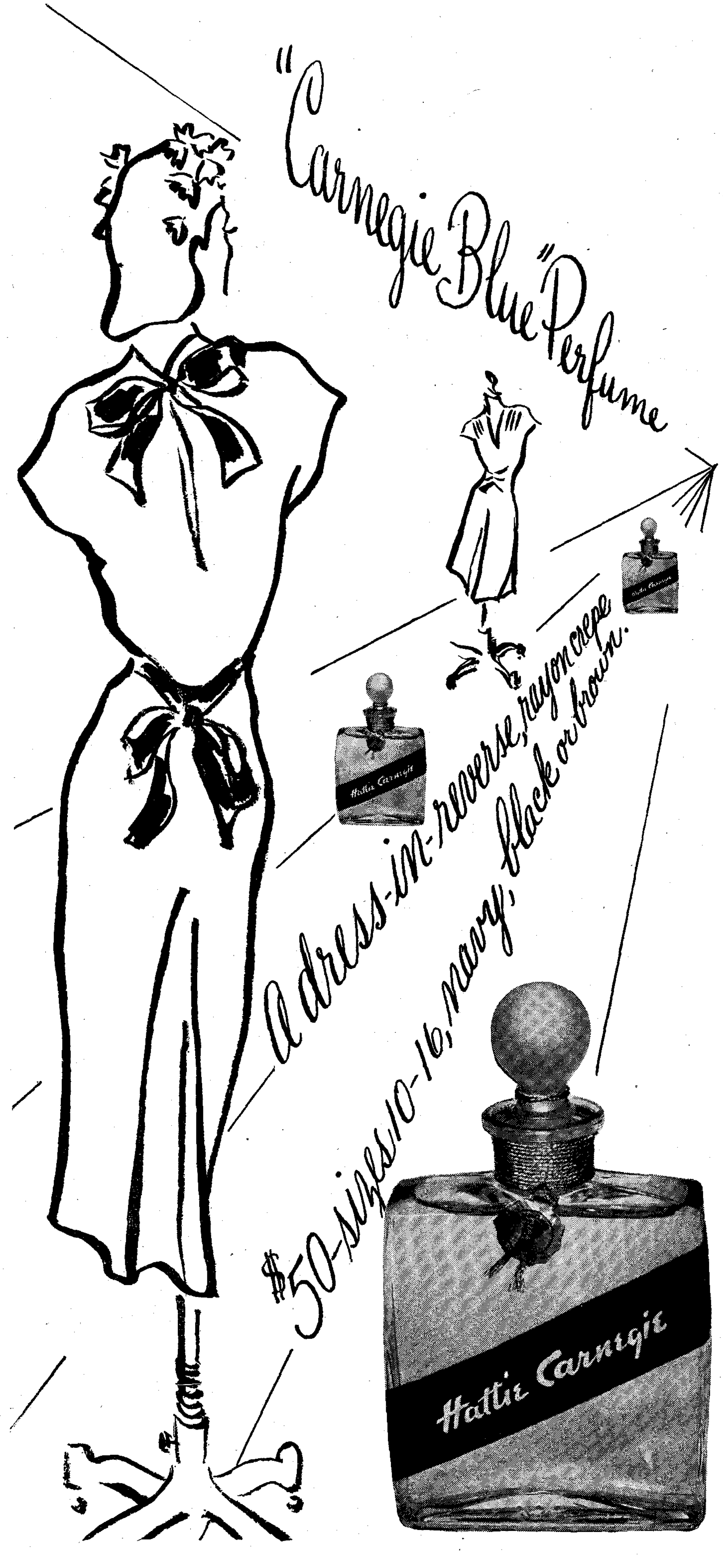
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

before the war. Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

JANE EYRE—Orson Welles, as Rochester, is at his weirdest, but Joan Fontaine is all right as Jane. Also Henry Daniell and Sara Allgood. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., March 1.)

KINGS OF THE RING—A collection of fight pictures ranging from the Burns-Squires bout in 1905 to the reign of Joe Louis. Not of much interest to those who aren't fight fans but a natural for those who are. (World, 153 W. 49.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock's exciting film about some Americans exposed to the Germans and the elements. Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Walter Slezak, and Canada Lee are part of the competent cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

MADAME CURIE—A good screen biography, with Greer Garson in the title rôle and Walter Pidgeon as her husband. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Feb. 28. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., March 1. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Feb. 29-March 4. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., March 1-4.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Bette Davis acts neatly in the saga of a couple of career women. There's also Miriam Hopkins and John Loder. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Feb. 25. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Feb. 26. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Sun., Feb. 27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 25-28. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Fri., Feb. 29-March 3. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., March 1.)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE—An eventful, if cumbersome, picture about the Fighting French, with Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A long one, held together by good acting. The story is about the visions seen by a young girl at Lourdes in the last century, and is adapted from Franz Werfel's novel. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE SULLIVANS—The life of the five brothers before they were killed in the Pacific. There's some realism in the handling of a big family in a small town. Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, and Selena Royle. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Manhattan, B'way at 51: through Fri., March 3.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 29-March 2.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. With Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., March 1.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Feb. 28.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., Feb. 28.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 24.)

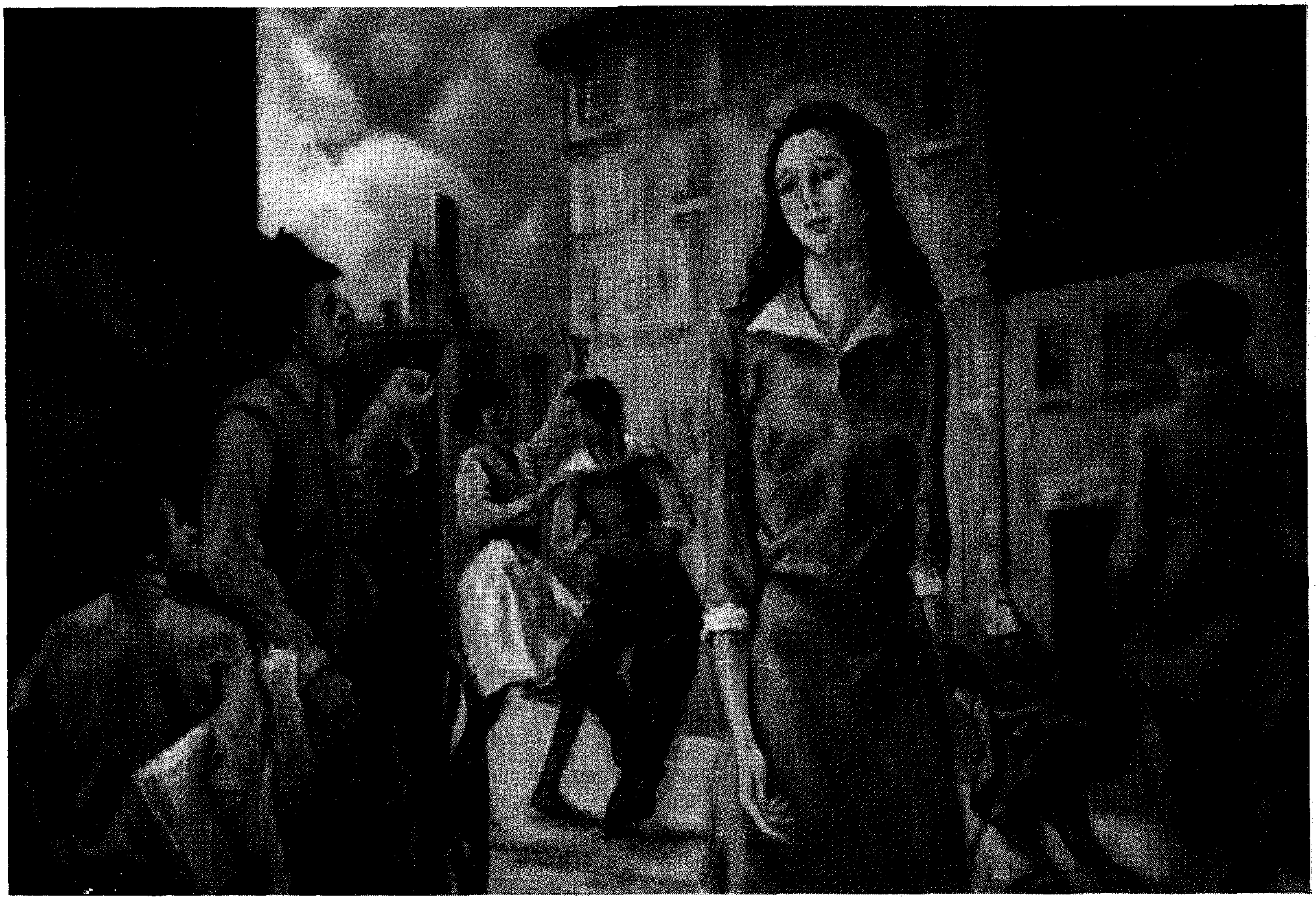
LADY IN DISTRESS (1942)—British melodrama about a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Feb. 24.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An Archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, through Fri., Feb. 25.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur miracle play. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Feb. 28.)

TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME (1930)—Typical Viennese operetta. In German. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Wed., March 1.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., FEB. 24:** "Fährmann Maria" (1936), German film, directed by Frank Wysbar, no English titles. **FRI. AND SAT., FEB. 25-26:** "The Revenge of the Kinematograph Cameraman" (1912), Russian puppet film. **SUN. AND MON., FEB. 27-28:** five short historical films, including "Queen Elizabeth" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt. **TUES. AND WED., FEB. 29-MARCH 1:** "Judith of Bethulia" (1913), with Blanche Sweet, H. B. Walthall, and Lillian Gish, and "Julius Caesar" (1914), Italian film.



Peter Lauck interprets, in the sombre tones of fading twilight, the jazz-and-pathos contrast of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." Against a bleak background of tenement buildings is spotted a girl, lonely yet somewhat heroic; an organ grinder, performing aimlessly; and a group of young negroes tap dancing. The artist has caught what Gershwin captured in the masterful interplay of sweet melody and surging jazz—the restive moods of a pulsating, turbulent city. . . . Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

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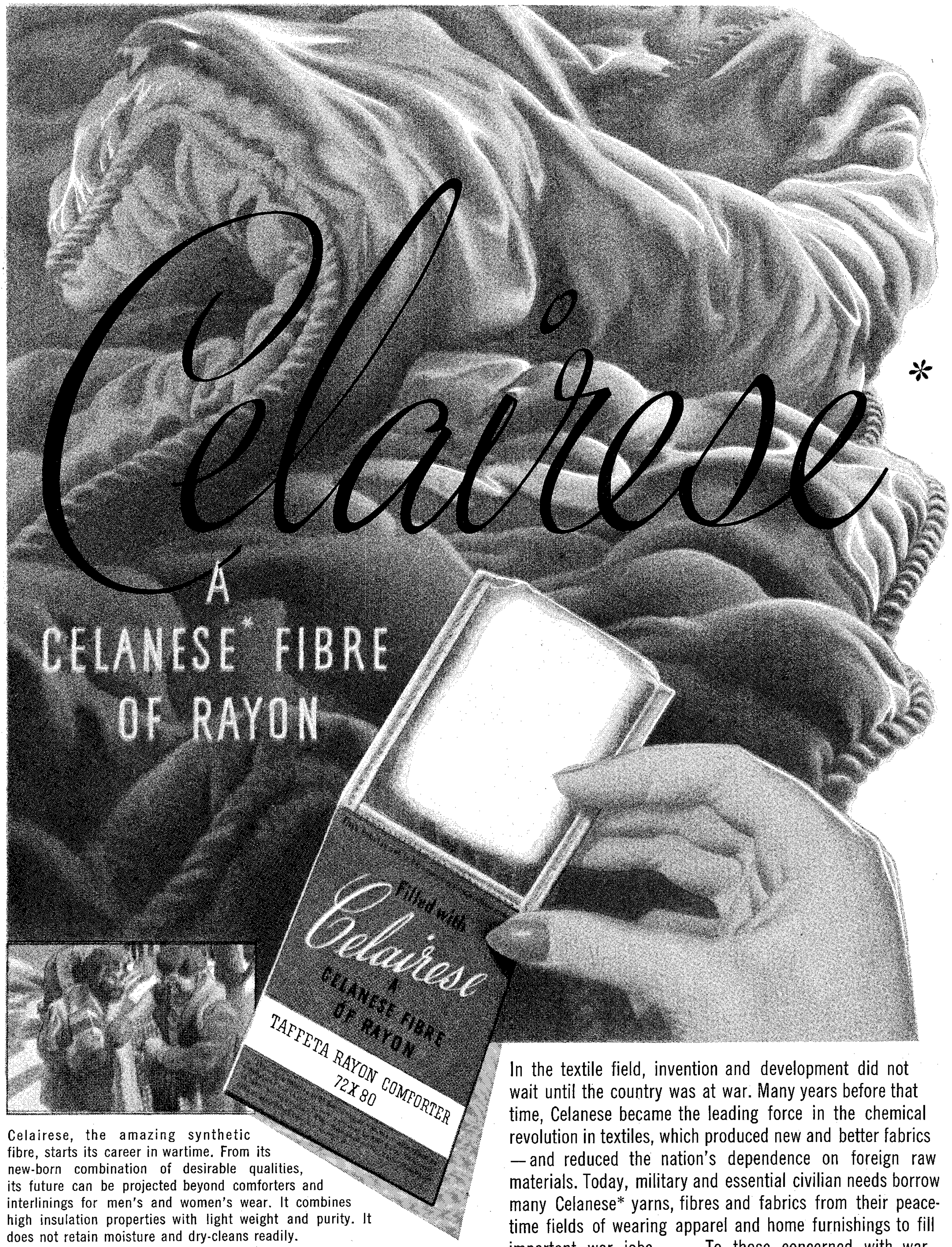

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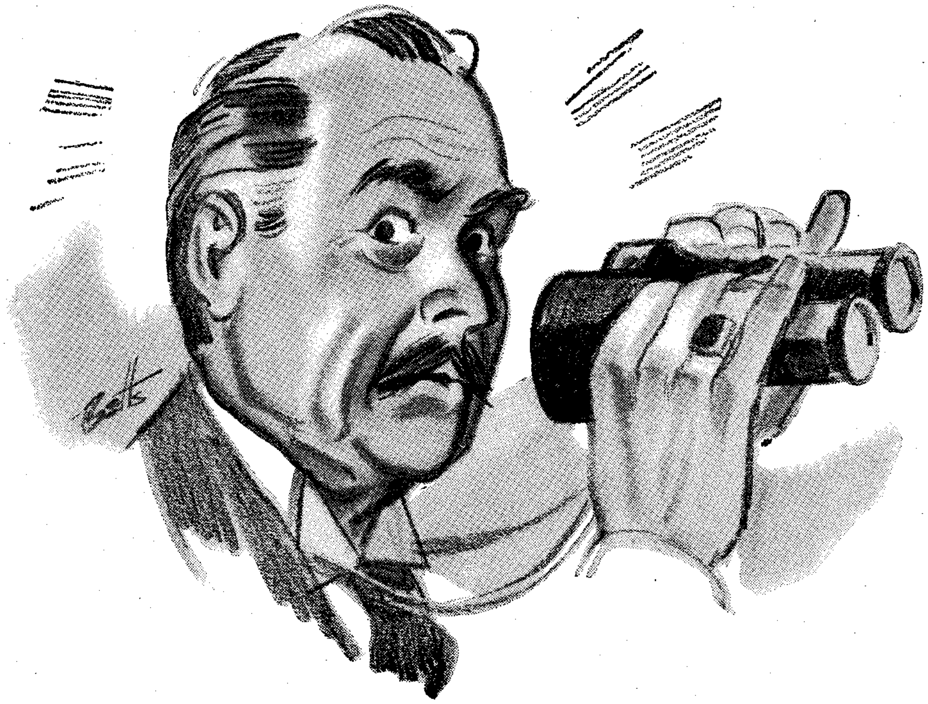

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2.. Visibility and readership are unexcelled—for both display and "continuity" advertisements—because Puck-The Comic Weekly accepts only one advertisement to a page.

***3**.. Puck produces results. The Ralston Purina Company's sales increased 156% after their full page advertisement appeared, Oct. 29, 1933. Since then they have consistently used Puck. Pond's Creams and Powders, Lever Brothers Soaps, R. J. Reynolds Cigarettes and Tobaccos, The Pepsodent Co., Bendix Aviation, Hormel's Spam, Colgate Dental Cream, Gillette Razors, Corning Glass, Kleenex, Doubleday Doran Books, Walter J. Black Classics are among the others.

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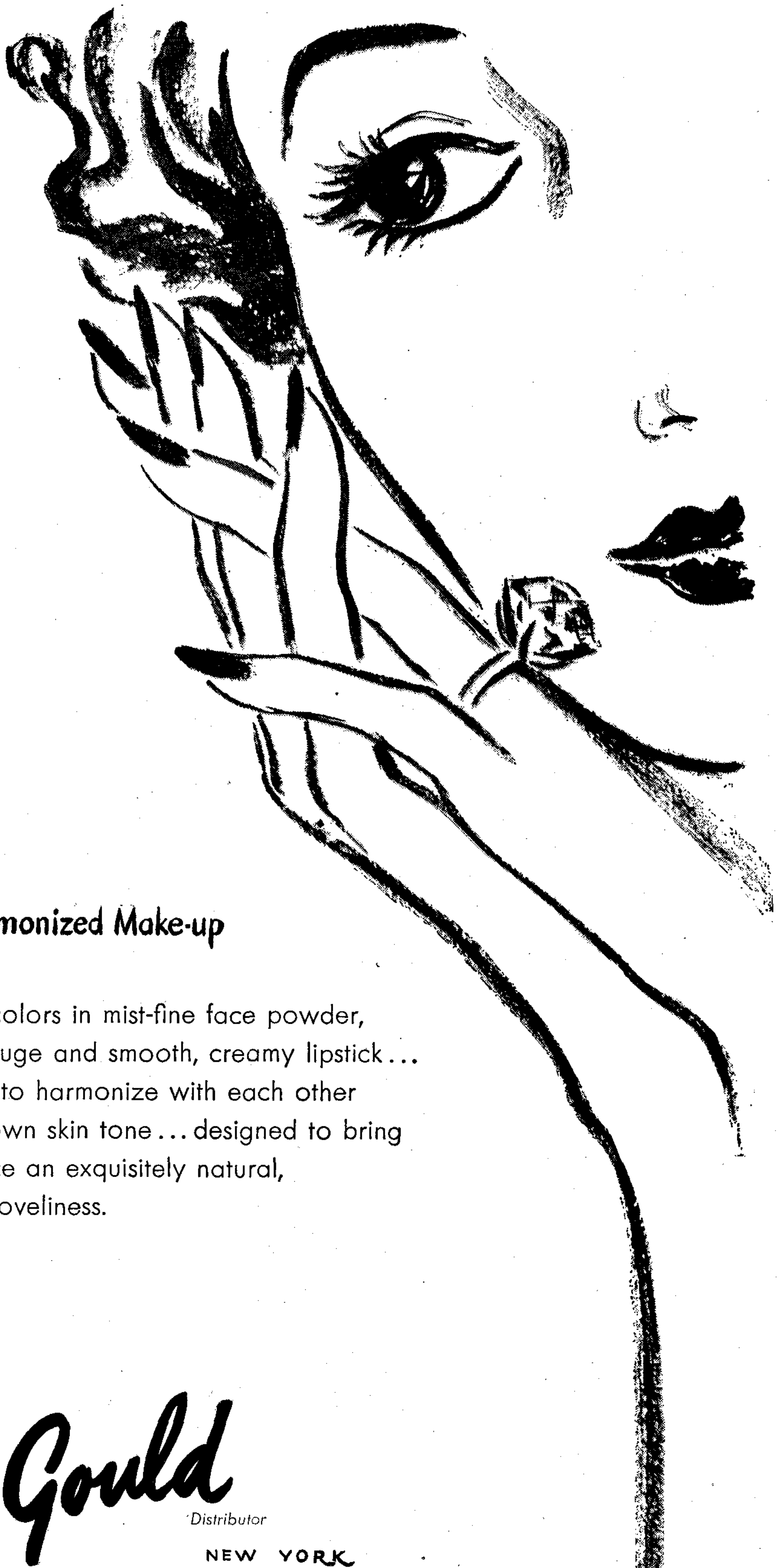

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Heavenly colors in mist-fine face powder, feathery rouge and smooth, creamy lipstick... ensembled to harmonize with each other and your own skin tone... designed to bring to your face an exquisitely natural, fresh new loveliness.

Lipstick $1.00
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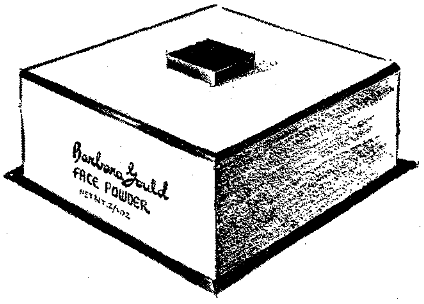

Face Powder $1.00
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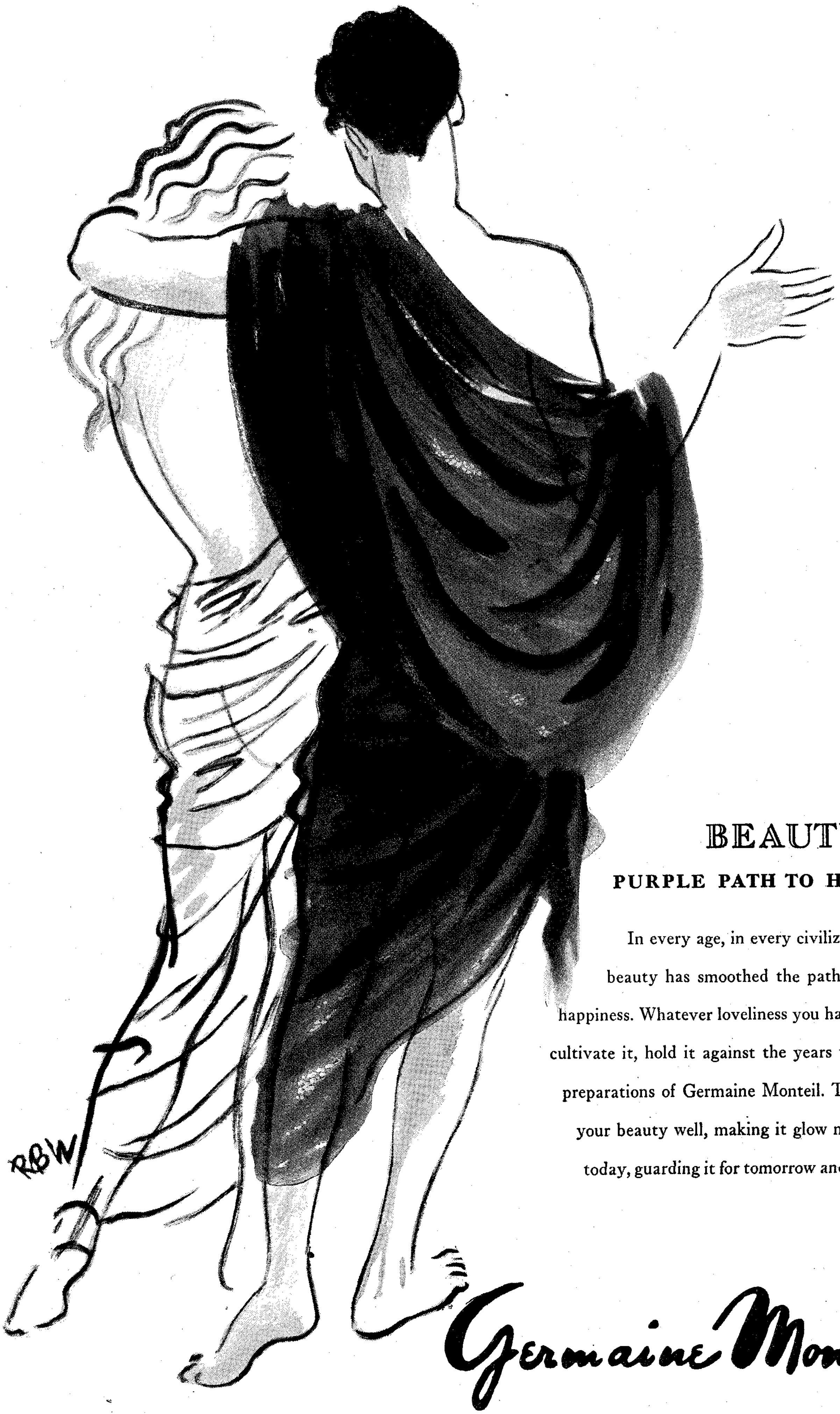

BEAUTY

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Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SIMPLY by paying a quarter a week for a copy of *Variety*, we become privy to news of the most sensational kind—for instance, that there is in the air a plan for pensioning motion-picture actors and actresses whose necklines have begun to sag. A star who has been earning two hundred thousand a year for ten years may expect an annual pension of fifty thousand. This kindly provision will mean that Mickey Rooney will never have to worry about becoming a public charge when he outgrows the cute stage, but of course you have to remember that ten per cent of that fifty grand goes to his agent.

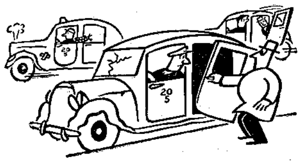
IRRELEVANT THOUGHT: Someday a corporation is just going to give in and pay its excess-profit tax without a struggle.

PRACTICALLY every time we mention the Irish, we are violently set upon by an irascible organization known as the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, and only the keenest sense of editorial duty leads us to comment on the late Charlotte Frances Shaw's bequest of a hundred thousand pounds to be used to teach the Irish "self-control, elocution, deportment, and the arts of personal contact and social intercourse." Our comment is merely that anybody who thinks the Irish can be taught self-control is a crazy optimist, and anybody who thinks they need to be taught elocution is just plain crazy. The National City Bank, Ltd., of Dublin, which has earned the sympathy of the world by accepting the position of trustee of this fund, is soon going to find itself in a flounder of contradictory definitions. Who, for instance, is going to define satisfactory deportment in an Irishman—another Irishman or a non-Irishman? Long after the present war is forgotten, Ireland will be bloodily sundered by such questions, but of course an Irishman is never at peace except when he's fighting. (The words "An Irishman is never at peace except when he's fighting" are from page 600 of H. L. Mencken's "A New Dictionary of Quotations" and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of this magazine.)

THE distinguishing merit of the skating pond in Rockefeller Center is that you can wander over there any afternoon and find, in the deepening dusk, a person who is right in the middle of one of life's golden periods. Life, like any three-act comedy, is just a succession of climactic occasions, and certainly, for a ten-year-old girl who has come into possession of a cute skating costume with a flaring skirt and who has mastered the squat-twirl, the afternoon on ice under the admiring gaze of the galleries is a time of life which can never be duplicated. Offhand, we can't think of any other place in town where you can be absolutely sure of finding somebody in the midst of a golden period.

THE whole duty of a department store, like the whole duty of Man, is not perfectly defined. Presumably it is the duty of a store to sell goods, and this seems to be the tendency, too. Just how a store is supposed to respond to the threats of shortage and inflation is not clear. The last pat of butter, the last mink coat, the ultimate bottle of champagne will probably be accorded the same salesmanship as prevailed in the fat, plentiful days. A lady has just shown us a letter she got from one of the stores here in town, illustrating the curiously split personality the merchandising houses have developed during these trying times of diminishing goods. The letter pointed out that the government proposes soon to place a twenty-per-cent tax on furs, cosmetics, handbags, and jewelry. "We suggest," wrote the store boldly, "that if you do not need any of the above articles you do not buy them." Then the store breathed out, dusted off its lapel, glanced at the ceiling, and remarked in a quieter tone of ink, "However, at this time as at all times, we feel it is part of our service to you, one of our valued customers, to acquaint you with any information that may directly concern you." It would be a hard thing to gainsay.

IN all this town there is probably not a single taxicab which, in normal times, would not have been put out to pasture or sold to a glue factory. We have noticed, in our intracity travels, doors held shut with loops of string, doors that could be opened only by a combination of straight arm and *la savate*, back-seat cushions that slid to the floor at every stop, and taximeters that registered anything between thirty-five and sixty cents for our fifty-cent house-to-office haul. The effect of this decay, however, is to make it much safer to ride in a cab, simply because the hackies have been changed from extroverted bully-boys into downright whimpering hypochondriacs. Today's hackie, who starts slowing down for a red light while only halfway through the block, can scarcely be recognized as the same man who once would shatter his De Soto in a dispute over the right of way as in-



souciantly as Lancelot ever shattered a spear. We realized this the other evening when we hailed a cab, pried the door open, and asked to be taken over to Madison Square Garden. Near Lexington Avenue one of the rear tires expired with a soft sigh, whereupon the driver turned around and said in a tearful voice, "*Now* look what you done to me!"

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A traveller just back from the West reports that he saw a stucco wigwam in Idaho.

A naval officer back from London reports that the management of Mme. Tussaud's has moved King Victor Emmanuel III out of a group of Axis leaders including Mussolini, Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, and Ribbentrop and has put him among the American Presidents, right between Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt.

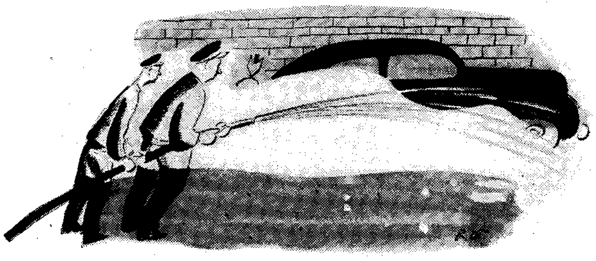
The radio at the Engineers' Club, on West Fortieth Street, hasn't worked for four years.

No Pin-Boys

IN 1918 the only prisoners of war in this country were a handful of men from the ships we had interned. Now, however, we hold approximately 174,000 Axis or former Axis nationals. The figure breaks down in a very rough fashion into 124,500 Germans, 49,500 Italians, and 116 Japanese. The Japanese are kept at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, and the others are scattered among seventy other camps, many of which are located in the Southwest. The biggest prisoner camp is Camp Florence, Arizona, where there are at present about 7,000 Italians. PW's, as the prisoners are called in military jargon, are under the supervision of the Provost Marshal General, Major General Allen W. Gullion. His outfit is confidently enlarging its facilities in the expectation of further importations of prisoners. From now on, mostly Germans are expected, of course, for not many Japanese prisoners are being taken, and while a few more Italians may trickle in from temporary camps outside their borders, most of them are more or less frozen wherever they surrendered. The government is reconsidering the Italians we hold, and already they have been granted one concession: after six months of good behavior, they are allowed to go back and forth between their camps and their work without a guard.

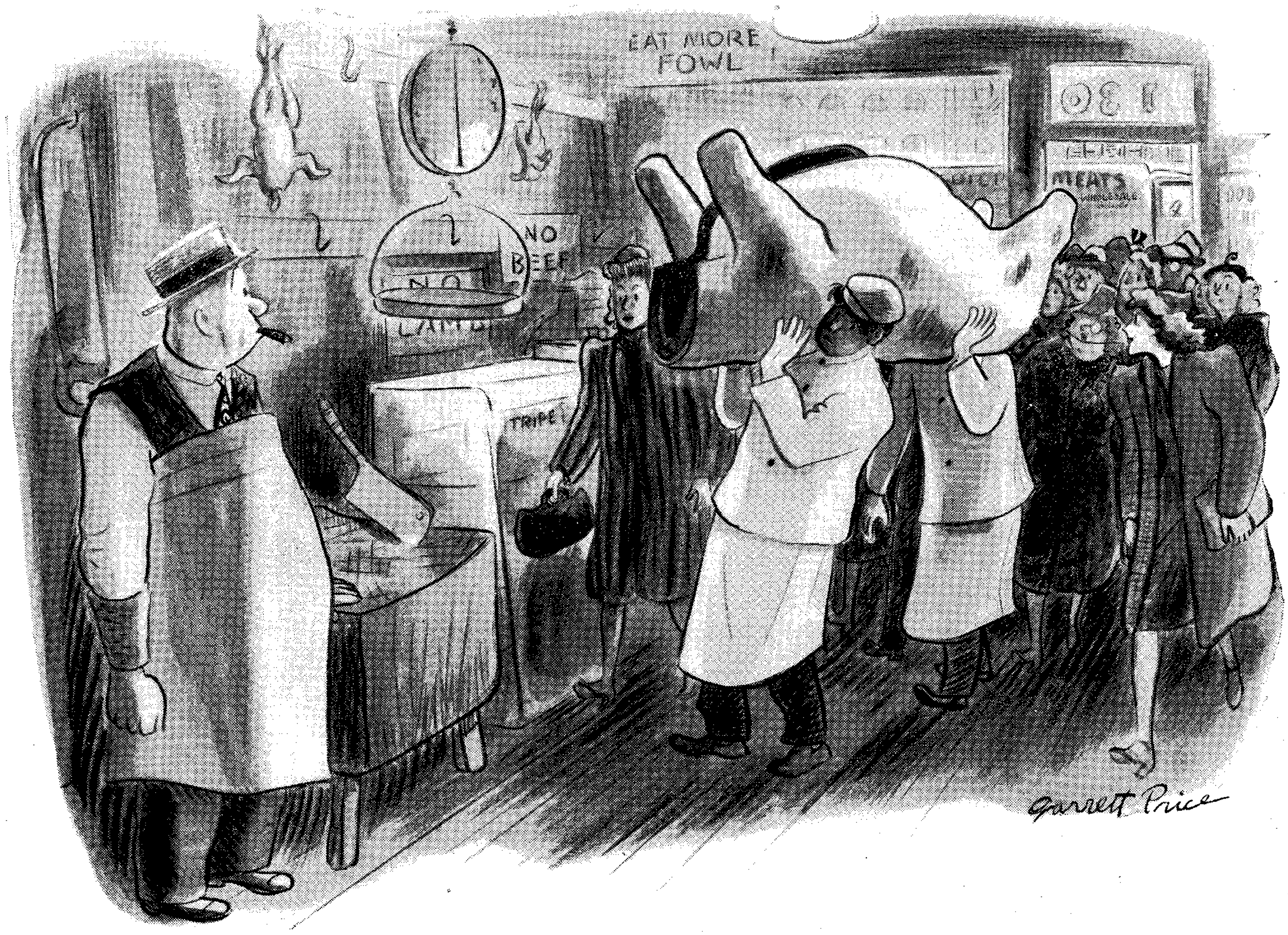
A typical camp, housing three thousand prisoners, requires a military personnel of five hundred and seventy-three officers and men—three Military Police Escort companies and thirty-one additional administrative officers. The three guard companies are usually rotated, one guarding the walls and gates of the camp, and the second and third engaged in tactical or training exercises and guarding work details outside the camp. Any sort of social contact between guards and prisoners is forbidden. The prisoners have their own military setup. There are companies of two hundred and fifty men, each in the charge of an Army officer, who is responsible to the military commander of the camp. Each company also has attached to it an Army top sergeant, mess sergeant, and supply sergeant, and two Army cooks, who supervise the prisoners working in the kitchens. About a tenth of the prisoner manpower is employed on projects connected with their own maintenance—cooking, carpentry, raising food, policing their grounds, and so on. A quarter is employed by the War Department on maintenance projects in and about regular Army posts, camps, and canteens. This is O.K. under the Geneva Convention, as long as the prisoners aren't asked to contribute directly to our war effort. The rest of the prisoner labor is distributed among various civilian chores, principally seasonal agricultural work such as harvesting peanuts, corn, tomatoes, cotton, and potatoes. Prisoners are also used in brick kilns, canning plants, dry-cleaning establishments, and land-clearance work, but not, as was once suggested in the press, as pin-boys in bowling alleys. That would be in violation of an article of the Geneva Convention which forbids "menial or degrading work" for PW's.

Prisoners of war are issued dark-blue uniforms with the letters "PW" painted in white on their backs and the seats of their pants. They are allowed to wear their insignia and decorations. Prisoner companies handle much of their own administrative affairs, choosing their first sergeants, cooks, barbers, tailors, cobblers, and the like from among themselves. Enlisted men are credited with ten cents a day whether they work or not, and, when employed, an additional eighty cents is credited to their accounts. Against this they may charge supplies bought from the canteen—soap, razor blades, and such luxuries as candy and tobacco. Captive officers are not obliged to work. German and Italian officers are credited each month with allowances ranging from twenty dollars for a second lieutenant to forty dollars for a major or officer of higher rank. Japanese officers in corresponding grades receive five dollars less a month. All officers have the privilege of recruiting orderlies from among the enlisted prisoners. Prisoner help hired by a civilian must be paid for at the same rate as that fixed for local labor; the difference between that and the eighty-cent daily allowance is used to help pay the cost of prisoner-of-war maintenance. The only rule that has given us trouble is the one providing that prisoners must not be held up to "public curiosity or ridicule." When Mayor La Guardia visited a captured Italian general whom he had known before the war and had his picture taken with him, the Italians, through the Swiss representatives who inspect our prisoner camps, made a strong protest. Our fellows were sincerely astonished at this interpretation of La Guardia's gesture.



Ecce Homo

A TALL, nervous, middle-aged novelist has been spending the winter in an old town in northwest Connecticut. He had scarcely settled down in an Early Colonial house before the news of his advent was bruited far and wide. Among the local folk who were all ears was a young lady who for years had hung on the writer's every written word. In several saunterings past his home she could catch no glimpse of the great man. She told her old friend the druggist, whose store is the town's favorite meeting place, about it. "Gone to the city for a week or two," said the druggist. "Let you know when he gets back." Well, the young lady's quarry got back to town the following Saturday. The apothecary, however, did not merely call up the young lady and tell her about it, the reason being that she is on a party line and he didn't want to give Mrs. Trowbridge, Mrs. Innis, and



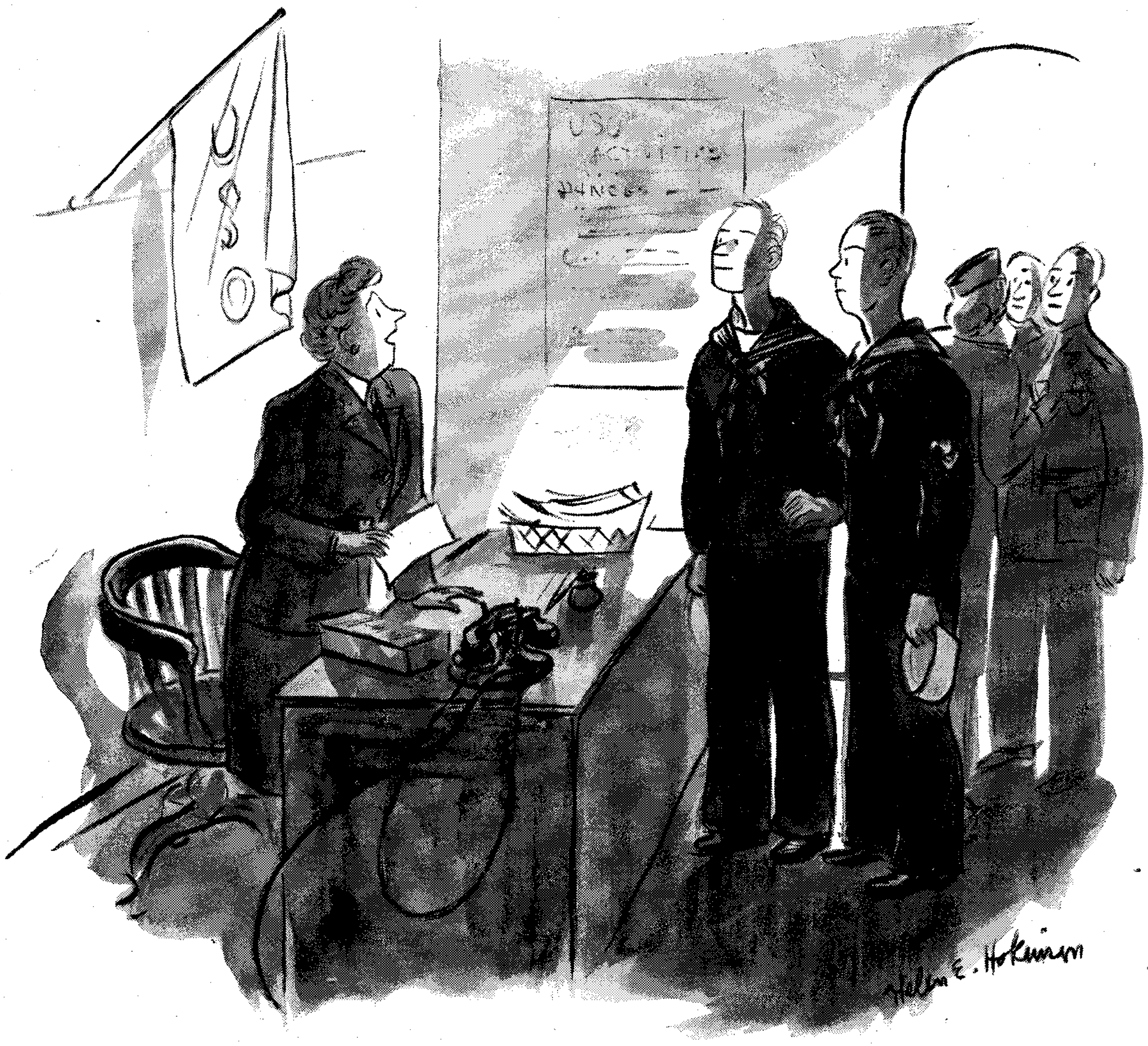
* * *

Mrs. Earnhart (Rings 2, 4, and 1-2) the satisfaction of knowing about the situation. None of their business. Here's the way he got word to her. He distributes the New York papers to subscribers in the town, and when the young lady picked hers up outside her front door on Sunday morning she found, scribbled in pencil at the top of the page alongside her name, the small but thunderous words: "He is here."

Toupee, if Required

Dr. William Stanley Sims is a man with an unusual line of work. He is a professional hoaxer who specializes in conventions, trade-association dinners, and the like. He is introduced from the dais as a world-famous expert, generally of foreign habitat, in whatever line of human endeavor or interest is common to his hearers, and he harangues them with a discourse so seemingly learned that it's sometimes an hour before they get wise. Sims has split the collective sides of such disparate groups as the staff of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, the Order of Canary, the Freeport Elks, the District of Columbia Bar Association, and the National Crushed Stone Association. Prepared for anything, we kept an appointment to meet Sims last week in his apartment in the Parc Vendôme. He is a tall gentleman in his late forties, with a waxed mustache, pince-nez, and an Old World air. "Happy I am to greet you!" he exclaimed, leading us to a red divan and relating that he had just returned from a luncheon meeting of several hundred shoe salesmen, where he appeared as Dr. von Austerlitz, former Director General of the European Shoe Affiliates. "As an international authority on the postwar distribution of shoes," Sims told us, "I said, 'Eet is difficult for you gentlemen to onderstand ze problems of ze international foot' and so on. Took them forty-five minutes to catch on." The night before, he informed us, he had addressed the directors of the Mutual Broadcasting System at the Waldorf, posing as Professor von Tubbe, international authority on the creation of a universal code of radio ethics. "I said that I appreciated 'ze executive mannerisms and methods in America, magnified and endowed with knowledge and magnetic power' and stuff like that," Sims told us. He reported that up to a point the response he got had been wonderful.

Last year Sims addressed more than three hundred lunches, conventions, and dinners, an enviable record, he feels, in the light of the ODT's wartime regulations cutting down on trade-association gatherings. As a general rule, not more than one man in an organization is hep to Sims and his act. Before the war, Sims made a point of impersonating foreign military personnel, but these days most of his appearances are in mufti. Soon after the fall of France, he held a West Point graduating class spellbound, posing as an aide to General de Gaulle and discussing the possibility of a future attack along the roads to Rome. The cadets hung on his words until he pointed to a map and said, "Please, let us consider these fine roads from a poetic standpoint." Somebody snickered, and the jig was up. If Sims has not been undone after a reasonable period, he exposes himself, either by gradually losing his accent or by drifting into completely



"You don't by any remote chance happen to be Brahms lovers, do you?"

unintelligible gibberish. He thinks he has an intuitive sense of timing, but he occasionally carries matters to the point of pandemonium. Recently, posing before a large group of retail workers as a noted international efficiency expert, he gently, but nonetheless firmly, fired every employee in the place, including a terrified group of female oldtimers, who burst into tears and had to be led from the hall and soothed. For props, Sims is prepared to use a beard, pince-nez or monocle, and striped vest and morning coat. "Or a toupee," he said, "if required."

Sims told us he was born in New York and educated here and at English and German universities, majoring in mathematics. His education completed, he returned to New York and worked as an accountant for textile firms. During this period he feels that he gained an insight into the foibles of the business mind by attending many trade dinners, most of which needed a shot in the arm. He is a real M.S. and B.C.S., but the title of "Doctor" is something he has given himself. His first professional appearance was in 1924, at a testimonial dinner given by a host of friends for a lawyer about to switch to the insurance field. "Enter the insurance racket and you court disaster," Sims shouted, and the guest of honor rose and announced that he had changed his mind and would stick to law. Sims feels that he reached the heights in his line some years ago when a humorous friend of Gerard Swope, president of General Electric, hired him to play golf during a weekend with Swope and pose as an international promoter eager to corner the world market on all patents pending for incandescent bulbs. "Mr. Swope was a charming companion," Sims told us. "He was very much interested in my supposed scheme and kept trying to steer the conversation to electrical matters, but I kept passing the time of day and discussing niblick shots." When Sims was ultimately exposed, at a company dinner a few days later, Swope got hotter than a Mazda lamp.

No Sale

IT would be hard to think of a place more peaceful than a beauty shop in a Philadelphia suburb, but even there, on a morning last week, the urgencies of wartime penetrated. The lady customers, all cozily drying in their separate cubbyholes, heard the outer door open and a man's voice saying, "Does that Cadillac parked outside belong to anybody in here?" After a pregnant silence, during which the thoughts of all the customers turned to parking tickets, one small voice said, "It's mine." "O.K.," said the male voice. "How much do you want for it?" "Why, it's *mine!*" the lady exclaimed. "Sure," the man said. "I'm buying it from you. Just name your price. How about three thousand dollars in cash?" "It's mine, and I want to keep it," she said, her strength just about sapped. The man hung around for a while, flashing his three thousand dollars and audibly riffling it, but at last he went away, presumably to hunt up another beauty shop.

Our Own Baedeker

ESTONIA, the little Baltic member state of the U.S.S.R., has a long and dreary history of invasion, oppression, and poverty. The Vikings raided it in the ninth century, and since then it has been occupied, at one time or another, by the Danes, the Poles, the Swedes, the Teutonic Knights, the Russians, and of course the Germans. Estonians never have had time to acquire illusions, and they have the reputation of being particularly hard-headed and unsentimental. They are a blond, blue-eyed people who emigrated, at some time in the prehistoric past, from the plains that lie between the Volga and the Ural Mountains—a bad idea, as things worked out. The country is desirable enough—something over eighteen thousand square miles of good farmland and timber forests, with fifteen hundred lakes and a coastline dotted with habitable islands—but the Estonians have never had much fun there. An English traveller who passed through Estonia late in the eighteenth century reported that the natives were much worse off than the slaves in the United States, and that they could be bought more cheaply. A child brought four rubles, a maidservant ten, and a trained artisan a hundred, the current quotation on the ruble being fifty-one cents.

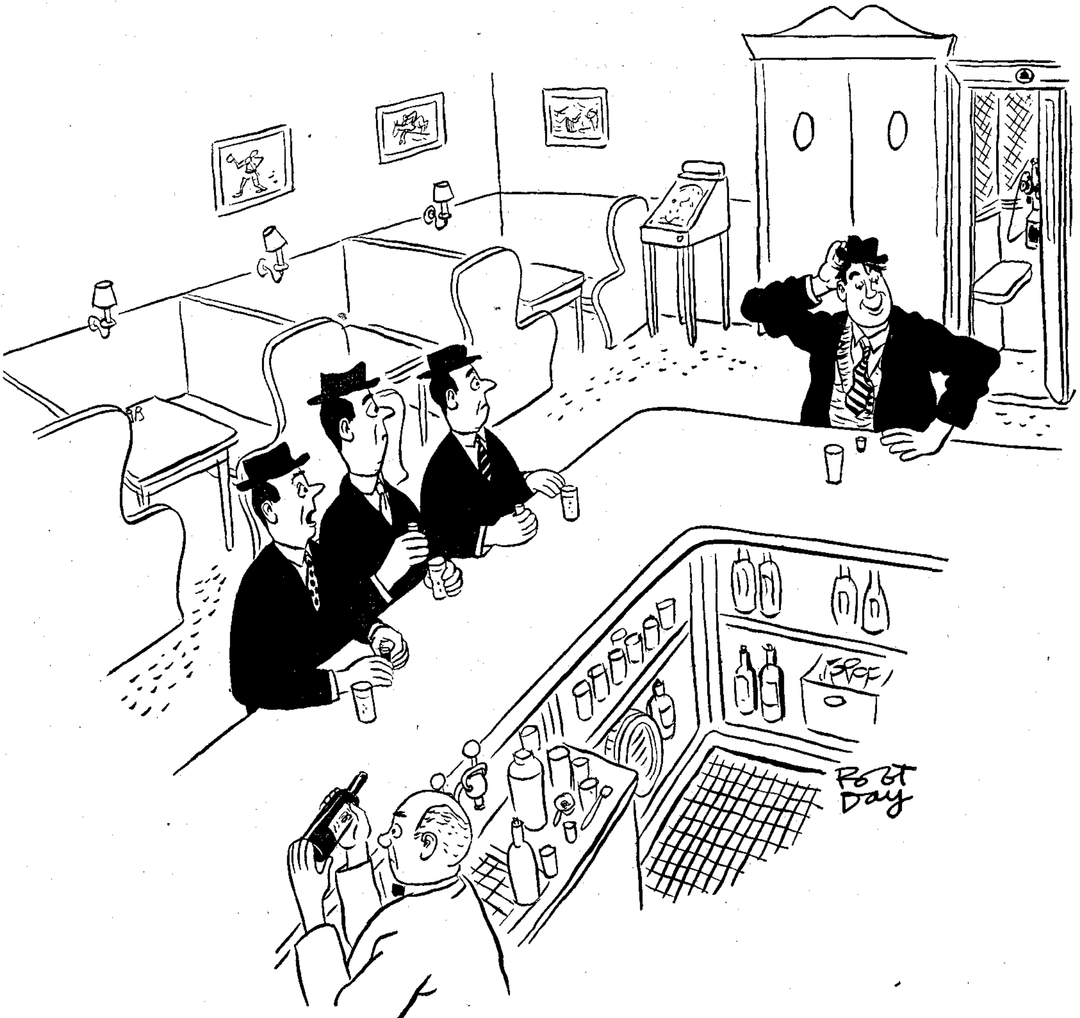
Estonia was fairly happy during the twenty years after the World War, when she had a flourishing republican government. It was set up after the collapse of the Czarist regime, with the assistance of the Finns, and continued until the Russians reoccupied the country as part of their anti-Hitler preparations. Hitler then ordered a mass emigration of the German Balts, a race which had been living there for eight hundred years, and thirteen thousand out of a total sixteen thousand of them obediently picked up and moved to Occupied Poland. The annexation of Estonia by the Russians has never been recognized by Great Britain or the United States and may cause a little friction at the peace conference, though the Estonians themselves are presumably beyond caring.

Leonard Lyons would go crazy in Estonia, because there has never been an Estonian who was famous, or even prominent. According to one historian, this is a result of the country's unhappy political and social history. Estonians never wear bathing suits. They believe in ghosts and eat a variety of mushrooms. Every five years, if they are at liberty to do so, they hold a huge songfest—a *huge* songfest; it's nothing for them to have a chorus of twenty thousand voices in a natural amphitheatre, with five times that many listeners crowding the surrounding hillsides. The Estonian city of Tartu, founded in 1030, has a famous university which is called by enthusiasts "the Oxford of the East." It is said to offer the best training in veterinary surgery and agriculture in all Europe. In normal times, Estonia is a great place for tourists, what with its natural scenery and its old buildings. On one of the islands off the coast there lives a race of dwarf pigs, or pigmies. On another lives a colony directly descended from the medieval Swedes; for four hundred years they have not married off the island, and they still speak sixteenth-century Swedish, unintelligible to contemporary Swedes. The women spend their waking hours knitting and at the approach of strangers hide in the woods, where they continue knitting. They produce more sweaters and socks per capita than any other race in the world. It's nothing for a woman to knit two hundred sweaters a year. What becomes of these sweaters is completely unknown to the outside world. The Estonian language is certainly as bad as medieval Swedish. Philologists say that it belongs to the Finno-Ugrian family, and try to avoid it. It lacks the letters 'c,' 'f,' 'q,' 'x,' 'y,' and 'z,' and the nouns and pronouns have sixteen cases. For this reason, possibly, there was no written Estonian literature until the last century, when scholars at the University of Tartu began to write down examples of the native folklore; there are now on file seventy-three thousand riddles and a hundred and fifteen thousand nursery rhymes. (These are *facts* we're telling you.)

There are about two hundred thousand Estonians in this country, some in Wisconsin but most of them right here in New York. There's an Estonian school called the Estonian Educational Society, up on East 125th Street. Most of the Estonians hereabouts are carpenters.

Gone

An old lady with a touch of lavender to her costume and a general air of having come down from Boston on the one-o'clock train accosted a traffic cop outside of Grand Central. "Pardon me," she said, pitching her voice above the noise of the traffic. "Can you tell me, please, what has become of Park Avenue?"



"Mac sure is sitting pretty these days. Two drinks and he's high as a kite."

PEOPLE DON'T SEEM TO THINK THINGS OUT STRAIGHT IN THIS GINMILL

THE way they got things twisted around now, the whiskey firms begrudges you every bottle of whiskey they sell you if you're a saloon. But at the same time they keep giving out advertising and one of the whiskey people gives out a kind of barometer, just a cardboard one, to put behind the bar. This is what started a set-to in this ginmill on Third Avenue the other day. It wound up with a cynic throwing an Old-Fashioned glass into the mirror. An Old-Fashioned glass is one of the worst things you can throw into a mirror, with the heavy bottoms they got. Any bartender will tell you that.

The bartender in this place is named Peter Mugivan and he didn't have much to do this particular time when the barometer argument came up. It was the lull between the noontime hangovers and the late afternoon, when there's the over-cured hangovers and the early beginners on the night drinking.

So this quiet time, Peter was standing behind the bar with nothing much to do and only a couple guys in the place. One was a regular, got a bad temper. They call him Red Barron because he has red hair. He is a cynic, and when he is drunk he don't believe in anything. You can't tell if he believes in anything when he is sober because then he don't say.

Red Barron was standing in front of Peter and this barometer was in back of Peter on the back bar. Red was hung over and he had an Old-Fashioned in front of him all the time.

The barometer is cut out of cardboard like a little house. There's two doors cut out of it and there's a wooden stick on a pivot, so that there's either a woman, cut out of cardboard, can come out one door, or a man, a little tough guy, also cardboard, can come out of the other door. If the woman is out, it means fair weather coming. If the man is out, it means bad weather coming. They must be some kind of chemical worked into it to make it run, but anyway—the woman out, fair; the man out, lousy.

Peter was poking at the barometer and Red was watching him.

"What are you doing?" Red said to him.

"Nothing," Peter said, but just the same kept on fiddling with the barometer.

"I mean what are you doing to that thing?" Red kept on. He had got out of the hangover enough to want to talk to somebody about something, almost sure to start an argument.

Peter answered him anyway. "I'm shoving the little guy back in the house," he said. That's what he was doing, and he was kind of picking at the cardboard under the little guy's door with his fingernail.

"Why?" says Red.

"If he comes out it gets lousy outside," says Peter. "Look out the winder, see how nice it is with the woman out the way she was almost three days now. *He* started to come out about an hour ago. I always keep an eye on the two of them."

"Who started to come out?" Red asked then, because he must have lost track of what they were talking about.

"The little guy here, starts the storms," said Peter.

Red grunted and took another whack at the Old-Fashioned.

NOBODY said anything for a couple of minutes. Then Red spoke up again. "Why don't you leave the thing alone. What do you want to mess with the thing for?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd keep him in and let the woman stay out, that's all," said Peter. "Nothing serious, just fixing the thing so he can't get out."

Peter was using his fingernail to poke up some of the cardboard so it blocked the man's end of the pivot from getting out the door.

"Well, stop it then, stop it anyway," says Red. "Go on and do something else around here. You're driving me crazy."

"Why should I do something else?" Peter says right back to him. Bartenders get independent now. They know they're hard to get and they talk back more than they used to.

"Aw, for God's sake!" Red mumbled, and he told Peter to make him another Old-Fashioned. Peter did, but he squashed the sugar cube in the bottom of the glass by pounding it, not just pushing down and twisting the muddler on it. He knew pounding it would get Red sore, just like making any small kind of racket would burn him up. Peter must have been a little cross, too, somehow.

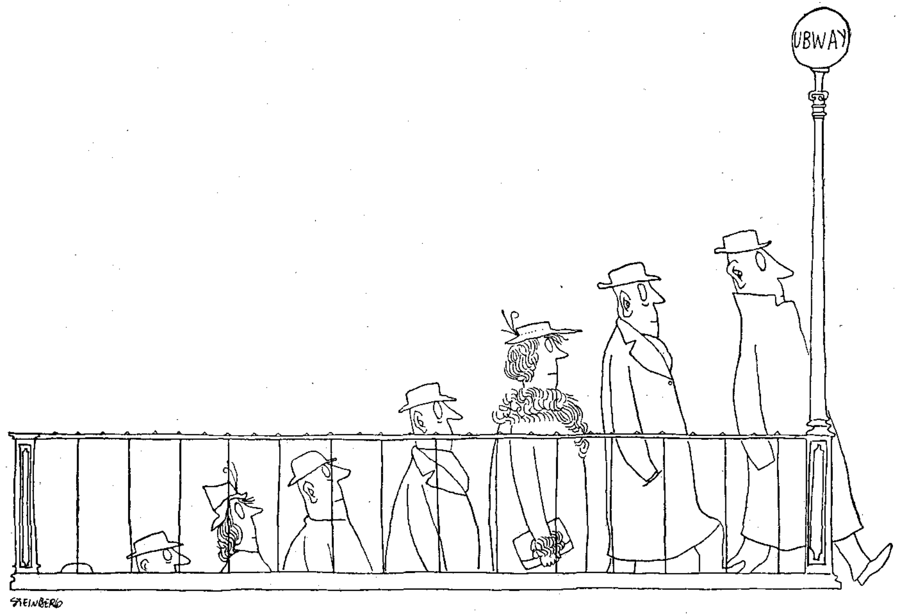
"That's enough pounding!" Red barked at him. "Put the whiskey in it and be done with it."

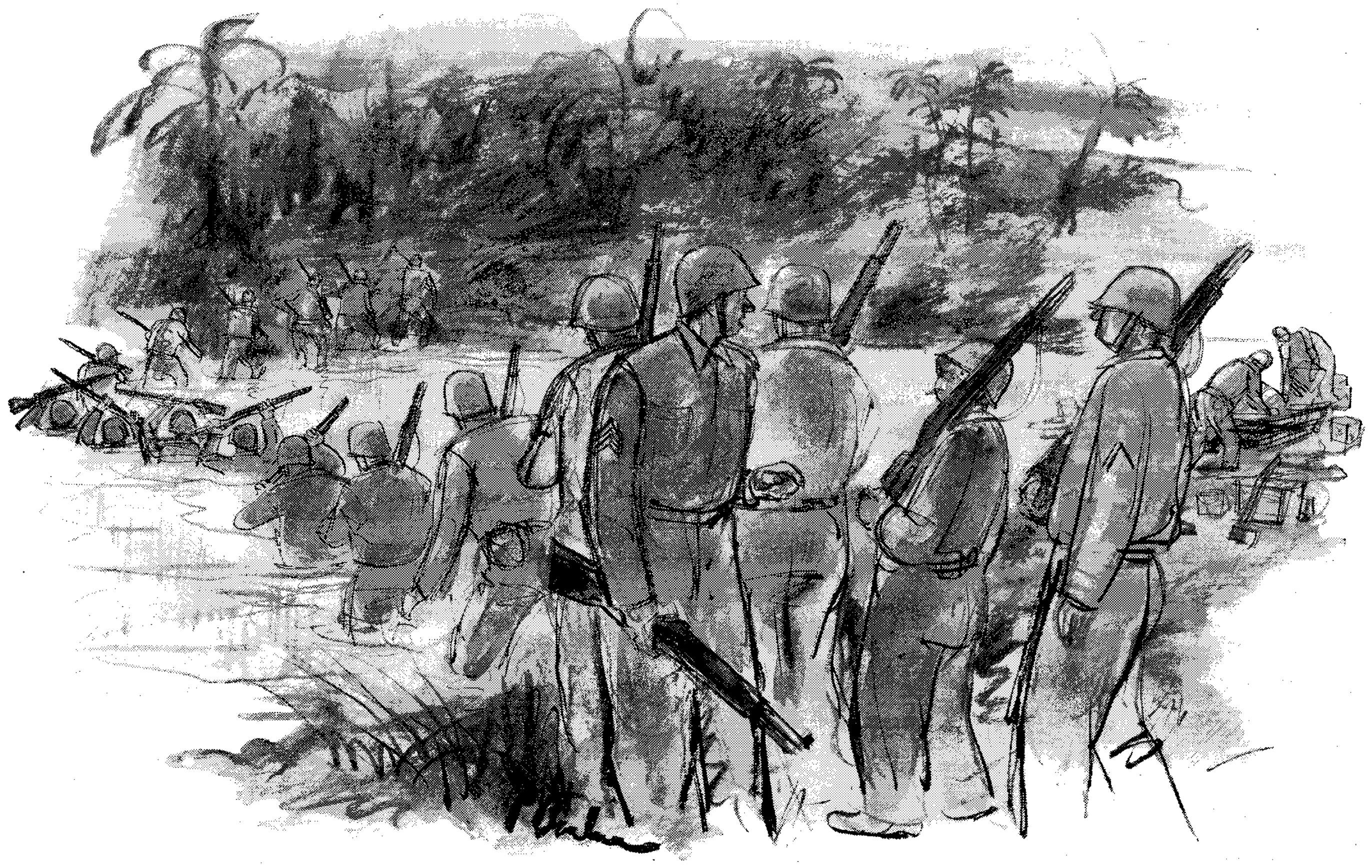
Peter poured in the whiskey and gave the drink to Red, then back he went to poking at the barometer. Red picked the chunk of orange out of the glass and threw it on the floor.

"If I keep the little guy in, it will stay nice out, like it is now, and I'm off tomorrow," says Peter.

"Listen, you goddam idiot!" Red hollered at him. "That thing, that barometer there, that follows what's going on in the sky, in the air outside, you cluck! That thing *follows* the weather! The sky and the air out there don't follow that thing. It don't get stormy because that piece of cardboard comes out! Do you hear me, you superstitious sonofabitch?"

Peter was getting sore too. "What are you hollerin' for?" he said. "I can hear you, and don't call me that. How do I know if you're kiddin'? And I can keep the little guy in if I want to. You don't give a damn is it lousy weather





"On second thought, Ferguson, you'd better help load the raft and come over with the supplies."

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or good weather or what. You don't care about anything. I watched you for years."

"Don't tell me what I care about and what I don't care about!" Red yelled. "I do care whether it's good weather or not. But I got some logic, some goddam sense about it. I don't think a bloody piece of cardboard on a stick controls the weather."

"Oh, you know everything, I know that," says Peter, sarcastic, to him. "You know everything, you don't believe in nothin'. I didn't say this little guy controls the weather, exactly—"

Red was getting madder. "He don't control it exactly or not exactly or any way," he said.

"Hell, I know he don't," Peter growled, "but what the hell harm will it do if I keep him in and leave the woman out like she is when it's good weather? Maybe it'll work, how do you know? Maybe the good weather will keep up."

Red grabbed his drink and gulped it down. "Oh, God!" he howled. "You half believe it! You can't get it out of your head. It's people like you has the whole world screwed up. You can't think, you're bogged down in some kind of Voodoo all your lives, you ignorant—"

Peter flew at him. "Who's ignorant?" he said, real sore, and he grabbed Red by the lapel. "I let you get away with calling me everything; now I'm ignorant!"

Suddenly Peter let go and his eyes were popping mad. He wheeled around, grabbed the whole barometer, and planked it down on the bar in front of Red. And he pushed the little cardboard guy back in with a twist that bent the pivot so he never would get out again.

"See!" Peter yelled. "He's going to stay in and the woman out. It's going to stay good weather and the hell with you and calling people ignorant. I'll bat your ears off!"

The Old-Fashioned glass was in Red's hand, and the first thing Peter knew, it whanged past his ear and bam! into the mirror. The mirror broke and big cracks ran down into the corners.

Peter rushed around the open end of the bar, at the back. But the cook had heard the racket and blocked him and held his arms.

Red was staring at the broken mirror. "It's all you can do," he said. "It's all you can do. Kill people as dumb as that. But instead, I busted the mirror . . . Aw, let him go," he yelled at the cook, still holding Peter. "I wouldn't stay in the joint." And he went out quick, through the side door.

THE boss didn't come in until an hour afterward. "What happened to the mirror?" was the first words out of his mouth.

Peter only mumbled an answer.

"What?" the boss said.

"Red Barron done it," Peter said. "An Old-Fashion glass."

"Why? What for?" said the boss. "The last time it cost fifteen bucks. God knows what'll it cost now, the war and all. What happen, Peter, what happen?"

"Argument," Peter said.

—John McNulty

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Philadelphia Record*]

Rome, N.Y. (A.P.)—Samuel Carollo took his wife on a deer hunting trip, told her to wait in the car and rest.

WE CAME HOME

FOR a long time after Hong Kong fell, I had put off the day of reckoning. As a patient in the Queen Mary Hospital, which is in the uncitified part of the island on which Hong Kong is built, I was overlooked when most of the other enemy civilians were rounded up and interned in Stanley Camp. My baby, Carola, achieved the age of three months still breathing the air of liberty. But now our moment had come. The hospital was being taken over by the Japanese. I hurried to the Jap officer in charge of the place and asked him for a stay of internment orders in my case.

"If only I could go and see your people at the Foreign Affairs office," I said, "I wouldn't be interned; I'm sure of it." His English was bad, but he understood me and was willing to let me ask the Foreign Affairs officials. He knew as well as I did that the ticklish part of the business would be to arrive safely at the government office downtown. I ran the risk of being scooped up en route by some Japanese street sentry or ordinary private who would sling Carola and me into jail and forget all about us. This was happening all the time to Russians and Danes and anyone else who wasn't definitely Asiatic in appearance. One neutral man was put into a military prison camp by mistake during the first week of Japanese occupation, and as far as I know he hasn't got out yet.

The officer in charge was a medical man and more reasonable than the ordinary Army type. Like all Japs, however fierce otherwise, he shrank timidly from any action outside of routine, but he did give me his personal calling card, on which he scribbled in Japanese: "To whom it may concern: Please do not frighten this woman and her child." Over this he placed his "chop," one of those red-inked seals which do duty in Asia as signatures for individuals, firms, armies, and everything else, and to make the whole thing more secure, he used his Army-office chop too. It looked impressive and made me feel quite courageous.

Next I had to grapple with the problem of getting into the city. I had Carola to carry and three suitcases, which contained everything we had left. My first plan was to get back to my apartment, which I had left on Pearl Harbor Day, and if, I mused, there was anything still there in the way of a house—for I had no way of knowing and no report on conditions in town—I would stay there until our fate was decided. I had been living in an apartment in an old-fashioned English brick building halfway up the Peak, the mountain on and about which the city of Hong Kong is built. At any rate, I knew that my building had been there shortly before the end of the siege, because my cook, Ah King, had come to the hospital to tell me about it. He and Carola's amah had left my place when Carola and I had, and they were both still living with the people with whom I had taken refuge before I got into the Queen Mary.

"Plenty people live our house, Missy," Ah King had reported. "One very old man, I think he Portuguese, and plenty woman. He talk Chinese very good, say he son work Major's office-side. He savvy Missy's name." "Major" was Charles, Carola's father, who was then a prisoner of the Japanese.

This sort of thing—strangers moving into one's home—was quite normal. A year before Pearl Harbor, the British authorities had started work on a billeting plan which provided that, if the war came, everyone on the island, even if he was a war worker, should give up his house and move somewhere else. My orders (sent in strictest secrecy by the British Billeting Board) were to move as soon as the war started, with my bedding and family, to a house near the summit of the Peak, in the chief British residential section of town. My flat, further down the mountain, would then be occupied by dependents of the volunteers, civilian men who were to go into the Army as soon as the balloon went up. It sounds silly, but it actually made sense. The government hadn't wanted to say in so many unpleasant words that they would surely lose the Hong Kong battle, but that is what they expected, and they planned accordingly. They knew that the enemy would occupy Kowloon first. Kowloon is the section of the city of Hong Kong which lies on the mainland, across the harbor. It was the great middle-class residential section. Europeans and Chinese owned houses there, with babies and furniture of their own, and gardens. Most of the British police kept their families in Kowloon, and so did men who worked in ships, and shop clerks, and small government officials. My kind of flat would not be good for them—it was expensive and cramped—but in case

"Darling, our ship has come in at last!"

of war, it would be safer than Kowloon. So the authorities made their plans.

Everything turned out as they thought it would except that it came even quicker than they had expected. In three days after the war began, instead of the prognosticated month, the Japs marched into Kowloon. The exodus of the middle classes to the island wasn't as comprehensive as had been planned. They didn't have the time or the boats for such an ambitious undertaking. It made little difference, anyway; soon the Japs took over the island, too.

I have explained so that you can understand why the population was in such a mess; Europeans and Eurasians had been brutally transplanted, thinking innocently that they were going off for a weekend visit. In most cases, the empty houses they left were looted by Chinese, who took, not the contents of the buildings—the Japs did that later—but the floor boards and the window sills and the pipes. Even so, when the fighting stopped, lots of the billeted Kowloon people, neutral Portuguese and Eurasians, attempted to go home again, hiring junks to take them across the harbor. When they found empty shells instead of their homes, they went and lived with relatives. In China there are always relatives. But not, I reflected sadly, not for me.

"In ordinary cases I just give them sulfathiazole."

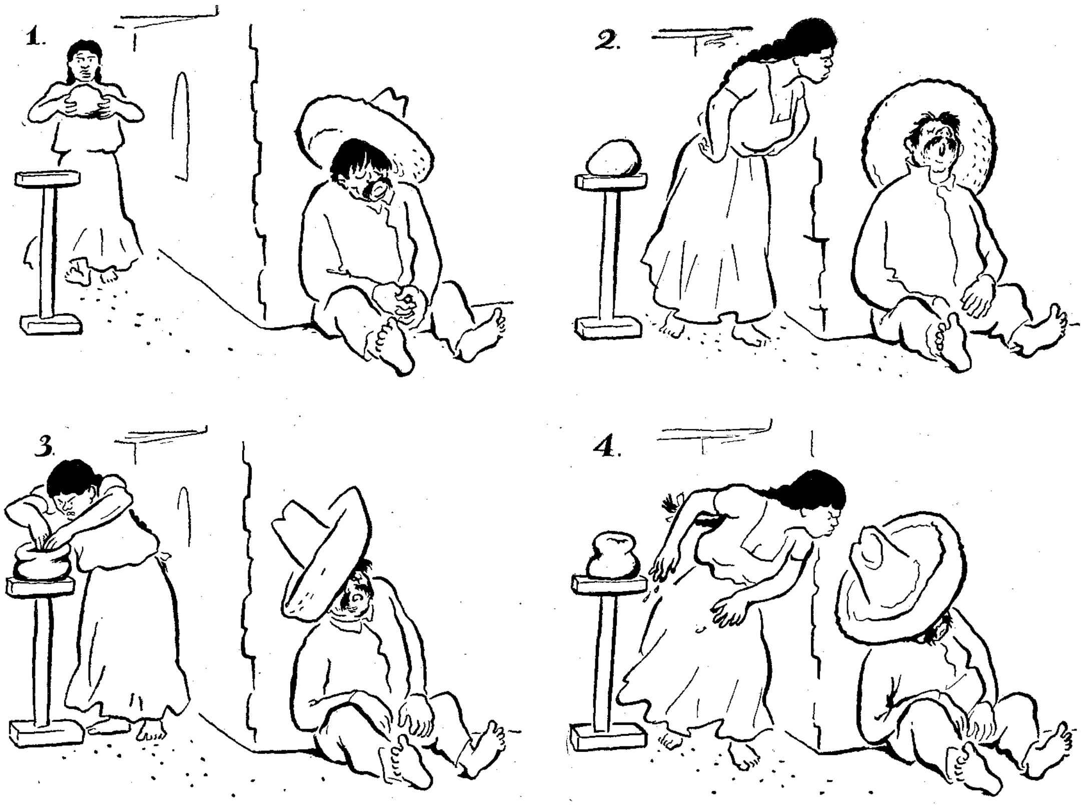
I WAS bewildered and felt completely lost when I left the officer in charge. As the Japanese flooded into the hospital, I knew I had to play for time, so I lugged Carola and the bags into a building next door and took refuge in a deserted apartment. From the window there I peered at the soldiers who came and went, and wondered what to do next. Carola's amah had run away the day before, but another servant woman, Ah May, had come to the hospital and offered to take on the job. "I worked five years for Miss Watson," she said, naming a friend of mine who had been a social worker at the Queen Mary. "They took my Miss Watson away to Stanley, so now I have no work. Please let me come and take care of your baby. I have taken care of English babies many years. Please, I want to work for you. I don't want money, only rice. You are so good. Let me work for you."

I didn't like her at all. There was something funny about her; she smiled too much and cooed all the time and kept telling me how good I was. Still, I needed help with Carola. Like most new mothers, I was scared to death of my baby. Though I had learned how to give her a bath, I still felt clumsy and ignorant about her. So Ah May became part of my household, and the faithful Ah King tagged along with us. All four of us now waited in the deserted apartment.

I might have lingered on until nightfall, watching Jap trucks come and go at the hospital and putting off definite action, but fortunately a sentry came in off the street and stirred me up. He didn't do anything, just looked searchingly at Carola and asked me for my pass. I gave him the officer's calling card and it seemed to work. But he took off his bayonet belt and wandered about the house as though he belonged there, and I realized I would have to make a move. So I went back to the hospital and found my friendly medical man and told him my troubles.

"Couldn't we ride into town on one of these trucks?" I asked. A month later such a request would have been indignantly refused, because the Japs are jealous of their gasoline and their cars, and women are not permitted to use such treasures. The military in those early days, though, were cheerful and generous with government commodities. My officer gave a gingerly nod and told the next driver who came in what he was to do. Carola and I—and Ah King and Ah May into the bargain—were in luck. Joyfully we ran and fetched our belongings. I would go to my apartment now, I decided, and see the Foreign Affairs office the next day.

BECAUSE we rode in an Army truck, we were not stopped at the hundred and one sentry posts that dotted the road. Our driver spoke enough Chinese to find out where we wanted to go and agreed to take us there direct. Because I could speak Chinese, he did not suspect me of being a European. This queer thing was to happen often. Lots of Jap soldiers are country boys who



don't know what an Occidental foreigner looks like.

All this time, smiling politely but absently, I was peering with anxious curiosity through the windshield over Carola's head and through the dirty little window of the cab of the truck. I hadn't seen the city for six weeks, since before the blitz began. It looked dismal and two shades darker than normal. The shops were all closed and windows everywhere were gummed up with strips of paper to make them shatterproof. The streets were full of débris. Hardly any cars moved along, but many stood, broken down, in the streets. Here and there buildings had been blasted away, leaving great, ragged holes and rear views of far-off houses that had escaped the bombs. But the strangest part of the whole scene was that the streets were packed almost solid with disconsolate Chinese in dark, shabby clothing, wandering at a snail's pace, as if they had nowhere to go, nothing to do, nothing to hope for. Their heads bent, their hands tucked up their sleeves, they shuffled along, alone or in family groups, none of them saying a word. The cheerful, chattering din of Chinese streets had vanished. I know now that it was hunger which kept them so quiet, but that was the first day I saw what became very familiar to me in the following months: the drawn, false anxiety of a starving man's face. A man who is really starving is not worrying as much as his expression indicates. You don't think when you are that hungry. You are beyond making plans. But your face belies you; it is the face of a man who lies awake at night counting his pennies. The lines etched between the eyes and the long furrows from nose to chin are what do it. I was to learn all about that. On that day, though, I thought these anxious-looking people were just worrying, and I pitied them. As I grew more hungry myself, later on, I lost the energy for pity. It didn't matter. It never helped.

Ah May sat in the back of the truck and peered this way and that; I could see her head moving in the rear-view mirror. She looked like a little vulture, gloating over all those lost people who had no foreigners to hang on to. Ah May evidently still felt that she was safe with a European. I wondered how many days it would take to disillusion her. Ah King maintained his quiet dignity. He was riding, after all, past the walking common folk, and he was on an Army truck.

The driver pulled up at the foot of my street, bouncing over a new crack in the cement. He snapped his fingers at Carola's nose and got out to help unload our bags. He asked for, and got, a can of corned beef that he spied among my supplies and then he waved goodbye and left us on the sidewalk, safely arrived. I turned and looked up the hill toward the house, understanding for the first time that old literary phrase, "a sinking heart." My heart slumped down into my stomach.

It was because I had begun to compare memories. Two months before, Charles and I had brought Carola home from the hospital after she was born. I had carried her myself while Charles put the car away. I had walked slowly up the steps of the steep path between the rows of flowerpots that lined the railings; it had been late in the day, with a red sunset glinting on the windows as I came home. Now most of the flowerpots lay smashed on the dirty steps beside little heaps of dry roots and clots of earth and shards. I picked my way carefully in the rubble; Carola was heavier this time.

We came near the house and I saw that the windows were still there, though the big bow window of my living room had a crack running straight across it and a star where a bullet or a stone had gone through.

"Looks all right!" shouted Ah King encouragingly, puffing with the weight of the bags. Ah May grimaced, smiling, her thin lips pulled back over pale gums. You could feel her thought: "There's a roof, at any rate. It could be worse." I hesitated at the door. I rang the bell.

It is very strange, hearing people move about over your own floors, coming to open your door to you, and not knowing who they are. When the door swung back, I saw a lot of faces peering out from behind a Eurasian girl who stood there. She was in a dressing gown and her hair was hanging down her back. I knew the moment she saw me that she recognized me, though I didn't know her. She tried to smile in welcome, and she couldn't. She was frightened. Her first words were not to me, but flung over her shoulder at the others. "It's Miss Hahn," she said, in a despairing way. "She's come back."

All the people shuffled and moved aside to make a passageway for me into the living room, but I hesitated. "Is there room for me?" I asked. "Can we stay tonight?"

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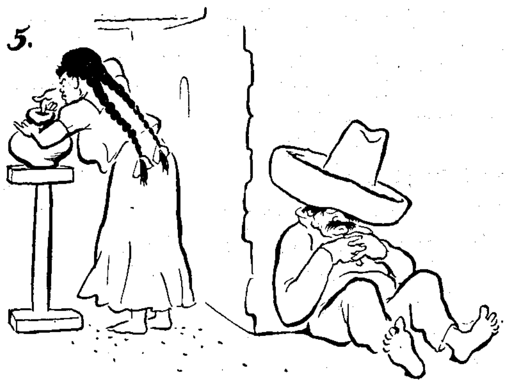

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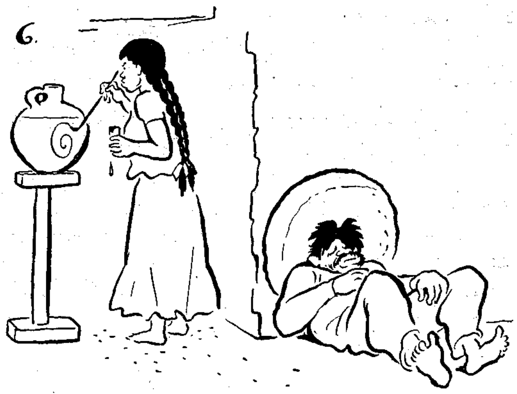

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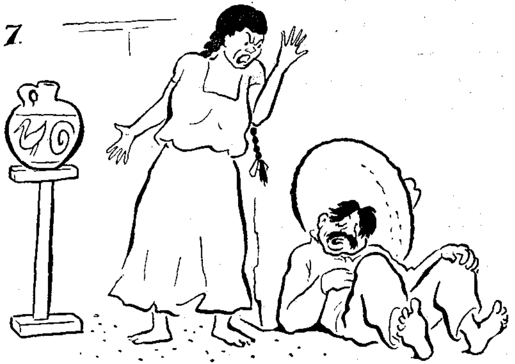

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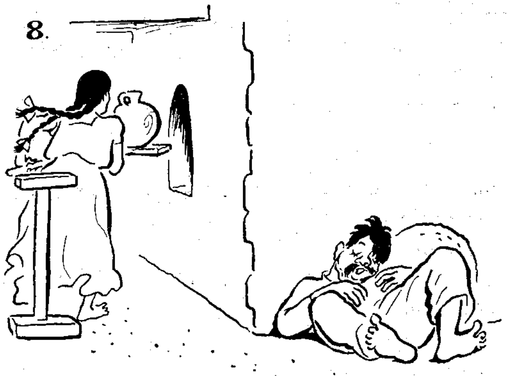

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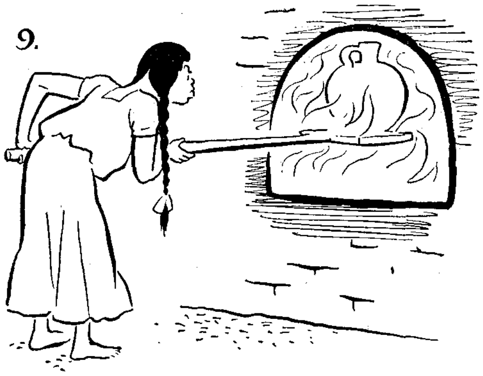

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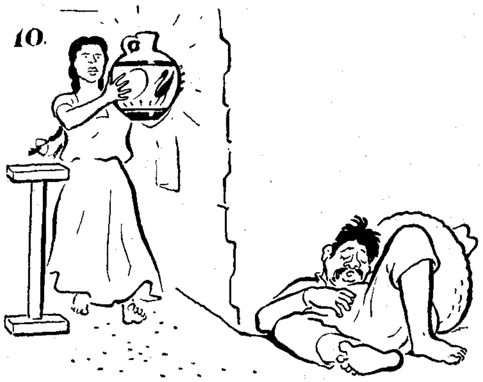

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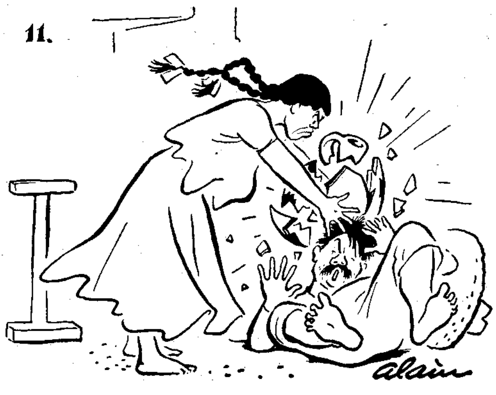


"But it's your apartment," said the girl in the dressing gown resentfully.

We all went into the living room and I sat down on the settle in front of the fireplace. There was a clotheshorse, draped with wet diapers, standing near me. The sofa had bedclothes on it. The dining table had been brought in there, and stood shoved against a window; I wondered what they had done to the dining room. All along the mantelpiece and the bookcases were tins of food and jars and pieces of gnawed bread on plates. I began to sort out the people who had followed me in. There was a very old, dark-complexioned man and an old Chinese lady and a plump young Eurasian woman in slacks carrying a large baby, and two or three old amahs. Another baby with a lot of dark hair was crawling on the floor. The girl in the dressing gown, who did the talking, picked up this baby as I sat down. All of the adults stood in a semicircle, staring at me. Ah King and Ah May stood behind me, staring at them.

"I don't know if it is still my apartment," I said. "Perhaps I'm going to be a prisoner. I don't know yet. I'm finding out tomorrow."

The group relaxed a tiny bit. If I were to be interned, it meant they could go on living there. I could see the thought in their faces.

"Still, it's your apartment," insisted the girl in the dressing gown. "You don't know me — I'm Irene Fincher and this is my sister, Phyllis, and my parents . . . "

We all bowed. The old man talked urgently to Irene in Cantonese, which I do not understand, and then they all started to talk at once. Irene turned back to me. "My father thinks we should go away this evening," she said, "because you have come back. It is only right that we should. But we don't know where to go. Our house has been torn to pieces, and I am telling him that we must find a place first. Perhaps we could use the apartment across the hall; the door there is locked, but—"

"But why should you go?" I asked.

She shrugged and thrust out her lower lip. "We have no right here."

"It's your apartment," said Phyllis, "after all."

I did not myself know that I had been developing all the ideas which now came tumbling out in words. "Nobody owns anything any more," I said. "It is nobody's apartment. This is war. This is the end of everything. We haven't got any government any more. We are all in a mess. Where could you go? Don't talk about it any more. We must make room for all of us. If I'm not interned, we can talk about plans after a few days. Maybe I can help you. I know you can help me. I don't talk Cantonese. I don't know how to take care of my baby. How could I live alone in this place? If you go away, I'll have to go away too, for I'm afraid to be alone."

They all looked at each other and

then they talked some more in Cantonese. I felt very tired.

"Well," said Irene at last, "that's the way I would feel myself. Your husband's been wounded; I heard about that. My husband is missing. They found his gas mask on the beach at Saiwan near his ack-ack gun, but nothing else. Phyllis's husband is missing, too. They saw him last at Stanley Fort. Our brother is in a concentration camp at North Point; we walked all the way out there and saw him behind the barbed wire yesterday."

She sat down on the settle next to me. Everything seemed less tense. Ah King went out and started to move things around in the dining room; the old lady took Carola out of my arms and talked cheeringly to her. It was getting dark and somebody turned on a light.

"We haven't been using the dining room," said Irene. "And we had to double up on the bedding, you know. The Japanese took away all your mattresses that were loose, but two of the beds have box springs. There are some other refugees living in the nursery and they took one of the beds. We don't see them much. We've been cooking in the daytime and they cook at night; they're young boys and they are out all day. They are out now. Phyllis and the babies and the amahs sleep on the floor and I use this couch. My parents have been using the other bed. You'll be wanting the bed, of course?"

I said I would not be wanting the bed. Nobody argued. We put up an army cot for me in a corner of the living room. In half an hour, we had fixed up Carola with a pillow in her pram, which I had bought before she was born and which, luckily, was still in the apartment. Ah May spread her own blanket on the floor next to the pram and lay down. The old people went to bed in the bedroom. My electric heater was still working, and after the old people and the babies were quiet, we younger women sat around its little glow in the darkness, giving due place and precedence to the clotheshorse of damp diapers.

Irene sighed contentedly. "I'm so glad they've turned on the electricity again," she said. "I suppose they will send out bills soon and we'll have to give it up, but anyway we have it now. . . . Does your husband know why we lost the war?" she asked me suddenly.

"No," I said. "Of course he can't talk much. He lost a lot of blood, you know. But I have a hunch he wasn't awfully surprised."

"We're Eurasians," said Irene. "That's why they never tried to send us away when the evacuation took place last year, you know. Only *pure* Englishwomen were sent away." She said this with indescribable bitterness. "Ernie—that's my husband—would have sent me away anyway, but I was so mad about that race business that I wouldn't go. And now I'm glad. If I were in Australia, I might still be hoping that Ernie was alive. It's better to know. I would have gone crazy."

"And now," said Phyllis, "only *pure* Englishwomen are being interned. *We* still have to worry about food and houses and everything. The Japanese won't call us enemies. Jolly funny."

"Our parents didn't want to be interned," explained Irene.

"Would anybody?" I asked.

"Why yes, of course. It's better to be locked up. How are we going to man-

PROFITS WITH HONOR

The six New England Governors agreed today to ignore tradition in 1944 and observe Thanksgiving on the fourth Thursday of November instead of the last Thursday. . . . When the Federal proclamation chose an earlier date a few years ago, the New England Governors refused to comply.—*The Times.*

Said the Governors of New England
In 1941,
"What! Hold Thanksgiving early? It cannot, sirs, be done.
From Hartford's teeming houses to the cots of Marblehead,
November's final Thursday must see our tables spread.

"We swear it by this holy sod,
By primal Rock and sacred Cod,
New Hampshire's lofty mountain peaks,
Maine's shores, Connecticut's antiques,
Lexington's loud, immortal shot,
That bridge which arched the you-know-what—
By Berkshire's festivals we swear,
By dark Vermont's salubrious air,
By lobster pot and lighthouse,
By the spires of Beacon Hill.
That fellow in the White House
Shall feel our granite will.

"We scorn the Proclamation, the sacrilege we shun,"
Said the Governors of New England
In 1941.

Said the Governors of New England
In 1944,
"We'd like to call attention to a motion on the floor.
Those people down in Washington, intractable and surly,
Are eating turkey late this year. By gad, we'll eat it early!

"To custom moldering in its grave,
New England never shall be slave.
Therefore we swear by Faneuil Hall,
By Cabot and by Saltonstall,
By Concord's battle, old and fierce,
By Jordan Marsh and S. S. Pierce,
Our grateful prayers shall all be prayed
In time to help the Christmas trade.
Can Freedom keep on living
With business in the red?
Then let us move Thanksgiving
A week or two ahead.

"Go write it on the records that we're stubborn to the core,"
Said the Governors of New England
In 1944.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

• •

"Right after church we're going to try hot buttered rum made with oleo."

• •

age, outside here?" asked Irene, in astonishment at my question.

"But you look English," I said. "The Japanese would intern you if you wanted them to—I know lots of Eurasians who chose to go into Stanley."

Irene stuck out her lip. "I'm Eurasian," she said. "I won't go where I'm not supposed to." I found nothing to say to that.

"The Eurasian boys were the ones who fought best," she continued. "Almost all of the good ones were killed. But can't you tell me why we surrendered?"

"We were just beaten, I guess."

"I ask myself," said Irene, "what my husband died for."

We sat there.

"WELL," said Phyllis at last, stretching, "I'm going to bed. I'm cold."

She tiptoed into the bedroom and stretched out on the floor under a blanket next to her little boy. Dimly I could see the old people huddled on the bed.

"Have you any money?" Irene asked me, whispering.

"No. Have you?"

"No. Even if we had any, I don't suppose Hong Kong money will be worth anything very much longer."

"I've got some things I could sell," I said.

"Why don't you get interned?" asked Irene.

I laughed a little, apologetically. "I just can't. I don't know why, exactly. I want to make a fight for it."

"I know," said Irene. "I'll be damned if I'll go into that camp. Like a sheep. I wonder what it's like."

"Maybe no better than this," I said. "I guess I'll go to bed." In the half-light of the little heater, I lay down on the cot. There were no blankets or pillows, but Ah King had put some things on it to keep me warm. (Next morning I found his coat, in place of a pillow, and a lot of carpets and things for blankets. He must have frozen.) Even so, I was cold. I could see Irene on the couch. I tossed and turned and tried to stop shivering, but it was no use. Once her baby woke up and cried for a long while, and by the time she had got it to sleep again I was wide awake. I sat up.

"Can't sleep?" whispered Irene.

"No. I keep thinking about things."

"If you don't *mind*," she said in her sarcastic tone—the tone which meant "I'm a Eurasian and to hell with you"—"if you don't mind sleeping with *me*, we could share this couch. Phyllis and I used to. You put your head one end and I put mine the other and there'll be room. That way we could have twice as much bedding."

So that was how we arranged it, and again we lay down. I was much warmer then, and my spinning mind slowed up. The war, ways and means, Carola, Charles, the war, tomorrow—it all went around and around in my brain, but even so I began to drop off. Then I became aware of something. The couch was shaking. Irene was stifling sobs in her pillow, up at the other end.

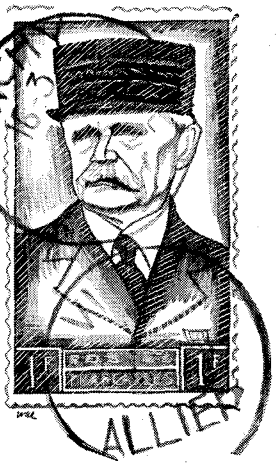
Awkwardly I began patting her leg, which lay next my arm. I patted her as I would a baby, rhythmically. We didn't say anything. After a while, she stopped crying and then, lying there in the red glow of the heater, I must have dropped off to sleep.

—EMILY HAHN

PROFILES

LA FRANCE ET LE VIEUX

III—VERSAILLES TO VICHY



FROM Versailles through the founding of Vichy, Marshal Pétain was the dominating figure in the French Army. Throughout that long military chieftainship and the final rapid disasters, his two most historic encounters consisted merely of what the French call *le shake-hand*. The first handshake, which took place in March, 1939, in Madrid, after Republican France sent the nearly eighty-three-year-old Marshal to Fascist Spain as Ambassador, was with the dictator Franco. Pétain had arrived on March 17th, but Franco had not permitted him to present his credentials until March 24th, after assurances had been received that the one and a half billion francs in gold bars which a few years earlier the now defeated Loyalists had deposited in the Banque de France, in Paris, would eventually be turned over to Franco. "I felt in Franco's handclasp," Pétain diplomatically stated to a sympathetic friend immediately afterward, "that he regretted not being able to treat me better." The second handshake was with Führer Hitler at dusk on October 24, 1940, in the village of Montoire, at their first and last meeting. As their French and Austrian hands touched in the glare of the picturesque Nazi torchlights that were assembled to dramatize the occasion, Hitler diplomatically stated, "I know you have not wanted the war and I regret making your acquaintance under such circumstances."

The most important event in Pétain's private life during these long years was his becoming a bridegroom at the age of sixty-four. Just before the outbreak of the first World War, when he was an elderly bachelor colonel stationed at Saint-Omer and due to be pensioned, he had bought there, not far from Cauchy-à-la-Tour, the village of his birth, a chill, modest cottage to retire to in his last days. Six years later, a marshal of France, he spent his sunny honeymoon in a newly purchased, five-hectare property, l'Hermitage, outside the village of Villeneuve-Loubet, on the Riviera. His wedding had been very private indeed. The French press was caught completely unawares. While the papers were still announcing the forthcoming marriage, the ceremony had already been held. On September 16, 1920, the London *Times* discreetly announced, "Very quietly—almost secretly—Marshal Pétain was married yesterday to Madame Hardon. . . . The marriage is said to be the happy ending of a very old romance, as Marshal Pétain's friendship with his wife dates back to the days before her marriage." Whereas the press showed some surprise, the Marshal himself seemed prepared for the event. According to a dispatch published in the New York *Times* on the wedding, "In the Paris directory for this year, which was published some months ago, the entry appears, 'Pétain, Marshal of France, and Madame,' " and the *Times* added that the ceremony had been only civil, not religious, "the bride and bridegroom making their responses before the Mayor of the Seventh Arrondissement. There were no guests, no reporters, no photographers." Owing to the Marshal's secretiveness, not even the Paris papers were able to state what his uninvited Catholic friends most wished to know—whether his lady was widowed or divorced. According to old friends of her family, she was neither; they said that she had been born Mademoiselle Hardon, of good bourgeois stock, and had become, according to French law, Madame Hardon when her marriage to a little-known French sculptor named Deherain was annulled.

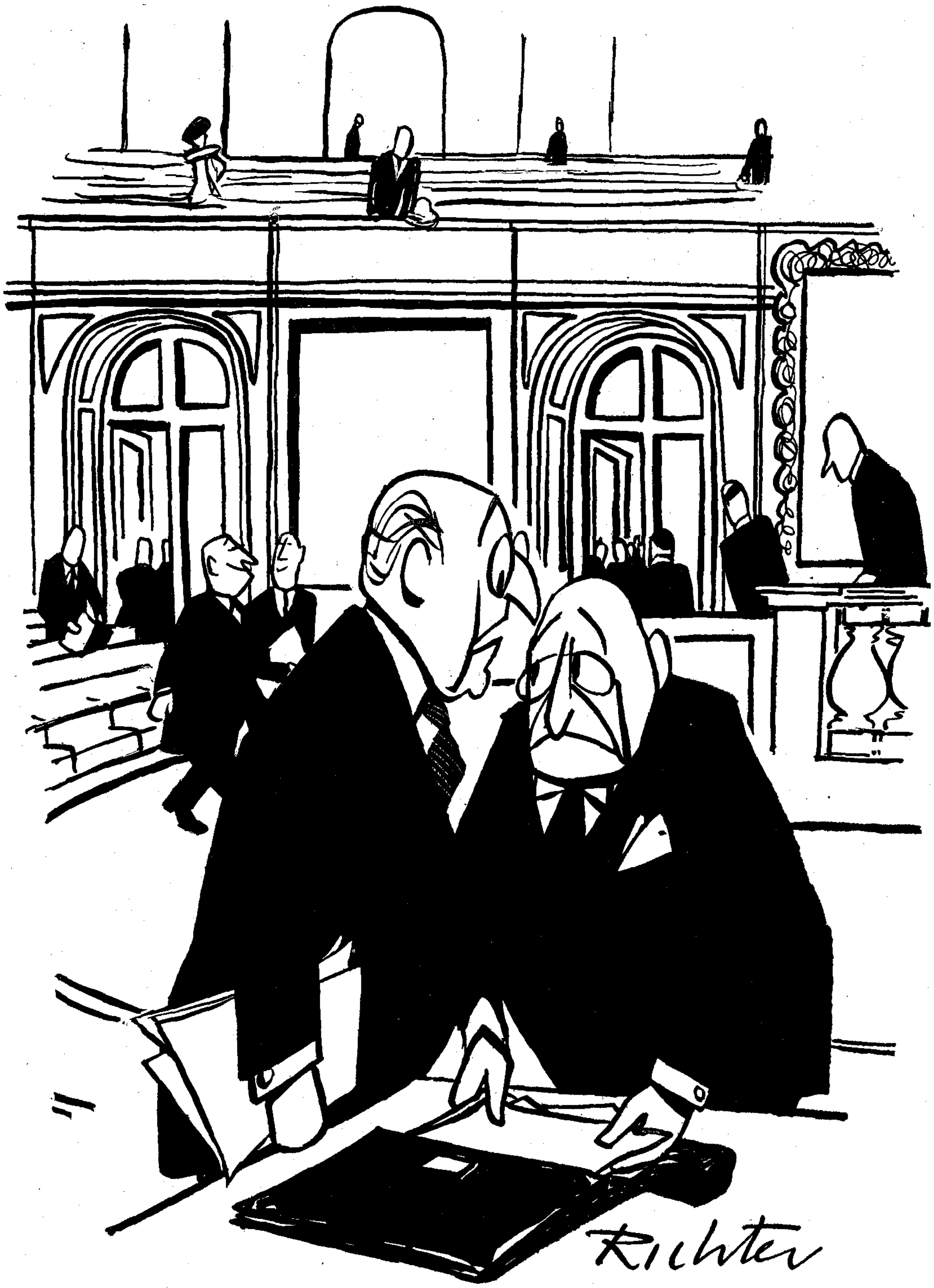
The formal career of the new *Madame la Maréchale* was calmer than those of *Mesdames les Maréchales* Joffre and Foch, who had, according to gossip, worked up a feud that became part of France's peacetime scene. Out of jealousy over their respective marshals, the ladies always cut each other dead at parties. Joffre, as Hero of the Marne, had been made a marshal in the middle of the war, and Foch, as hero of the whole victory, had become one before the war ended. As the country's third marshal and newest public figure, Pétain, Hero of Verdun, was automatically moving into Paris drawing rooms. He and his wife became star dinner guests at the elegant *hôtel particulier* of the Comte Adalbert de Chambrun, descendant of the Revolutionary Marquis de La Fayette and, in a less elegant connection with French history, father-in-law of Pierre Laval's daughter José. After dinner, *Monsieur le Maréchal*, impeccable in white tie and *frac*, played a cautious game of French bridge.

Pétain's health had always been superb, and it was not surprising that in his sixties he could blandly finish a war and take on a bride. Doctors have regarded him as a phenomenon. Once, after the war, in a little Savoy resort, he caught a slight cold and presented himself, unannounced and in tweeds, to the local physician. After checking up on his heart and lungs, the doctor said, "Perfect. Easy to see, sir, you didn't have to fight the war. Name, please?" When Pétain was eighty years old, he could—and one day did, when a Paris apartment elevator failed to function—walk up five flights of stairs faster than a companion half his age. In his late seventies, he attended some Swiss Army maneuvers, in the mountains, and was sprier than officers of an age to be his sons. His Swiss soldier chauffeur begged to know his secret of youth. "I'll live to be a million years old," boasted the Marshal. "I'll always be younger than all you young men. Twice a year I have a good bloodletting."

The Pétains spent their holidays at his place on the Riviera. It has a fine view of the Alps and of the sea, looking toward Nice. This home, which he has continued to visit, even since he was installed in Vichy, is a large, pale-yellow Provençal farmhouse with a Provençal motto over the door and a plaster bas-relief of the Goddess of Plenty surrounded by flowers and fruits. There are trellised steps leading down to a terraced garden, which has consistently contained more vegetables than flowers and enough olive trees for oil. The Marshal can be fairly talkative about his garden troubles. Once, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, returning to France from America, he sounded off for a whole evening about his gardener, whom he thought a spendthrift with fertilizers. Pétain has always displayed a patriotic and professional kind of intimacy with the French soil and is fond of saying, "The earth does not lie."

After his marriage, the next novelty in the Marshal's life was his going to what must have seemed to him, who up to then had never travelled, a foreign war, in the colonies of France. In 1925, the Riff chief Abd-el-Krim, after massacring sixteen thousand out of the nineteen thousand Spanish troops sent to take over Spain's slice of the Rif, was threatening Fez, which is in French Morocco. Pétain went down to lay plans for victory, and stayed to carry them out. It was in North Africa that he met two other newcomers to that part of the world, the obscure Lieutenant Colonel Henri Giraud and an equally obscure Spaniard, Colonel Francisco Franco. The better-known Primo de Rivera, dictator of Spain, impressed by Pétain's success in a campaign in which he himself had failed, next year invited the Marshal on a personal triumphal visit to Madrid, where he was welcomed in high style as a double hero and permitted to see how authoritarianism works. This was the first experience for the Marshal, aged seventy, with what government could be like outside democratic, argumentative, anti-militaristic, hypercritical France. The next year Pétain was the leading French delegate to a Spanish-French conference in Paris. Thereafter he ranked as "pro-Spanish," a term which, during the Spanish Civil War, became synonymous with "pro-Franco." It was because of his continued Spanish sympathies that he was named Ambassador to Spain in 1939, his job being, he dryly joked, "to atone for the Popular Front." The small, powerful, anti-Republican clique in France, whose public slogan was "Better Hitler than Léon Blum," increasingly talked in their drawing rooms of Pétain as their white hope. Reports from Madrid were encouraging. When, for instance, shortly after the Ambassador's arrival, the funeral of Primo de Rivera's son José, founder of the Falangist movement, was held in a significantly elaborate ceremony in the Escorial, the waiting German diplomatic corps rose as the Marshal made his entrance, and the banners of a battalion of Nazi youth, assembled on the scene as imported mourners, were lowered in reverence when he departed.

However, back in the earlier thirties, when Pétain was Inspector General, or administrative head, of the French Army, he represented his country abroad at jollier events. In October, 1931, he sailed to the United States and visited Newport as chief French delegate to the town's celebration in honor of the French troops who had landed there to help us in our Revolution. After ten days of typical American entertainment, which included his being paraded up Broadway in New York, the Marshal was officially announced to have departed on his cruiser for France. Actually, he stayed on in New York in mufti for a private week of rather good fun. The State Department hid him away in a suite on the twenty-seventh floor of the Waldorf-Astoria. Because he complained that so far he had seen nothing but "the tops of limousines and taxis," he was taken to see the "Scandals" and was given the chance to brush up an old acquaintance with one of the Waldorf chefs, whom he had known in Paris. Besides the chef's Gallic special, a *mousse de filet de sole*, the Marshal, according



"To tell you the truth, it's the civilian vote I'm worrying about."

to records kept by the kitchen, ate Sterling Point oysters thrice, Philadelphia pepper pot twice, and stuffed striped bass just once.

By 1934, Pétain's state visits had become sadder. After the embarrassing assassination in Marseille of the King of Yugoslavia, who had also meant to do no more than render a state visit, the Marshal represented apologetic France at the royal funeral in Belgrade. There he met, apparently for the first time, and held a two-hour conversation with, the portly Nazi chief, General Göring, fresh from Berlin, where the Reichstag had just burned down. They met again at the funeral of Marshal Pilsudski, in Cracow, where Pétain's "excessive affability" toward the German fat man, both at the interment and at the banquet which followed, was noted by the press.

In France, too, the country's leaders were dying. As the company of the great dwindled, the Marshal became an increasingly precious mourner at important funerals. France was running out of the big names and big brains that had carried her to victory. Clemenceau, *le Père La Victoire*, in an old man's summary of what still seemed to him the acute Franco-German situation, had written, "We are constantly hearing about the superman. And the subman—what of him? . . . France will be what the men of France deserve." By the end of 1934, Clemenceau, Foch, Joffre, Briand, Painlevé, Poincaré, and Lyautey had all disappeared, Lyautey after stating that he hoped to die late enough not to have that fellow Pétain still left to orate over his bier. By his longevity, Pétain had by this time become the last leaf on the tree, and by elimination he was at the top.

IT took Foch's death to lift Pétain to the highest cultural honor French society can bestow—election to the small circle of the three-hundred-year-old Académie Française, which in 1931 Pétain finally entered, to fill Foch's empty chair. As Pétain had once acidly remarked, he was never called unless someone had just failed, one way or another. Every other great French war figure, and some not so great, had been called to become one of the Académie's forty members before Pétain's turn came. By elegant tradition, the Académie's so-called Immortals demanded that each newcomer's maiden speech be a lengthy eulogy of the deceased Immortal whose seat he inherited and that he present himself in the gold-frogged, green dress suit which was the members' uniform. Pétain refused to exchange his horizon-blue for any substitute color. "*Je ne veux pas me costumer*," he protested. Also, he could not have enjoyed, as the thirty-nine other super-civilized members did, the irony of his belatedly eulogizing, for two hours, his dead and deadly rival but for whom—and the British, of course—Pétain himself might have been Allied Commander in Chief and thus automatically Hero No. 1 of the great war.

As merely French Commander in Chief, Pétain remained, in peace, the head of what had, at the armistice, ranked as the best French army since Napoleon's. On that army, according to Pétain's official biographer, General Auguste Laure, the Marshal exercised, "from 1920 through 1930, a preponderant influence," and the pattern he stamped on it persisted until the next war broke in 1939. Throughout those peace years he was the big figure in an army which, down to the fall of France, everyone on the Continent, especially the Fifth Columnist Germans, flattered as "the finest army in Europe." This was the army which in six weeks, in 1940, suffered the worst defeat in French history. In 1922 Pétain's title was Vice President of the Superior War Council, or peacetime generalissimo. Soon after that he became, in addition, the Inspector General of the Army. In 1926 he became a member of a newly founded Superior Council of National Defense and gained another title as Inspector General of Civilian Air Defense. In his seventy-sixth year, the job of generalissimo was handed over to comparative youth, as represented by sixty-four-year-old General Maxime Weygand. In his seventy-ninth year, Pétain became President of the Superior War Council, and he had his first fling at politics as War Minister under the Rightist Doumergue government, which followed the bloody February 6th riots in Paris in 1934. That same year he was installed, by presidential decree, as a permanent member of the Superior Council of Na-

HYMN TO BASIC ENGLISH

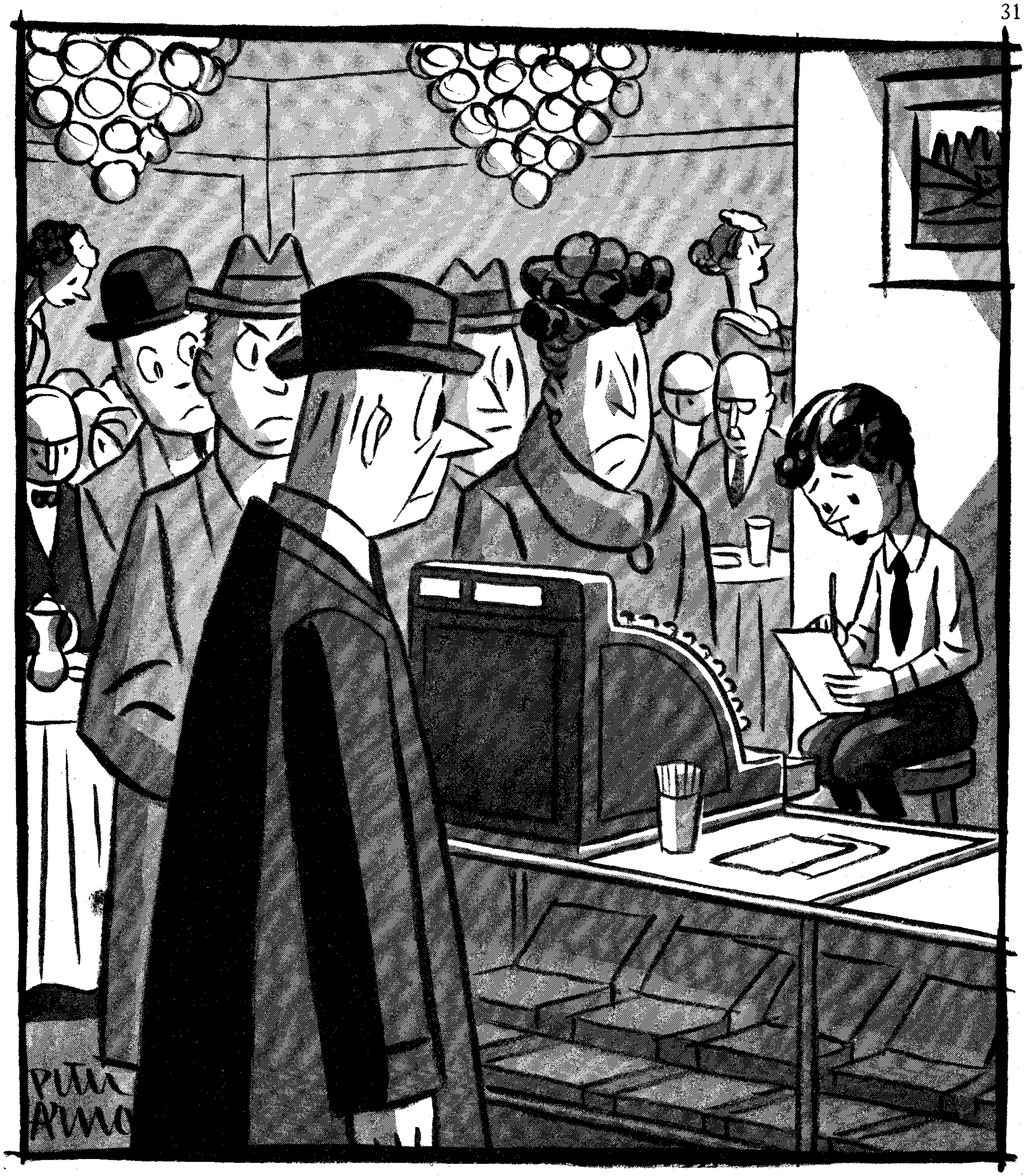
Oh, teach me some Basic English wherein a man may speak
As easily to Finn or Turk as to a Pole or Greek.
I'll waive all fine nuances, all synonyms and rhyme,
So long as I am understood in whatsoever clime.
What matters most is what you say and not the way you say it;
If what you want is action, pretty phrases may delay it.
Some gross of nouns, a slew of verbs, these neatly do the trick.
Eight hundred fifty words and lo! the world's affairs will click.

It's true that Shakespeare used some words the Basic lists ignore,
And Holy Writ in Basic is a rather basic bore.
But this is not the time for language loved by the aesthete,
Away with cumbrous metaphors, with overtones effete.
Say all your thoughts in Basic, and the planet soon will know 'em.
Forget the fancy words and write a Basic English poem.
One world, one heart, one lingo, perspicuously plain
In Hong Kong or in Harlem, in Morocco or in Maine.

O shade of Walter Pater, O ghost of Thomas Browne!
O Euphues, O Lyly, Ruskin's Wild Olive Crown!
Dispraise not our streamlining, do not so coldly stare,
The manner may be mangled but the meaning is still there.
O lovers of the lyric who talk all round and round,
O labyrinthine utterers of truths dark and profound,
O you who now can only speak to London or New York,
Or, at the outside, Sydney or Ontario or Cork,
Henceforth from Minsk to Monterrey you will be understood,
They'll think your English simple, but they'll say "He speaks it good."

—IRWIN EDMAN

• •



"You gave me five dollars and your bill is only one dollar and sixty-five cents. Five from naught don't go, so you borrow one and make it ten, and five from ten is five. The next naught is nine now, and six from nine is three. Now the five is only four, so you take away one from four. That means that you get three dollars and thirty-five cents change."

• •

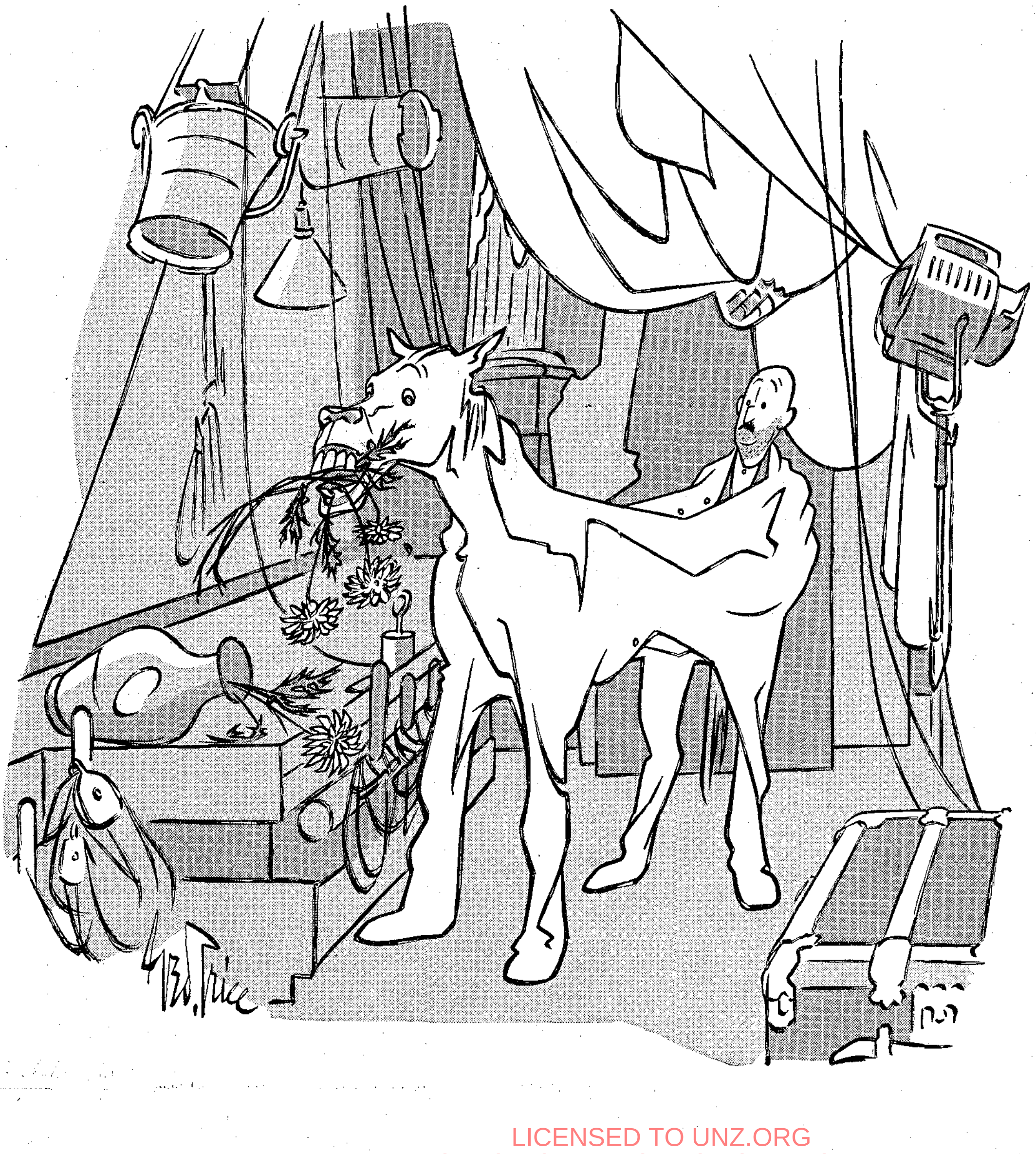
tional Defense. From 1936 on, Pétain was military adviser to all incoming war ministries of whatever political color. He had become a remarkable illustration of the privilege accorded to French marshals, who are permitted to bloom on in active service until they fade in the very moment of death. At the age of eighty-four, on May 18, 1940, eight days after the Battle of France began, he was recalled from Madrid by Premier Reynaud, who made him his special military counsellor and Vice Premier. On June 16th, the old Marshal threatened to resign if he could not sue for peace. It was thus as France's senior and most respected military expert, though by this time broadcasting for a refugee government in Bordeaux, that he said, on June 20th, "Too few children, too few arms, too few allies. *Voilà les causes de notre défaite.*" Later, after the defeat had led to Vichy, he declaimed there as Chief of State against the Republic's "faults, errors, illusions, egotisms, and accumulated incapacities." It was, he said, "a war almost lost in advance," a war "we knew neither how to avoid nor prepare for." A somewhat different final description of the war was supposedly given by the French General Charles Huntziger, principal French signatory of Pétain's armistice in June. "If the war is not over before October [i.e., if England does not fall as France has done], we are criminals," he is reported to have said immediately after signing.

TODAY Pétain is cursed by some critics as having been responsible, after the Treaty of Versailles, for the fact that young Frenchmen served only a year in the standing French Army instead of three years, like their fathers, or seven, like their grandfathers. In reality, a belief in Utopia was more to blame for this good news, which, after the impact of victory, the League of Nations, Wilson's Fourteen Points, and the new hope of reduced taxes, expanded leisure, and peace forever, was what the French let their Deputies and their Army heads know they wanted to hear. As a matter of fact, Pétain always thought that a minute less than two years of military service was dangerous to what he called, in an article in the Right Wing *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "the quietude of France." Yet in July, 1934, when he had a chance to do something besides write about it, he announced to the parliamentary commissions that he would not modify the one-year service still in vogue. After France's defeat, *Le Temps* credited Pétain with having at least introduced tanks into the French Army. Yet, again in 1934, the year in which Hitler created his first three armored divisions, Pétain and Chief of Staff Weygand between them had ordered exactly seven new modern tanks for their own army. It is known that Weygand disapproved of General de Gaulle's notion of mechanized troops because, Weygand said, "an army of mechanics would be a regular hotbed of Communism." Pétain waited years to express an opinion on de Gaulle's theories, as set forth in the book "*Vers l'Armée de Métier.*" In 1939, a few months before the blitzkrieg, the Marshal firmly came out in print with his disapproval. The French Parliament had got around to de Gaulle in 1935, declaring, in a committee report, that his idea of mechanized troops was "impossible and undesirable."

In 1929, Pétain, ever since Verdun a believer in fortresses, made his vitally important observation trip to France's eastern border and looked favorably on the vineyards and tobacco and rye fields beneath which he was to build his monument, the Maginot Line. His admirers claimed it should have been called the Pétain Line. By 1935, the Line, which was never to be completed in its projected length, was sufficiently completed in depth to pose for the remarkably revealing photographs which, in a season of pride, patriotism, and security, the Army allowed to flood the newspapers of France—and those across the Rhine.

In 1930, Pétain was the first among the old Allied chiefs, and even among the coming Axis chiefs, to state, as he did in parliamentary committee, that war was four-dimensional and thus included civilians, along with land, sea, and air. He favored, in vain, a unified command of the four, to be placed under a post he invented and wanted to fill himself—a Ministry of Defense. He rated as air-minded, although, with an elderly infantryman's reservations and archaic vocabulary, he stated that any military benefit from planes was, as he called it, purely aleatory. Pétain's apologists say that if the French Army equipment was eventually inadequate, it was because of the stingy military appropriations of the finance-worried Parliaments, to whom, certainly, war seemed far off, but to whom inflation, even without the stimulus of big armament budgets, always seemed just around the corner. The fact remains that, as Pétain's critics declare, when he was Minister of War in 1934, while Hitler was announcing his intention of rearming his Third Reich, Pétain, in an inexplicable burst of rural frugality, cut the six billion francs which Parliament offered for military appropriations to four billions.

In the first World War, Pétain had ranked as a military modernist because, like the Boche, he favored using the machine gun, invented in the



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

"How can they come back?"

"It was a miracle the ship didn't break in two up there," said an Army Air Force Sergeant, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor for his part in bringing home a badly crippled Boeing Flying Fortress. "I'd like to shake hands personally with the people who built it."

MANY Fortress crews echo that sentiment. They have seen planes limp in with three out of four engines dead, wings and tails riddled like saltcellars, or with shell holes as large as wash tubs. *How can they do it?*

1. Fortress wings are built with substantial, truss type spars, covered with a double skin of tough metal. This tends to keep gunfire damage local, rather than basically affecting wing strength.

2. Boeing engineers have always insisted on alternate methods of control. And even if battle damage prevents use of all other control methods, the automatic pilot can be used for near-normal maneuverability.

3. Virtually all mechanisms are electrically operated. Damage to one circuit will not affect others, and dispersal of these circuits reduces vulnerability.

4. The "dorsal fin," as developed by Boeing gives the Flying Fortress inherent stability. With the vertical or horizontal tail surfaces partially destroyed in battle, or with one or more engines shot away, a Fortress can still be flown successfully because of its tail design.

5. But one of the most important reasons why the Forts fight off enemy opposition, hit their targets and "come back" is the confidence, based on the record, which causes many a Fortress crew to stay with the ship long past normal bail-out time, knowing that somehow it WILL bring them safely home.

Boeing integrity in research, design, engineering and manufacturing will again be a part of peacetime products when the war is won. When that day comes, you can be assured . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

LISTEN: FEBRUARY 26, 1944

"Okay. Cut sound—line 46. Get that crowd out of the mud—give it more highs. Water splash still too anemic—give it the old elbow, boy. Let's cut out the weaving—get on the beam and leave us face it."

These compelling remarks were made by Nila Mack while directing a rehearsal in a CBS studio of *Let's Pretend* (Sat. 11:05 to 11:30 a.m. EWT). The language is neither Indo-Iranian, Basic English, nor double-talk. It's word code used by radio program producers.

In the mud—insufficient tone volume.

Give it more highs—raise the pitch.

The old elbow—the sound effects operator must produce more volume.

Weaving—actor moving voice away from microphone (as in ducking a punch).

On beam—the "live" side of the microphone where sound is picked up for transmission with maximum clarity.

Leave us face it—speak directly into the microphone.

Leave us take a further peek into this dream world:

Beard—an error in performance; more often, words misread by an actor. (See *fluff*).

Cliff-hanger—a serial play geared to a high pitch of excitement.

Dead air—a failure of transmission, or a deliberate silence.

Fluff—a mistake in speaking.

Mike Hog—a performer who just naturally nudges fellow performers away from the microphone so that he may be heard.

Lock-Jaw—an affliction ascribed to tired or lifeless singers.

Segue—a transition from one musical number to another; a blending of dissimilar elements. (Call it *ség-we* or *ség-way*, not *seg-yóu*).

Woodshed—a severe rehearsal.

Sponsor—an acute, far-sighted, extremely intelligent business man aware of the results accruable from radio broadcasting, especially over CBS *(advt.)*.

★

To this day you can mention a coconut to the oldtimers at WQAM (the CBS affiliate in Miami) and you'll get a faintly rueful chuckle.... It seems that back in '25 the head of the Chamber of Commerce heard it was zero in the North, and he decided to test the ability of this newfangled curiosity called "radio" in an attempt to prove to the North that Miami was balmy, or come-at-once. WQAM was community-minded then, too, so on WQAM he offered, to all who would write the C. of C., a genuine coconut, plucked from a living, smiling Southern-hospitality coco palm in Miami.

Well, it took 30 girls to pack them. What's more, it took two express cars to carry them to listeners who wrote in—some as far as Canada. For years the Chamber of Commerce Chief was timid about looking a coconut cake in the face, and WQAM never embarked on a fresh civic venture without expecting an unexpectedly powerful response.

★

One of our alumni now in service, voluble as a radio transmitter, though inanimate as a tenpenny nail, is in fact the old CBS transmitter from Wayne, N. J. It is now serving the United Nations Radio Station at Algiers in sending daily hope and practical instruction to the peoples of the captive and freed nations. When Eisenhower and his boys established themselves in North Africa, the OWI bought the 50,000-watt transmitter, took it apart, moved it to Algiers; then they got R. Morris Pierce, chief engineer of station WGAR (CBS affiliate in Cleveland) to come over and set it up. The underground hears it clearly.

★

This is

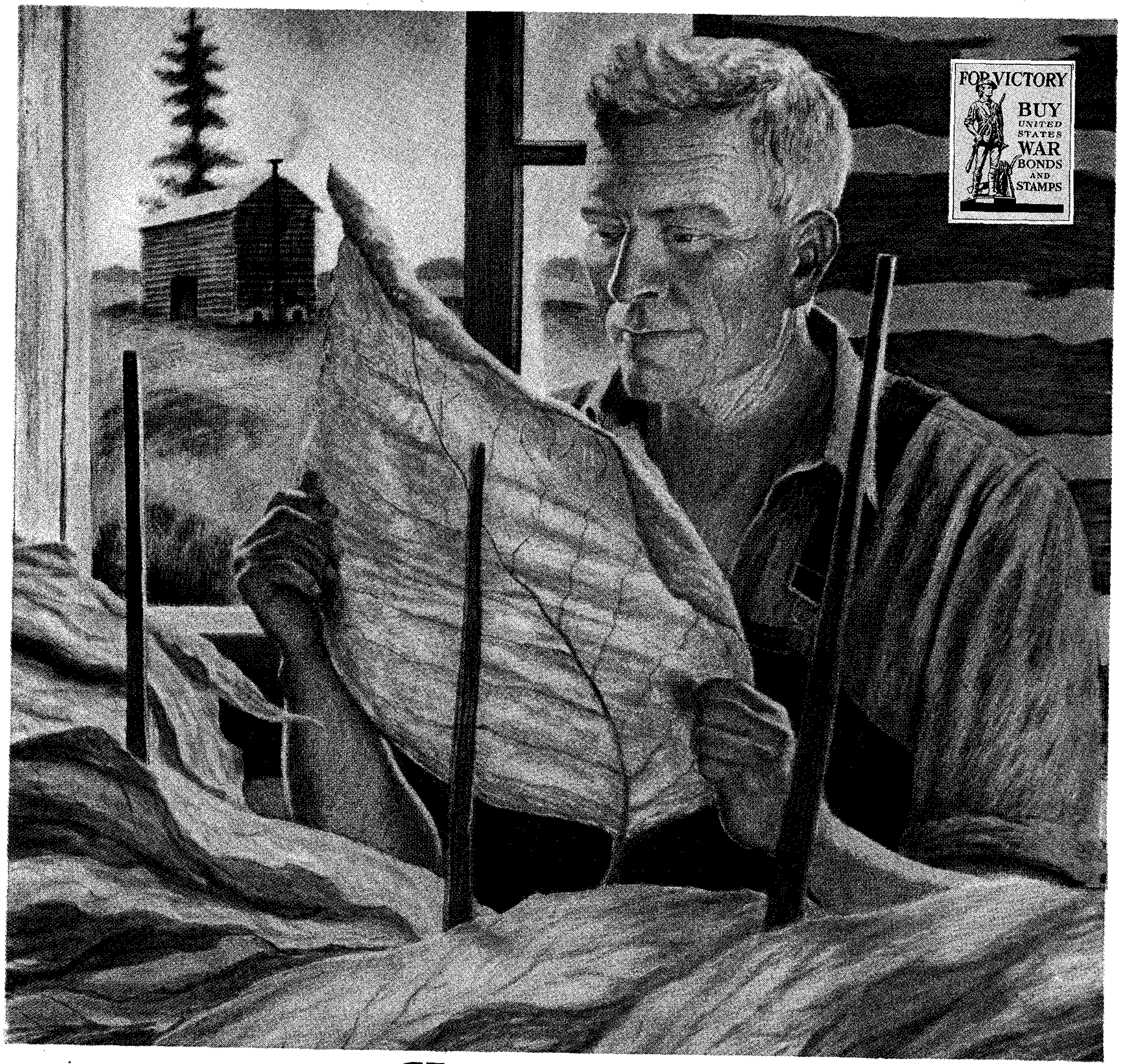
CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

previous century. His close fighting contact with the Germans forced him, during the four war years, to keep pace with their increasing *modernismus*, an education which unfortunately he did not continue during peace years, despite the free lessons the Nazis were giving away, rolled up in their propaganda. Apparently, what Pétain, and those around him, had learned while winning one war they were unable to forget in order to win the second. And while the Nazis were planning for 1940 global victory, France was maintaining an army which could have licked the Kaiser's troops in 1914. Pétain's narrow nationalism, his devotion only to things French, and his old-fashioned contempt for the newfangled made him impatient with tanks, which he thought were British gadgets. "Consider the tank," the old Marshal wrote, six months before Germany overran Poland with the latest model, "regarded today as so incomparable an offensive instrument," and then went on to say that in his opinion it was no great shakes. Dive bombers he tolerated only as a form of German exhibitionism. Foch had won with an expensive offensive, which Pétain always held against him; Pétain prepared only for the cheap defensive. Because the last war was fought in trenches, he disbelieved in the war of movement to come and solidly planted the Maginot Line to prove that war need not move at all if you didn't want it to.

Not only did the French Army become respectably démodé under Pétain, but he would not permit any junior influence to jack him up to date. Of the two obviously brightest, middle-aged, coming military leaders of France, Weygand and Gamelin, the first had always been a Foch man, the second a Joffre man. Pétain never had any really important man, and he spurned the only first-class devotee who ever offered himself—Charles de Gaulle. Though dependent on Parliament, Pétain further isolated himself by keeping his coattails contemptuously clear of all French politicians, even of the few who were not soiled. As head of the Republic's Army, he refused to fight the democratic way, through tedious debate, to obtain what his intelligence informed him his army should have; then he turned around and used that intelligence to formulate a series of lofty, excellently written complaints about France's weakness that were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Pétain's essays were important because they turned out to be the philo-


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE** tobacco!

LUCKY STRIKE

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.

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"My beer is RHEINGOLD
— the DRY beer!"
says JANE HOUSE,
Miss Rheingold 1944

PHOTOGRAPH BY HESSE-PATSTON

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

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BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837 - IN NEW YORK 1855

It's the favorite of millions!

DRY tells you WHY!

Today, more New Yorkers are drinking Rheingold than ever before. Rheingold has literally become the favorite of millions.

There's *just one reason for this:* Rheingold is a DRY beer. It's been imitated, yes, but never equalled in that clean, DRY, *real-beer* flavor.

Rheingold is not sweet, not bitter. ***It's beer as beer should taste.*** Try Rheingold—on tap and in quart and 12-oz. bottles all over town.

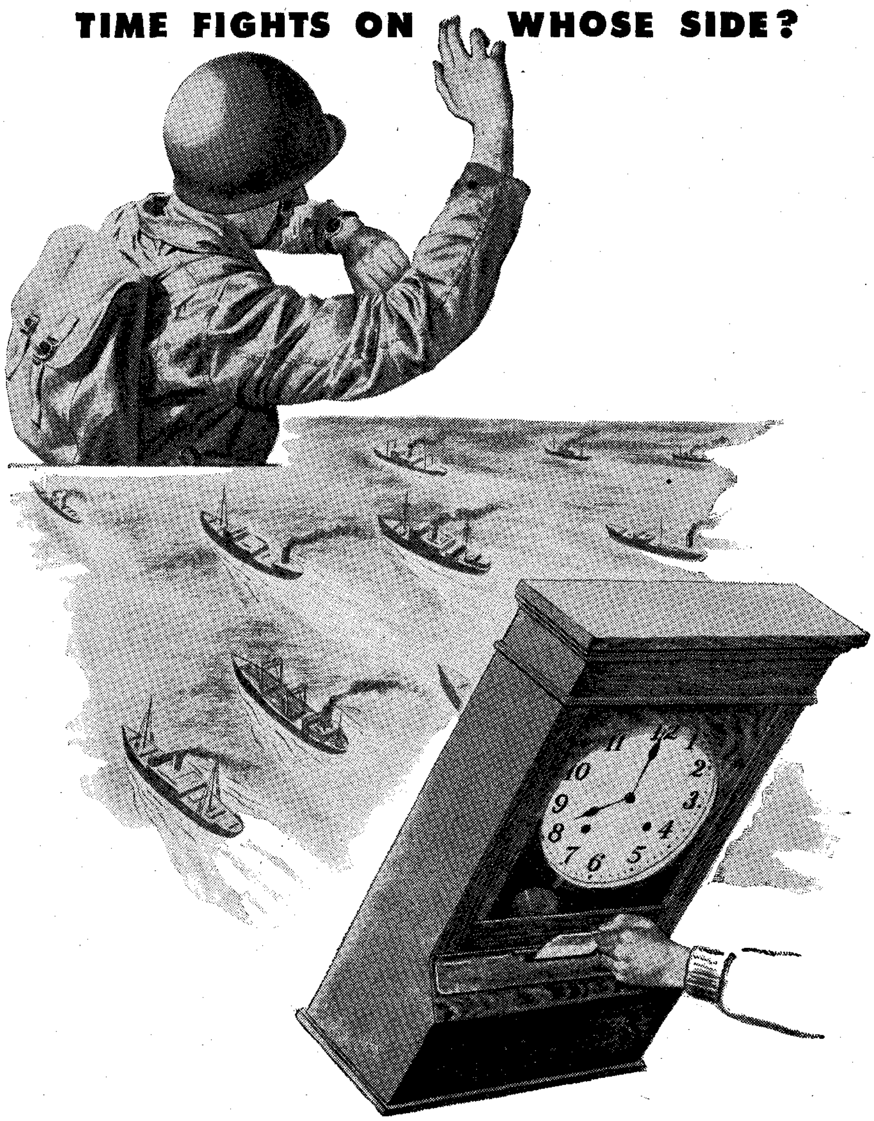
Copr. 1944 Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!

sophical bridge which led him from military ground to the mystic authoritarianism which, later on, constituted the setup in Vichy. Since this metamorphosis did not show itself until the middle nineteen-thirties, when he was nearly eighty years old, the second portion of his life amounted to a sort of resurrection. Pétain's essays preached a return to Gothic goodness on the medieval model. Distressed by France's social unrest and himself too antique to see in it his country's political growing pains as she finally faced up to the twentieth century, Pétain urged that the French masses merely work, have babies, and stop thinking. In a deepening capital-and-labor crisis that was leading up to nearly two million sit-down strikers (as opposed to the Banque de France's *deux cents familles*), Pétain fulminated against the common French brain's tendency to have ideas, against "the mirage of materialism," against modern science, against modern education, and against the modern low birthrate. In 1934, at the *Revue des Deux Mondes*' annual recherché editorial dinner, at which he was guest of honor, he read aloud an essay against French public schools, attacking them because they taught individualism as the "unique goal" and begging for militant youth movements like those fostered by what he called "the great powers." It became common gossip that in the Doumergue government he had hoped to be given not the Ministry of War but the Ministry of Education, as the more militant post of the two.

On top of all this literature, a strange pamphlet, written in 1936 by an anti-militarist revolutionary agitator now turned Rightist, entitled *"C'est Pétain Qu'Il Nous Faut,"* inspired a lot of angry writing in response, plus an indignant protest from Pétain that he had known nothing of any projected coup d'état, which was what the pamphlet incited to. Later Pétain's name was whispered in connection with talk about some secret membership papers of the

WHEN WAR STRUCK THIS COUNTRY, time was an Axis ally. We strove desperately to convert our industry in time . . . to produce and deliver the vitally needed planes, tanks and ships in time . . . to build vast new armies and navies in time. We had to do *in months* what took the Axis *years*.


TIME FIGHTS ON WHOSE SIDE?

Today, time fights on *our* side. For out of the emergency of war, we learned the importance of new materials and methods—*new ways of getting things done in time.*

Such is the Dictaphone method, and certain it is that all those war plant executives, Government officials and officers of the armed services, who now rely upon Dictaphone dictation to push work through *fast*, are never going to be content to go back to slower methods after the war is won. Then, more than ever, business executives will need the convenience and time-saving economy of the Dictaphone Method.

To all business, Dictaphone will bring new war-proved developments, including Dictaphone Electronic Dictation which extends the time for executive planning and provides new safeguards against the delays, errors, oversights and time-waste fostered by old-fashioned, two-person dictation.

If you would like to have time working on *your* side, visit your local Dictaphone office and become acquainted with these new Dictaphone achievements.

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by DODIE SMITH
with KATHARINE CORNELL RAYMOND MASSEY
HENRY DANIELL, CAROL GOODNER, ANNE BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Cagoulards, but there was never any public proof given that the Marshal had anything to do with this French millionaire Ku-Klux outfit. Back in the early days immediately after the war, Pétain had been vaguely classed as a General of the Left, principally because he was not a General of the Right. After 1934 his name was increasingly associated with political reactionaries. In 1936, during the elections which, to the tune of the "Internationale," brought the Socialist Popular Front reform government and Léon Blum to power, Pétain was reported to have declared, "In my opinion, everything international is mischievous, everything national is useful and fertile. The Croix de Feu [Colonel François de la Rocque's avowedly Fascist armed league] is one of the soundest elements in the country. It preserves the family." Though he himself was a very belated husband and never known to have been a father, Pétain, in a speech that year at Verdun, further developed this domestic theme, stating that "the family is the essential cell of life," and adding, in an unusually practical aside, "The seven million families who make up our country should be given . . . a margin of hope and a possibility of progress." For years he had deplored the influence of France's public-school teachers, predominantly Socialist and pacifist, who, he said, had been "contaminating the young." Sure enough, in 1936, at the teachers' annual conference, more than two-thirds of them lyrically voted for the resolution that "We shall respond to the brutality of bayonets with the force of propaganda." As ex-President of the Superior War Council, Pétain himself had just said, with equal airiness, "To avoid war, one solution only: to be strong!"

In 1937, a visitor found him reading Montaigne's "Essays," which he called "my consolation against the pettiness of life." Then, though he was speaking in his office at 4 bis Boulevard des Invalides, the sanctum of national defense, he complained, "What can I do? I am kept out of everything," and went on to say, "I remain extremely anxious about the tomorrows which menace us. I tell my friends that Germany is preparing an army stronger than that of 1914 and does not hide her warlike intentions. And yet in France there is no room except for party struggles, creators of hate between Frenchmen. We remain blind and deaf, despite the noise of arms across the Rhine. I fear the worst for tomorrow." After these words, stronger than any statement he had ever made to Parliament, stronger than anything he

MAX GORDON presents
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—Morehouse, Sun
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
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"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA
in THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
PAUL ROBESON
in the Margaret Webster Production of
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JOSE FERRER · UTA HAGEN
MARGARET WEBSTER · JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
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MILTON BERLE in
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Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
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ROBERT REUD presents
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RAMSHACKLE INN
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"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —Rascoe, World-Tele.
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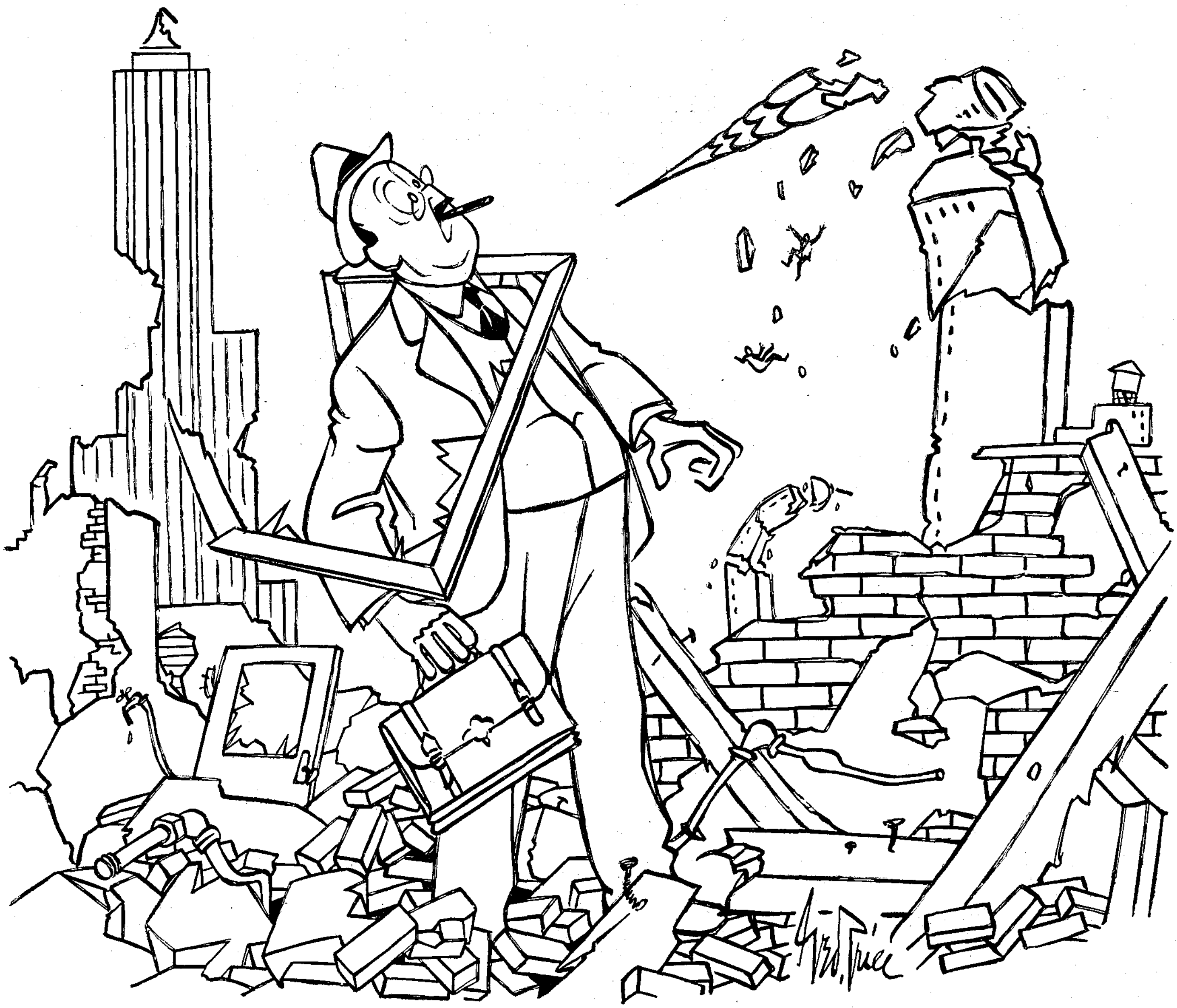
"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

"A TRULY AMAZING PLAY" Rascoe, World Tel.
TOMORROW THE WORLD
BARRYMORE THEA. NEW YORK Ralph BELLAMY · Shirley BOOTH
SELWYN THEATRE CHICAGO Elissa LANDI · Paul McGRATH



The day New York folded up!

It was not good at all. The whole city just folded up like a stack of potatoes. No reason. Just collapsed. It was bad.

"This is bad," said a usually well-informed source standing amid the ruins. "In fact, there's only one thing good about it."

"What's good about it?" said a voice from under a mass of office equipment and misses' wearing apparel.

"It demonstrates a very important fact," he mused. And then he explained it all this way:

If the entire city of New York should suddenly collapse that would represent the loss of about 21 billion dollars' worth of property . . . Now it took America's machine tools a powerful long time to produce a lot of that stuff—yet the entire contents of the city of New York adds up to less buildings, equipment products and gadgets than will be sold in the year 1946 alone!* And 21 billion dollars represents a lot of buying—yet it is scarcely *one-third* the buying power that has been stored away *already* in the purchase of U. S. War Bonds!

Do we make the point? Machine tools are going to be very very busy after this war. We know, because Jones & Lamson engineers are already very very busy—working behind closed doors with the designers and planners of America's leading manufacturing companies, helping to develop *now* better products and cheaper ways to build them in the era of fast competition to come. They are at your service, too.

**Based upon a Department of Commerce estimate, assuming that the war and immediate conversion period will be over by 1946.*

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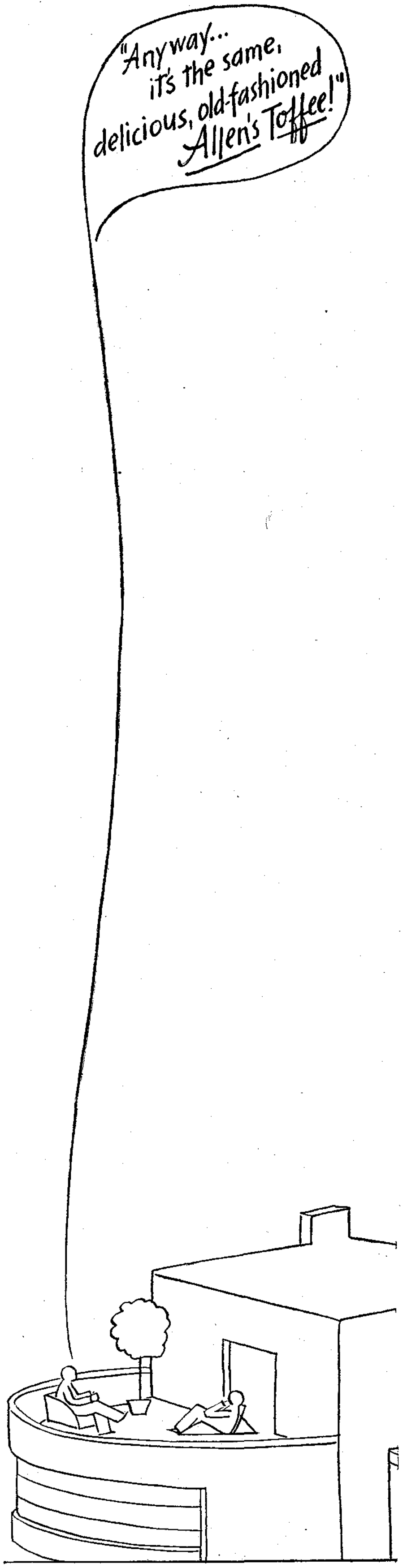
Profit-producing Machine Tools

Manufacturers of: Universal Turret Lathes • Fay Automatic Lathes • Automatic Double-End Milling and Centering Machines • Automatic Thread Grinders • Optical Comparators • Automatic Opening Threading Dies and Chasers.


"Anyway... it's the same, delicious, old-fashioned Allen's Toffee!"

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Famous in England since 1860
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had ever written for print, the troubled old man went back to his sixteenth-century philosopher.

EARLY in his military fame, Pétain refused to write his memoirs, saying, "In spite of oneself, one flatters oneself. *Je n'aime la grandeur que si elle est exacte.*" In 1929, however, he consented to have published his small book, "*La Bataille de Verdun*," which ran into three editions—the most popular and interesting personal battle document to come out of the war. Because Pétain and his opponent at Verdun, the German Crown Prince, by this time had the same Paris publisher, the Marshal's volume carried in its back pages a chivalrous little boost, quoted from the body of the text, advertising the translation of a book of memoirs by the Crown Prince. "His '*Souvenirs*'," Pétain's blurb read, "bear the mark of a sincere soldier who recognizes . . . the importance of his hopes and the bitterness of his disillusions." Ten years later, in 1939, with the new war surely coming, Pétain, in the February number of the sober bimonthly *Sciences Politiques*, finally submitted, as the last word from the nation's senior military expert, a résumé of the changes in battle science which had taken place since he and the Crown Prince had fought it out. In this magnum opus, Pétain, always temperate in his attitude toward machines, described aviation as "*un fait nouveau considerable*," then, leaving mere matériel to one side, suddenly mounted to a classic conclusion: "By the conquest of space, man has changed the age-old character of war. The distinction between belligerent and non-belligerent is wiped out. In the new war there will be only one stable element: man."

Later in 1939, unfortunately, Pétain wrote a lengthy laudatory preface for his friend General Chauvineau's antitank book, quaintly entitled "*Une Invasion, Est-Elle Encore Possible?*" General Chauvineau thought not. By the end of the summer, the war was on, and by the next spring the invasion had come true. In the confusion enveloping the last days of the Battle of France, the words attributed to Generalissimo Weygand, by then in command, were accepted by millions of French, living on rumors, as the final report on their army. "Though it breaks my soldier's heart to say it," he was quoted as saying to Premier Reynaud, "the armistice cannot be eluded. Our country went to sleep behind the Maginot Line. . . . Today we have rushed our last tanks from the factory to the front. . . . We never

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—*BARNES, Herald Trib.*
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Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
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AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
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"Reminded me of a lot of people I used to know in Glen Cove, L. I."
—WOLCOTT GIBBS, *The New Yorker*
DECISION
BELASCO Thea.
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Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40
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COCKTAILS AT THE COPA
The Lovely, Lavish, NEW
COPA Cocktail BAR
Designed and styled by FRANKLIN HUGHES
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FROM COCKTAIL TIME
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Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

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had any aviation. Those who pretend the contrary are liars."

As Reynaud's military counsellor and Vice Premier, Pétain thought an armistice inevitable as early as June 13th. On the afternoon of June 16th, Premier Reynaud resigned because his cabinet voted for a separate peace with Germany. By nightfall Pétain was Premier. By midnight he had asked for peace. Next day, without waiting to hear what the Germans might answer, he broadcast to all France that he had, the night before, requested "a cessation of hostilities." At these words the French began laying down their arms. In the nine-day interim between Pétain's request and its fulfillment by the enemy, the Germans, whose Führer had not ceased hostilities and who were thus free to go on conquering, occupied three-fifths of France and captured one million astonished French soldiers, whom they began to ship back as prisoners to the Third Reich.

The first—it was also the last—National Assembly of what had been France's democratic bodies, the Senate and Chamber, to be called by Marshal Pétain as the new authoritarian chief of the Unoccupied French State, was held on July 10th in the pretty little Casino theatre of Vichy. Vichy, the government—in Philip Guedalla's words—of "an old man at a health-resort," had begun. —JANET FLANNER

(*This is the third of a series of four articles.*)

•

The next eye-witness was an 11-year-old boy whose incoherent, almost inaudible testimony corroborated to a large extent the evidence given by his 1-year-old roommate.—*Winnipeg Tribune.*

That's one trial we wish we'd attended.

•

WANTED—Lady as cook. Strong and active enough to give personal service in a small school, wholesome old-fashioned meals, preferably one who enjoys reading The Atlantic Monthly. Write E 1709. Herald-Traveler.

—*Adv. in the Boston Herald.*

And wears a tweed apron?

•

WHAT COLUMNIST D'YA READ?

MGM has abandoned the "Thin Man" series after receiving definite word from Myrna Loy that she has retired from the screen for good.—*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Journal-American, Jan. 20, 1944.*

Myrna Loy quits her Red Cross job in New York long enough to come West for another "Thin Man."—*Hedda Hopper in the News, same day.*

THIS SUPERIORITY OF
PHILIP MORRIS
RECOGNIZED
by medical authorities

Here's what happened in clinical tests of men and women smokers . . . shown by the findings of distinguished doctors:

PROVED
far less irritating to the nose and throat

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT —DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

NOTE: We do not claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But these findings—reported in an authoritative medical journal—do *prove* PHILIP MORRIS *far less irritating* to the nose and throat. You will find they *taste* far finer, too!

Every day, new thousands CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!
"Call for PHILIP M...RIS

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

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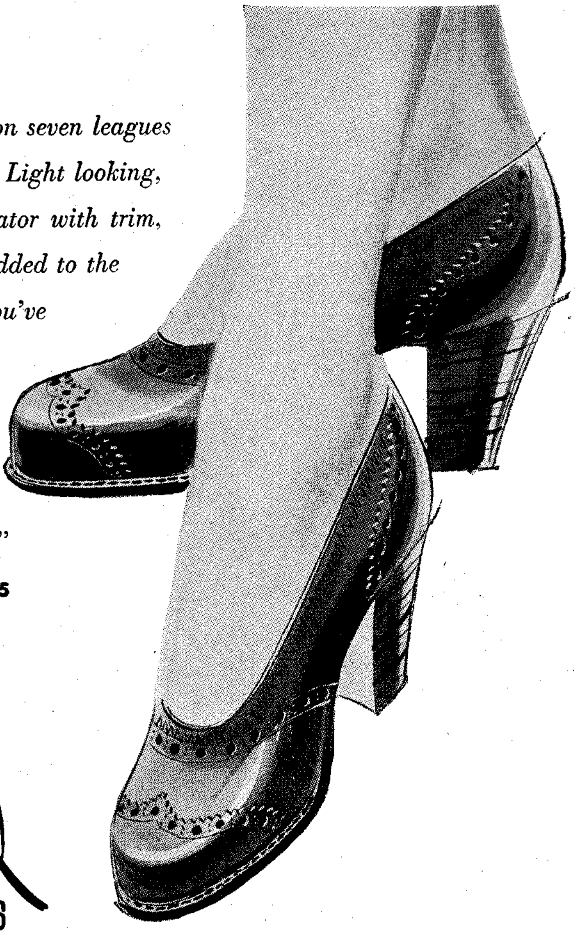

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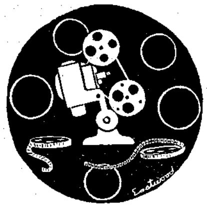
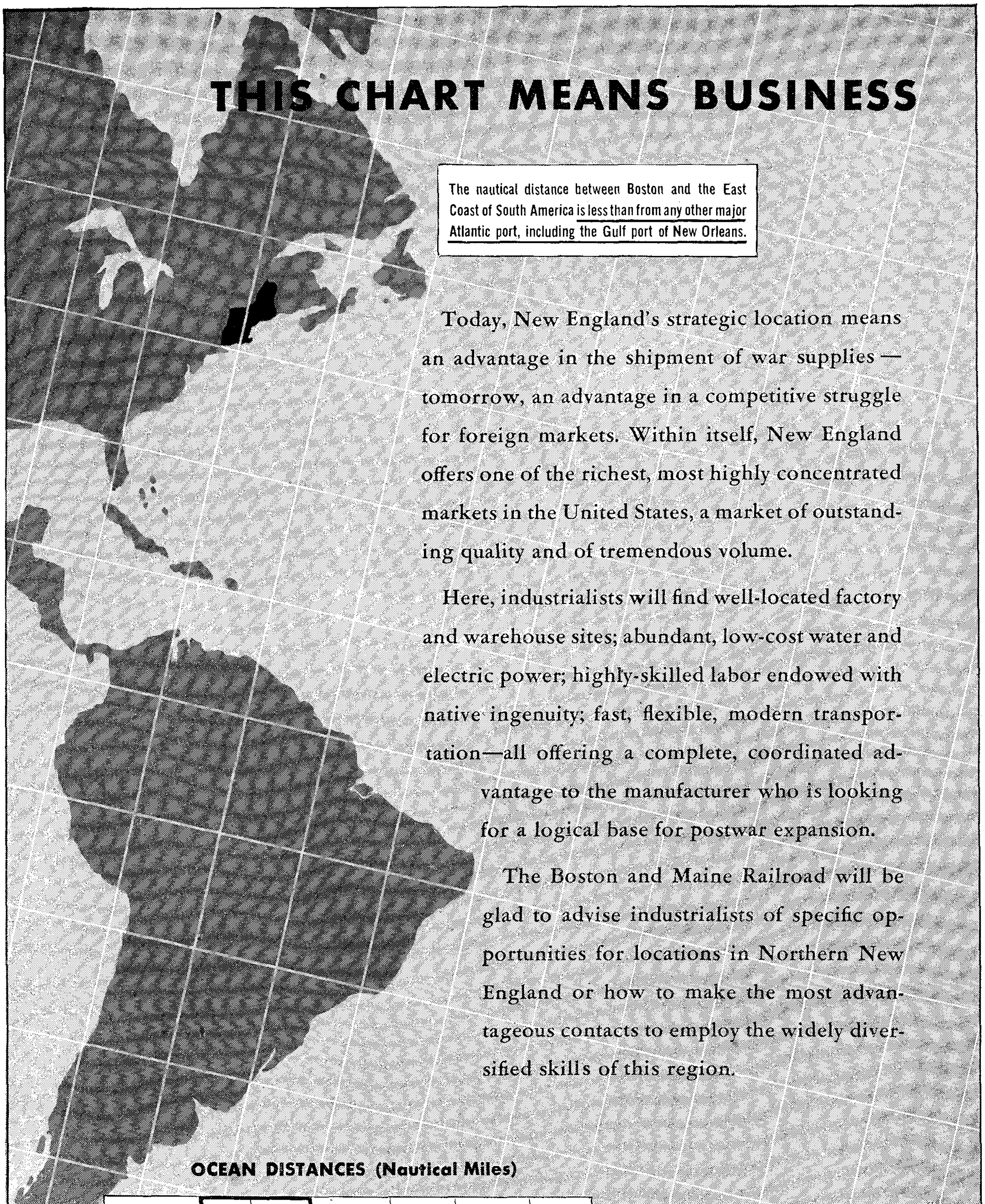


THE "Dictionary of American Biography," in its four columns about Jack London, says this about his coverage of the Russo-Japanese War: "In January, 1904, he set off for the Russo-Japanese War as war correspondent for the San Francisco *Examiner*, but he returned in June." The movie "Jack London" maintains at some length that while covering this war, London learned that Japan was planning eventual domination of the world, that he sent dispatches to that effect to his paper, and that he came home to devote the rest of his life to warning incredulous Americans of their peril. The truth about Jack London and the Japs is probably somewhere in between these two extremes of emphasis. Never having read his dispatches in the *Examiner* and having learned in school only certain details of his erratic life, I don't know how much stock to take in a representation of the man as a prophet of world events. The picture is based on "The Book of Jack London," which was written by his second wife, the former Charmian Kittredge, who presumably furnished some evidence that her husband was impressed by the danger of Japanese ambitions. On the other hand, the fact is that after his return from Japan, he spent considerable time in Hawaii, Australia, South America, and Mexico, and couldn't have waged as vigorous a crusade to awaken the people of this country as the picture indicates.

Otherwise, "Jack London" is a good deal like most biographical movies. It's good in that it simply and graphically (movies do tend to be graphic) tells the story of an interesting man and contains information that most of us didn't have already, and it's bad in that, for the sake of popular appeal, it has inaccuracies ranging from small to sizable. There were at least four women who played a large part in London's life, but in the picture only one is given any importance, and one wife and two children are omitted altogether. Episodes like his trip to Europe, which had some influence on him and resulted in a book about the London slums, are also omitted. Granted, an excellent movie could be made about Jack London or anybody

THIS CHART MEANS BUSINESS



The nautical distance between Boston and the East Coast of South America is less than from any other major Atlantic port, including the Gulf port of New Orleans.

Today, New England's strategic location means an advantage in the shipment of war supplies — tomorrow, an advantage in a competitive struggle for foreign markets. Within itself, New England offers one of the richest, most highly concentrated markets in the United States, a market of outstanding quality and of tremendous volume.

Here, industrialists will find well-located factory and warehouse sites; abundant, low-cost water and electric power; highly-skilled labor endowed with native ingenuity; fast, flexible, modern transportation—all offering a complete, coordinated advantage to the manufacturer who is looking for a logical base for postwar expansion.

The Boston and Maine Railroad will be glad to advise industrialists of specific opportunities for locations in Northern New England or how to make the most advantageous contacts to employ the widely diversified skills of this region.

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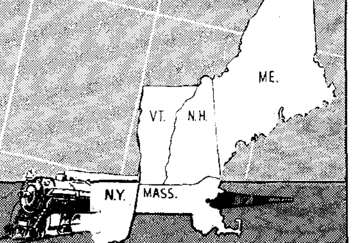
	Boston	Portland	New Orleans	Baltimore	Philadelphia	New York
Buenos Aires	5842	5873	6287	5945	5918	5871
Rio de Janeiro	4739	4772	5186	4844	4817	4770
Montevideo	5728	5759	6168	5831	5804	5753
Liverpool	3108	3078	4699	3525	3401	3254

Hydrographic Office, U. S. N.



BOSTON *and* MAINE

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS - ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY else without the inclusion of details of even this size, but it would have to be done from an altogether different approach. For instance, you could write a script about London as an oyster pirate or London in the Yukon, or maybe even London as a war correspondent and try, within the bounds of whatever phase of his life you picked, to supply as much dope as possible about his personality, his standing in the world, his love life, or whatever you thought was important. The average screen biographer, though, takes a huge slice of his subject's life, if not the whole thing, and sets out to tell you that first this happened to him and then this and then this, and so on. Naturally, he hasn't room for everything, and even if his selection is good, he is apt to turn out a skimpy and rather shallow piece of work. In most cases, the picture should be called "A Boy's Life of So-and-so," instead of whatever it's called.

Somewhere above, I probably should have mentioned that the title rôle in "Jack London" is played by Michael O'Shea, and the rôle of his wife, Charmian, by Susan Hayward. Mr. O'Shea, who looks, perhaps not entirely to the dismay of his employers, like Spencer Tracy, gives a nice performance, tough at the right times, and pleasantly restrained at all times. Miss Hayward is a very agreeable helpmeet.

"NO GREATER LOVE" is another Russian import, which differs from the rest of the Russians' pictures about their war in that English dialogue has been dubbed in. This project has not been altogether successful, mainly because the English voices seem to have been recorded indoors, and a lot of the action takes place outdoors. The result is a certain amount of incongruous vibration. Still, as in all Russian films, there are sound characterizations and other samples of good technique, and they help you overlook some of the funny noises.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From a WPB memorandum on the production of aluminum pressure canners*]

While it may be true in general life, as William Blake once said, that "the gates of excess lead to the paths of wisdom," such is not the case when confronted with an excess of available capacity over a stated requirement. Under those conditions, we are led into a maze of misunderstanding, of conflicting thoughts and of social theories, from which an emergence into the open fields of happy solution is well nigh a miracle.

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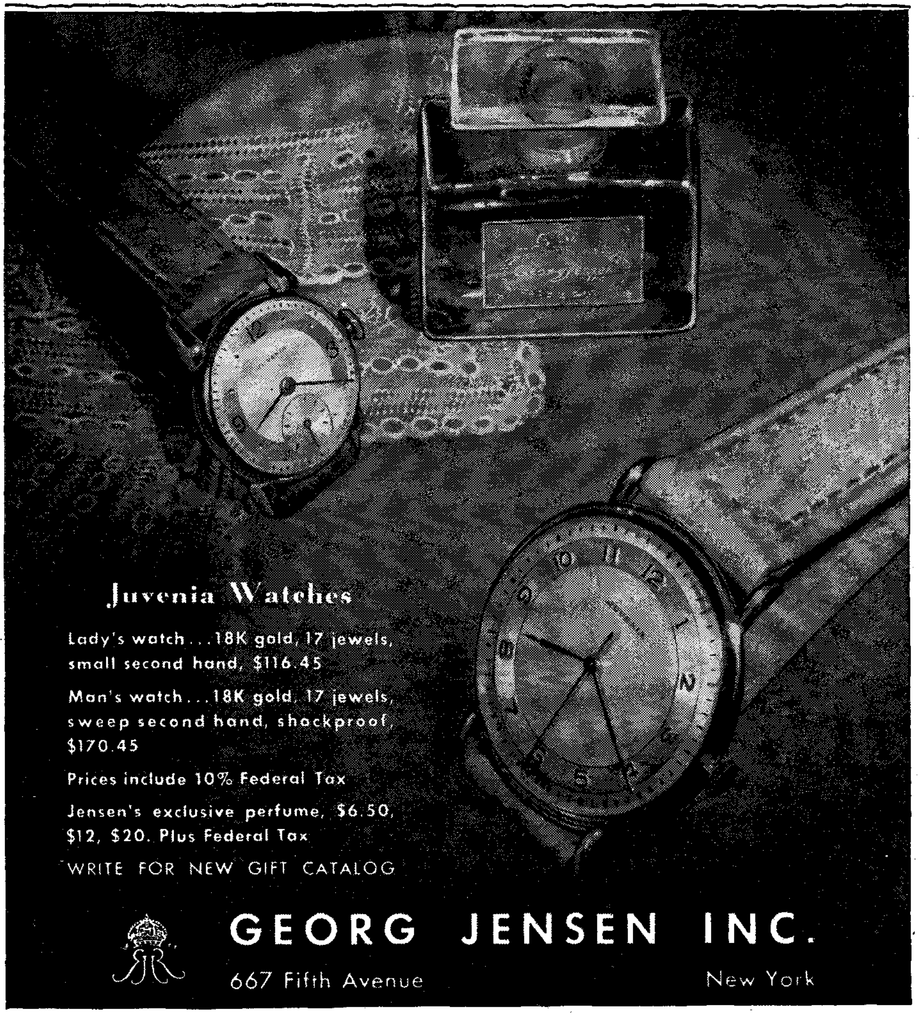

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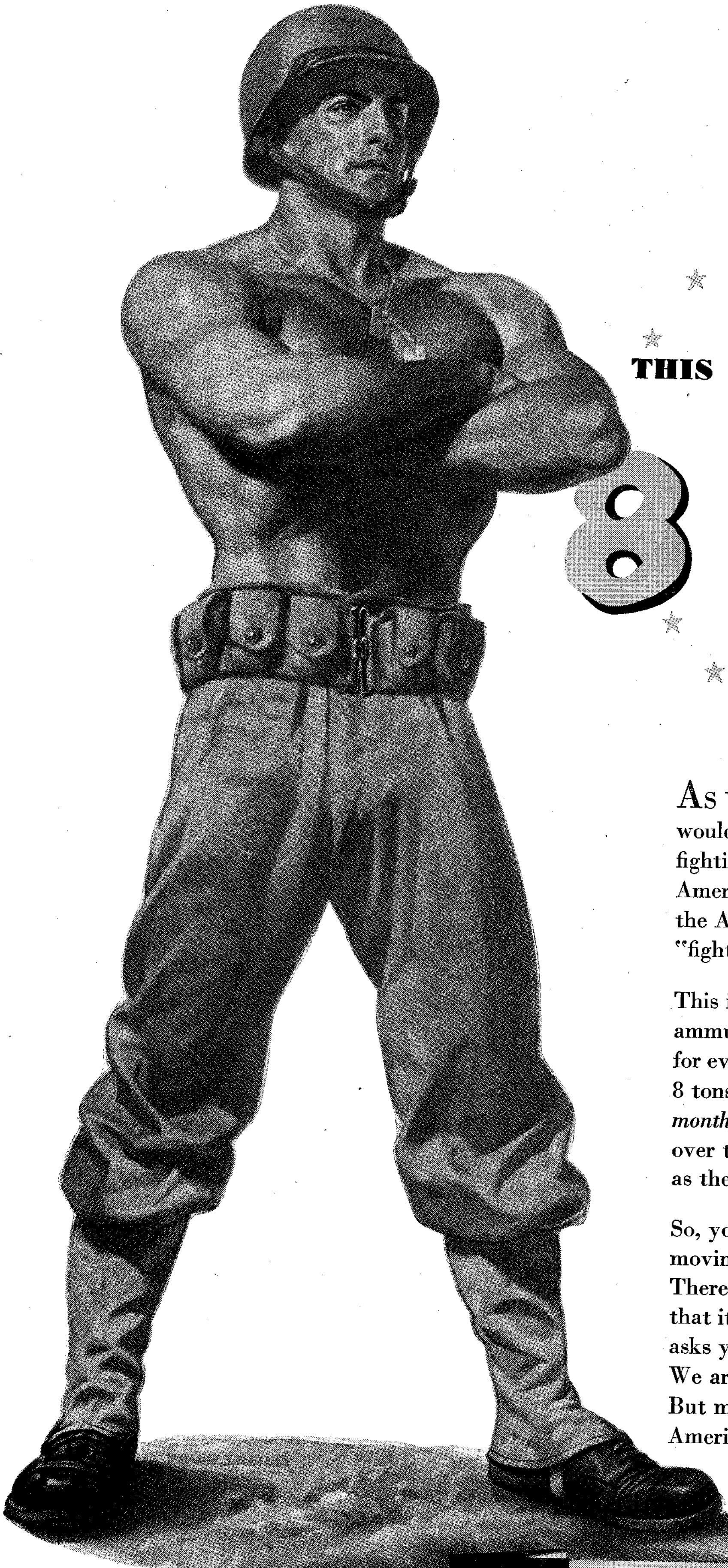

THIS FIGHTER WEIGHS IN AT

8 TONS

ON OUR SCALES

AS YOU would see him on a scale, he would weigh 180 pounds of bone, muscle and fighting energy—a fine specimen of American manhood. But on the scales of the Army—and the Railroads—his "fighting weight" is . . . 8 tons.

This is why: the equipment, supplies, ammunition, food and other items required for every man going overseas average close to 8 tons. What is more, he needs *a ton a month* of all these things as long as he is over there. Or, just *twice* as much a day as the soldier in World War I.

So, you see, the railroad's job isn't only moving troops—but all they require, too. Therefore, if you should find travel not all that it used to be, the Pennsylvania Railroad asks you kindly to remember the above facts. We are doing our best to serve you. But military needs must come first, as all Americans would have it.

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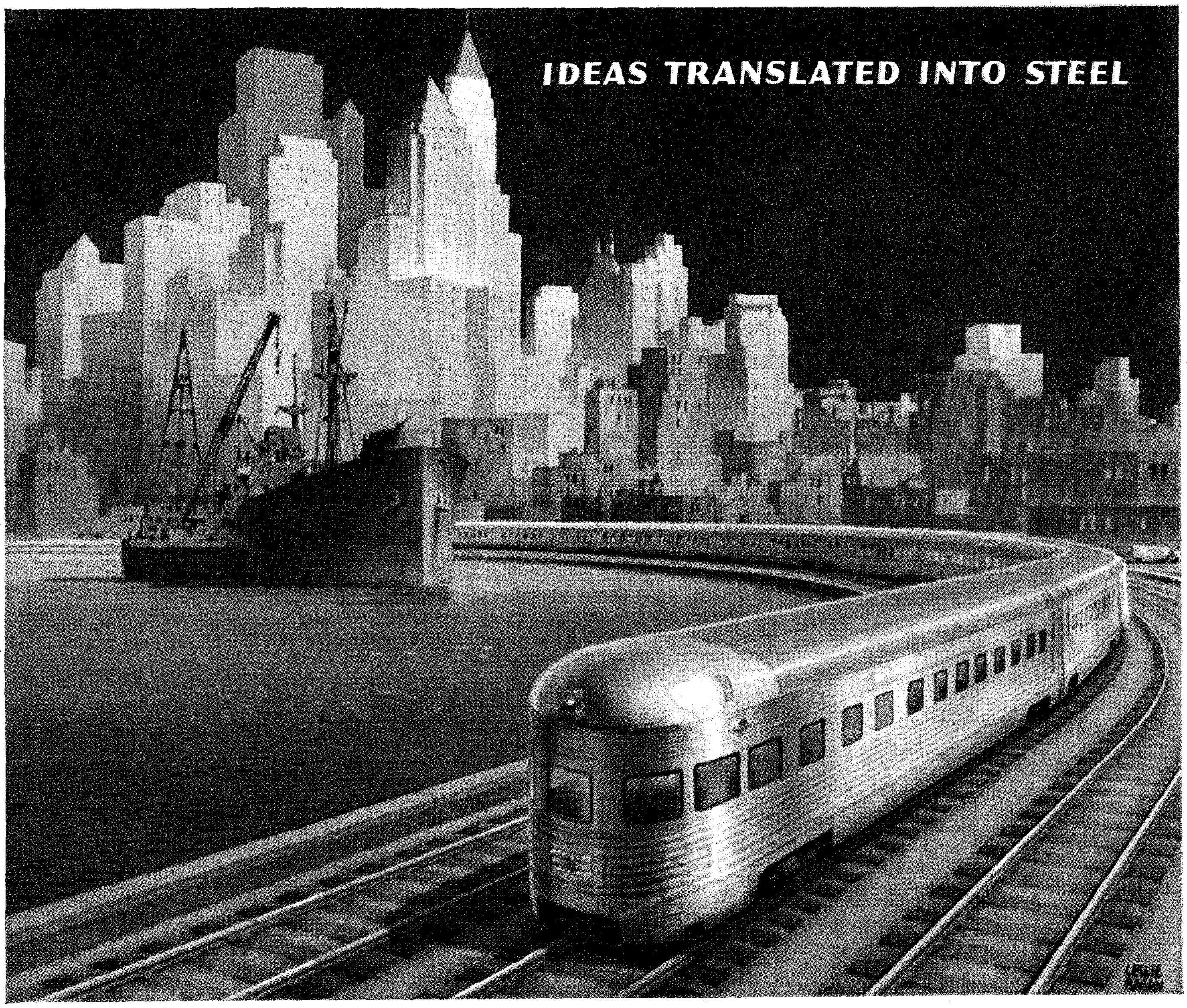
★ *41,454 in the Armed Forces* ★ *97 have given their lives for their country*



No after-the-war prospect is brighter than that of railroad travel. It requires little imagination to see vast fleets of gleaming, streamlined trains, carrying immense numbers of passengers in safety and comfort. The innate American desire "to go places" can then be gratified with luxury and speed.

This confidence is based on the proved success of an idea. For seven years before the war, the Budd idea of lightweight stainless steel trains, designed to make coach travel attractive by day and by night, as well as economical, was thoroughly tested by one railroad after another. In no instance did it fail to win greatly increased patronage by the public.

The trains then constructed by Budd are famous now. The Burlington Zephyrs, the Sante Fe Super Chief and El Capitan, the Seaboard Silver Meteors, the Atlantic Coast Line Champions, the Rock Island Rockets, the Pennsylvania South Wind, the Dixie Flagler of the C. & E. I. and Florida East Coast, the Missouri Pacific Eagles, the Reading Crusader and the Boston & Maine Yankee Flyer—a distinguished list to which was added, on the very eve of war's declaration, the celebrated Empire State Expresses of the New York Central.

That was the last passenger equipment to be built. Budd plants and Budd workmen, trained to ideas and steel, have been employed day and night in producing planes, naval structures and armament.

When the war is over, the railroads of America, free from war's emergencies, free to use fully their resources and enterprise, will enter upon a brilliant new era of public transportation.

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Originators of ALLSTEEL* *auto bodies, stainless steel lightweight trains and highway truck trailers. Designers and makers of airplane and marine structures. Inventors of the* SHOTWELD* *system of fabricating hi-tensile steel.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

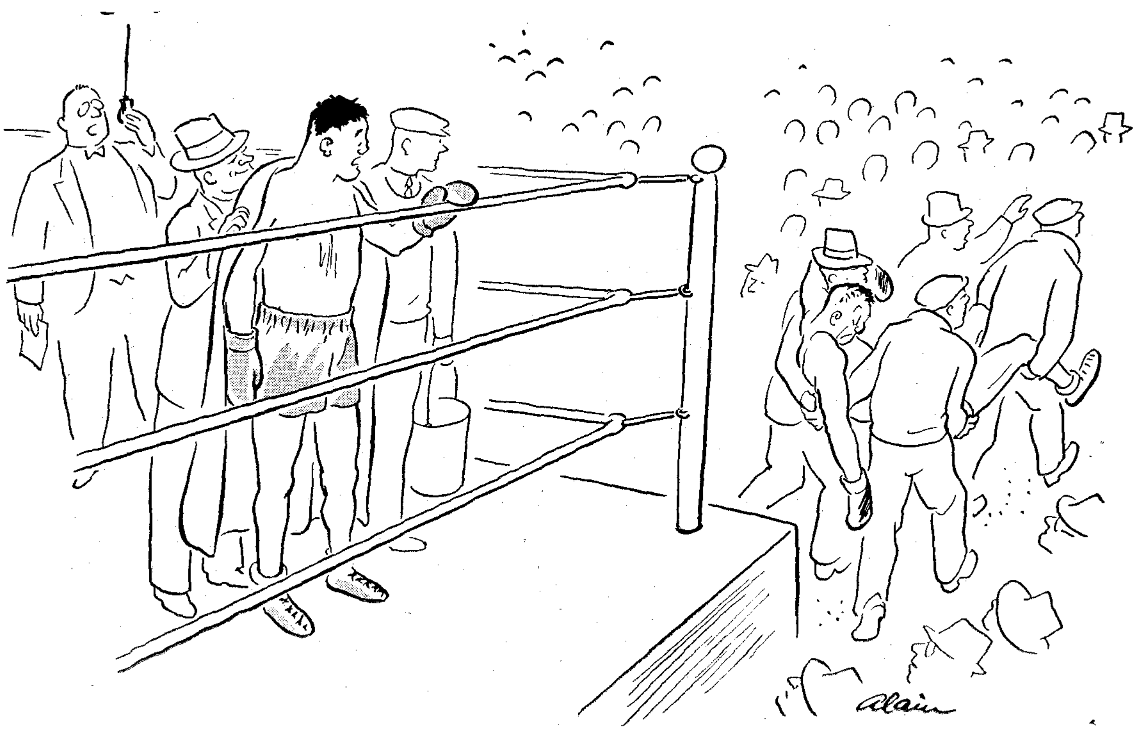
ANZIO, FEBRUARY 10TH

TENEMENT life is no more congested than life on a beachhead. We took the Germans by surprise when we landed around Anzio, and we quickly collected a wedge of lebensraum ten miles wide along the seacoast and six miles long at its apex up the road toward Rome. Then the Germans reacted with their customary speed, skill and sureness of touch, and our boundaries became quite firm. Our ships, shuttling up from Naples, kept putting stuff ashore—troops, vehicles, food, fuel, and other supplies—but it was like cramming a month's needs into an overnight bag. The unit I travelled with as a correspondent found an empty farmhouse to its liking the sixth day after we landed, and set up housekeeping there. The next thing we knew it was like Broadway and Forty-second Street on a Sunday afternoon. Some Army longshoremen from the Pier 80 neighborhood of Hell's Kitchen moved into a lane behind us. Their ship had been shot from under them in the Anzio harbor by a German dive-bomber pilot whom the boys described as "a Colin Kelly with a kraut accent." It seems that the German, his plane set afire by an anti-aircraft shell, picked out this ship as the handiest and dove into it, plane, bomb, and all. Four of the longshoremen came in to pass the time of day with us and borrow magazines. "I used to take a drink now and then at Duffy's Tavern on Fortieth Street," said Francis Jay Cronin, a private from Fortieth and Tenth Avenue. "How we coming? Are we anywheres near Rome yet?"

We also had a dozen Italians for close neighbors. One, a straight-backed old lady, came over from the farm next door to barter for bully beef and biscuits. Our unit was British, and biscuits and bully beef were what we had the most of. She gave us home-grown scallions in exchange, which helped make our own bully edible. "Have nothing to do with those two girls," the old lady said. She was speaking of two young women who lived with their father on another farm nearby. They paid occasional social calls on the enlisted men in our unit and traded for food on the same basis as the old lady. One was plump, good-looking, and, by her own genial account, six months pregnant. The other was tall, slim, vehement, and lightly mustached. "They are very bad, *molto cattivi*," said their neighbor. "They were fond of the Germans who lived in the house where you are now, and wept a great deal when they left." These remarks were delivered, in Italian, to Captain Geoffrey Mason, who commanded our British Army public-relations detail. Mason, tall and deep-voiced, was a schoolmaster before the war, and I suspect he was regarded as something of a character by the boys he instructed in biology and zoology in Wiltshire. He took a somewhat rigid but fatherly attitude toward all Italians. Convinced—I think mistakenly—that it would be easier for him to master Italian than for them to make sense in English, he worked hard at their language and boomed at them in forceful infinitives, upbraiding them for their light-hearted approach to sanitation, encouraging them to tell him their needs, and asking kindly questions about their home life. "These peasants are really damned good people, aren't they?" the Captain would roar out thoughtfully at supper.

Peasants were the people the Captain liked best. About Americans he was undecided, though he admitted he had found good types among them. The two types who had made the deepest impression on him before the war were Walter Hagen, whose golf swing and competitive disposition he admired, and Damon Runyon, in the roll call of whose characters he took great relish—particularly Harry the Horse and Nicely Nicely. "Whatcha know, boy?" Captain Mason sometimes bawled gaily at me. "Is it true all you newspaper guys make plenty of potatoes?"

The American longshoremen down the lane had come ashore with rich crops of whiskers and they remained bearded till they had their foxholes dug. This convinced Mason that they never shaved, and this in turn persuaded him of their guilt when the old lady from the farm next door reported six chickens missing. A day or two later, a British journalist found one of the Hell's Kitchen men shaving in the bushes, with traces of genuine lather still on his face. The Captain was reluctant to accept this report at first, but in view of the journalist's more or less unbroken record of veracity, he reconsidered. "Do you suppose those chaps down there really didn't take those birds?" the Captain wondered aloud, in powerful tones. As a matter of fact, they hadn't. Two of the chickens reappeared, alive and in fairly good spirits, and the rest were traced by a dockworker named



"I suppose he'll hate me for this tomorrow."

Shea to a party of foragers some distance away.

A COUPLE of days after we moved into the farmhouse, a prisoner-of-war cage was set up on a sandy field a few hundred yards from us. A barbed-wire fence was strung around the field and raised platforms for the guards were built at the four corners. German prisoners with long green overcoats and inquisitive eyes came down the main Rome road steadily, in batches of fifty or a hundred. They were from both the British fighting zone, which was ten minutes away from us by jeep, and the American front, twenty minutes away. The Germans casually lay around the field, awaiting transportation from the beachhead. Occasionally we heard the rattle of small-arms fire by night, when a guard warned prisoners away from the fence with his gun or a German attempted to make a break.

Small-arms fire was the only sound effect we hadn't already had. Every proper fold or corner in the woody plain around us, from the Rome road to the sea, was a nest of anti-aircraft guns. That's a thing which adds strongly to your sense of congestion on a beachhead: all known types of gun, shell, and bomb are going off more or less continuously in an area smaller—in this case, at least—than Manhattan Island. Every window in our house was broken within a week. Shells flew over the house by night. The Germans had a lot of guns around us, including some 210-millimetre weapons mounted on railway cars. These threw an eight-inch shell twenty miles and outranged more than slightly our own long toms, or 155-millimetre, rifled guns. But our side moved the long toms as close as we could and whacked back at the Germans with great regularity, and the naval guns offshore joined the ensemble.

Our flak was always busy, because the German planes were always busy above us. Sinister is the word for some of the German raids on our shipping off Anzio and the adjoining town of Nettuno (Allied map spelling) or Nettunia (local chamber-of-commerce spelling). In what were still considered, as I wrote some of the above, to be their death throes, the Germans here toyed extensively with a superman gadget—the glider bomb or radio-controlled torpedo bomb, which more or less stalks its target and is believed by some impressionable observers on the ground to be able to go into a hotel, ascend the elevator

"The only thing that makes this riding club worth while is getting home to the Buffalo Evening News, with its complete coverage of all sports by the nation's best sports writers."*

*We don't know what particular kind of facts impress you. Whether it's the fact that 250,000 families in the big Western New York market look to the Buffalo Evening News every weekday for complete local and national news coverage. Or that the News is first in retail advertising among all New York State daily papers. Or that up until the war came, the News led all papers in the country in automotive advertising. But they all add up to the fact that the News is the big paper in a big market.

(*Advertisement*)

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Card player's "handy" means...

"Pass!"

3-Ring "handy" means...

"BALLANTINE!"

Language, in the cave-man's time, was *sign* language. He talked with his *hands!* And to this very day, we still use the "handy" way to speak our minds. Atta-boy "handy" says "Nice going!" Chef's "handy" says "Ah, perfect!" 3-Ring "handy" says "Ballantine Ale for me!"... PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR in every glass *America's finest since 1840.*

PURITY
BODY
FLAVOR
BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE
Ale

Too early of course to start spade work in your 1944 Victory Garden, but not a bit too soon for paper work. Lay out your rows in the living room now, and you'll save precious time outdoors later.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hurry up, Private Pringle... it's chicken pot pie

. . . and soup and salad and all the trimmings. Private Pringle gets here on the 7:17 and has to catch the 7:55 to San Francisco. That doesn't leave much time for eating, but we'll see to it that everything's piping hot right on the dot so he can really *enjoy* his dinner.

Private Pringle of the U. S. armed forces has a tremendous appetite. We're serving tens of thousands of uniformed men and women *every day* in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars. Add to that our greatly increased wartime civilian patronage . . . plus food rationing and the scarcity of help . . . and you can see we have quite a job on our hands.

Despite these difficulties, we try to give prompt service to everyone. When that's impossible, we know our civilian patrons will agree that the man or woman in uniform comes *first*.

Our 6000 employees—some of whom have worked with the Harvey family through three generations—are thankful for the cheerful way you've accepted this temporary situation. We promise you the old-time Fred Harvey hospitality will be back again just as soon as Private Pringle's big job is done.

★ ★ ★

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in Old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

1089

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright 1944, Fred Harvey, Chicago

shaft, unlock the victim's door, and follow him into the bathroom.

"Hell, it carries a lunch pail," said an anti-aircraft corporal I met on the Anzio beach, a man named Larry Arbogast.

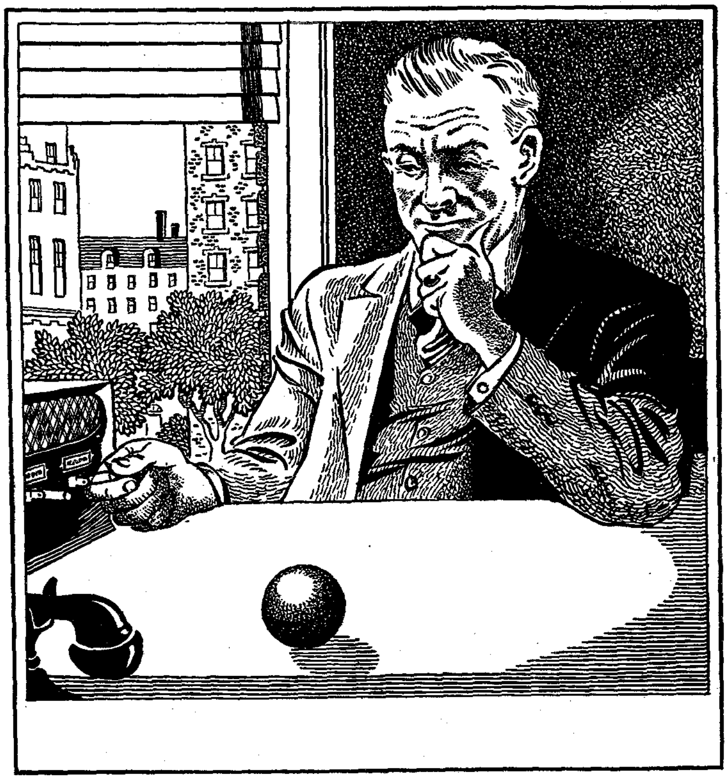
"It's got a belt in the back," said a colleague of his named John Chambers.

I was told by informal strategists, as we watched this bomb turn corners like a purple imp on an invisible motorcycle, that it lifts a fringe of the curtain behind which robot warfare lurks. Happily, however, these same informants tell me that other nations have also read *Popular Science* faithfully and are ready with measures of their own to release the cosmos through a trapdoor by pushing buttons. If anyone at all survives the next war, some butter-fingered robot is going to catch hell for it.

AS we lay on our cots and bedrolls on the stone floor of the farmhouse, we could count the German shells passing overhead and assess the duds among them. Sometimes as many as three out of four would lose the shrill, rich flavor of their whistling and go scratchy dry and impotent. In the dawn hours there was generally at least one air raid, and then all the ack-ack in the region broke loose. Another pane of glass would fall out of one of our windows, enemy planes would whine as they dive-bombed, smoke would rise in billows from the coastline beyond the trees in our front yard, and, as the racket subsided, the dawn talkers would pick up the threads of their discussions. "What do you mean, hillbilly?" Private Clyde Foster, a jeep driver, was saying from his bed, as the bark of the Bofors next door died away. "Canada is the North, isn't it? Cleveland, where I come from, is only sixty miles from Canada." Foster, who is barely twenty and made ninety dollars a week in a war plant before his induction, added that he knew a fellow in a camp in Kentucky with a wife and child who had had gonorrhea nine times. "What do you think of that?" asked Foster.

Corporal Brown, a British dispatch rider in the next bed, reached, simultaneously with this question, the climax of his imitation of the comedian Lou Costello and sang "Rose Marie" in a high falsetto. Private First Class John Moore, another jeep driver, from Pennsylvania, denied that Americans ever mixed apricots and bacon in one dish for breakfast. Smith, a British cook, was sure he had seen it done in American messes. Yielding on this point, he insisted that the British field ration of

The Merchandise Manager and the Bouncing Ball



There once was a man who worked in a Big Department Store. By Living Cleanly and Playing His Cards Right, he attained the position of Merchandise Manager, and moved into a cream-coloured office which he immediately had done over in Apple Green.

Some time before Pearl Harbor, the Big Department Store received a sample gross of Kolossal rubber balls. Eager to do the Right Thing, the Merchandise Manager called a meeting to discuss the Sales Potentialities of this rubber ball; and the Sales Promotion and Advertising Departments all attended, along with the Buyer and Assistant Buyer of Rubber Balls.

A young Shipping Clerk who had just stepped in to get a drink at the water cooler posed the first question: "Is this rubber ball Any Good?"

To the Greybeards present at the meeting this query seemed so Sound and Fundamental that they determined to have the rubber ball analyzed by a Reliable Chemist before they Went Any Further.

In the Fullness of Time the Reliable Chemist called the Merchandise Manager on the Telephone. "George," he said, slipping unconsciously into the Vernacular, "I *could* test this Danged rubber ball for your Store. I *could* analyze it for Weight, Balance, Measurement, Deflation, and Inflation. I *could* send you a $150 bill, too, for my Pains. But if you're so Crazy to find out How Good It Is, why in Blazes don't you just Bounce It?"

MORAL:

'Neath the Rough Exterior of a Knotty Problem there often lurks a very Simple Solution. We of this advertising agency firmly believe in the importance of research—but we prefer to use it, judiciously, as the foundation upon which a simple, direct advertising approach is built.

HAROLD CABOT & CO., INC., *Advertising* 24 MILK STREET, BOSTON 9, MASS.

tinned steak-and-kidney pie was the best single field ration in the Allied repertory. To my way of thinking, he was right.

These men had got over the beachhead jumps, the lonely, haunted feeling that touches everybody at first after landing. The front-line troops were over them, too, and were back slogging and crawling and killing and dying in the old ritual they had just followed for four months around Naples. Others—the staff officers and reporters, who were paid to think about the situation—had entered a new phase of the jumps, the second or slightly inland phase, which contemplates counterattack.

There was a lot of comedy, none of it very good, about sleeping in your lifebelt or buying shares in the Italian canoes we found in the yards or cellars of seaside farms and summer villas. The Germans whooped up counterattack over their radio and pushed at us whenever we stopped pushing at them or paused to wipe the blood off our noses. One day, when six newspaper correspondents left the beachhead for Naples for sound professional reasons involving the dispatching of copy, the American public-relations officer complained that it was affecting the morale of his enlisted men. There did not seem to be anything about this condition, however, which a change of unit would not cure. The enlisted men had merely been too long in contact with counterattack thinkers and were overexposed.

We got our mail quickly, which is the best bulwark of morale. Then, there was a certain amount of wine to be had from a merchant who slid back into the deserted village of Nettunia shortly after we landed and unearthed his stock, which the Germans had failed to find. In connection with it I had my most discouraging experience since the night twelve small Arab boys conspired, with sensational success, to pick my pocket of five hundred dollars in Algiers. Captain Mason wanted wine because other units on the beachhead had wine

Fair Godiva's clad only in tresses,
Though today we prefer wearing dresses;
But the gal who enhances,
Who catches men's glances
Flaunts each gay Kimball Scarf she possesses!

Scarfs by kimball

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

MID-WINTER REDUCTIONS **FURS**

READY-TO-WEAR COATS

	Formerly	*Now*
14 Natural Ranch or Wild Mink	to $5000	**$2000-$4250**
3 Natural Hair Up Mink	to $3250	**$2350-$2750**
30 Black Persian Lamb	to $1325	**$450-$1100**
11 Grey Persian Lamb	to $1100	**$375 - $900**
5 Beaver	to $1250	**$850-$1000**
6 Russian Broadtail, Brown, Black, Grey	to $3000	**$925-$2500**
1 Natural Stone Marten	$3900	**$3450**

Also Brown Alaska Seal, Australian Opossum, Kolinsky, Fitch and Nutria at corresponding reductions.

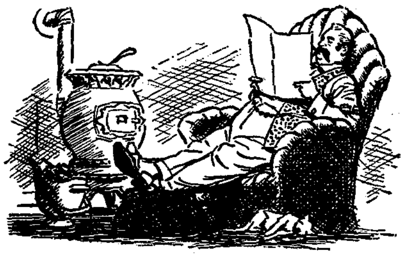
CUSTOM-TAILORED

IN THE Trencher TRADITION

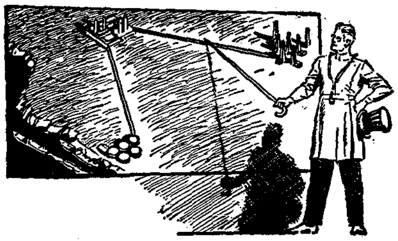
649 FIFTH AVENUE

DOWNTOWN SALON . . . 277 GRAND STREET, IN OLD NEW YORK

Uncle Sam has tube steel arteries!



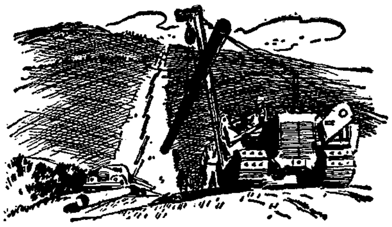
1. The America of grandpa's time ran on coal. Today it runs on petroleum. Petroleum can't be put away in bins, or stacked in yards. It can be stored in tanks to a limited extent, but the nation's entire storage facilities can't hold enough to last 222 days.



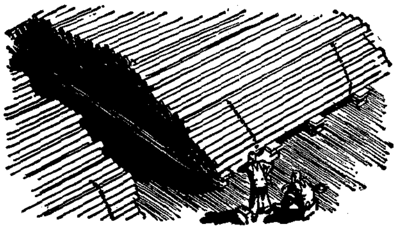
2. That means petroleum products must be kept moving *constantly*—from well to refinery to sub-station to service station to you. This takes tank ships, tank cars and trucks. But most important of all, it takes *pipe lines*—thousands of miles of gathering lines from oil wells to refineries...

A TRAIN 1431 MILES LONG
OMAHA

3. Hundreds of miles of trunk lines. These are the tube steel arteries that carry Uncle Sam's life blood. Without them we simply couldn't transport anything as bulky as oil in the volume that's needed today (189,000 railroad tank cars every 10 days). But here's the rub: pipe lines cost money.



4. At Union Oil, for example, we have 1100 *miles* of pipe line. (We pump more than 7 million gallons of gasoline and oil through these lines *every* day). The system, with its 35 pumping stations and its dozens of storage tanks, cost $20,800,000 to install. That sum, in any language, is a lot of money.



5. If Union Oil had been owned by one or two men we could never have swung it. But since the company is owned by 31,652 people, the cost averages out to just $657 per owner. This one example shows why, in some industries, *you have to pool the money of a lot of people* to get a job done.

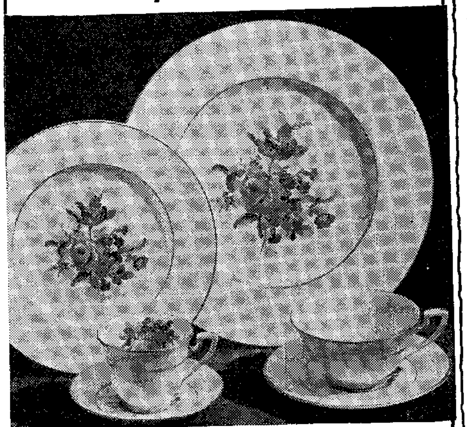
6. Now, you can form these pools in two ways: by government ownership, or private corporations. But we Americans chose the latter because it preserves *Free Enterprise* and *competition*. As a result we've achieved the highest standard of living and greatest war production any nation *has ever known.*

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write, The President, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York



ROYAL WORCESTER

Exquisitely beautiful English Bone China by Royal Worcester. Hand painted floral center in lovely natural colors. Gold edge. Dinner Plates, per dozen, $55.00. Entree Plates, per dozen, $48.00. Tea Plates, per dozen, $42.00. Bread and Butter Plates, per dozen, $28.00. Soup Plates, per dozen, $48.00. Tea Cups and Saucers, per dozen, $52.00. After Dinner Coffee Cups and Saucers, per dozen, $45.00. Cream Soup Cups and Saucers, per dozen, $65.00.

PLUMMER Ltd.,
7 East 35th St. and 695 Fifth Ave.,
NEW YORK CITY

To transient guests...

Guests whose standards of comfort, atmosphere and service rise above the commonplace will respond to the sense of well-being that awaits them at the Drake. A limited number of transient accommodations promise to be available through the coming months, and reservations are invited. Distinguished restaurant; excellent room service.

BING & BING *Management*
W. W. Malleson, Jr., *Mgr.*

HOTEL Drake
NEW YORK
440 Park Avenue
at 56th St., New York 22

and he felt he owed it to us. Besides, there was little water to spare from washing and cooking, and the field-ration, or "compo," tea was poor stuff. He loaded two vast, empty demijohns into the back seat of a jeep. These vessels were laced stoutly in straw and each accommodated sixty litres. I drove the jeep into town, because the deal was one which had to be made through American channels, in an American beachhead area. Negotiations were concluded for twenty-four-hundred lire, or twenty-four dollars, cash down. I tipped the loaders three Chelsea, or front-line, cigarettes apiece and drove back with a high heart. Ten yards from home I hit a sharp ditch in the yard, which caused the starboard demijohn to disintegrate with a noise like the crack of a rifle. The floor of the jeep was immediately four inches deep in wine, and the tipple of the country shot through gaps in the sides like a cataract. The other correspondents and the enlisted men came out of our farmhouse and stood around in a circle, taking a lively interest in the plight of four fat, white earthworms beside the car, who stiffened, after stubborn resistance, and passed out. Captain Mason also appeared, and I cast an uneasy glance at him. The Captain looked things over silently. The wine supply was close to his heart, but there was something about my position, apparently, which put him in mind of Harry the Horse or Nicely Nicely, if not both, for he scratched his chin and burst out laughing. "This is one of the droll episodes of the war," he announced. He then supervised the unloading of the remaining demijohn, taking care to see that I kept some distance away from the operation.

ON nights when the shells fell close around us and rocked the house like a cradle, and German infantry movements brought the enemy eight minutes away from us by car instead of ten, the Captain took his rifle to bed with him on the stone terrace outdoors and lay awake till dawn keeping guard over us. No paratroopers landed, but it was a ghostly time and reminded me of our first two days on the beachhead.

The haunted properties of a beachhead can work two ways if the landing force takes the enemy by surprise. I'm sure we took the enemy by surprise, though an Italian nobleman in the area told us later that he considered the absence of German forces on the Anzio beaches on D Day to be a deliberate ruse and stratagem. It sounds oversubtle. At any rate, the enemy had only

Sally looked... and sniffed,
Harold squirmed in seat;
Polly turned her head away,
And Norman sneered "No meat!"

Whether it's an Eat-Fest or just a Snack, there's nothing like MEAT to pick-up the party. Old Virginny sends its famous meat delicacy ... AMBER BRAND DEVILED SMITHFIELD HAM. The smoked, smacking goodness of Smithfield Ham will add a meaty sparkle to your salads, sandwiches, hors d'oeuvres. (Save a lot of coupons, too!)

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET A-123
Send postcard for your copy. Smithfield Ham & Products Co., Smithfield, Va.

AMBER BRAND
DEVILED
Smithfield Ham

AMBER BRAND
Deviled
SMITHFIELD HAM
CARRIES YOU BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Keep it on the Table!

SHAKE THE BOTTLE WELL
C&B
SAUCE
Thick
Rich
Savory
Made in U.S.A. by
CROSSE &
BLACKWELL

USE IT
LIKE KETCHUP

Not Rationed

MAKERS of ART HAIR PIECES
FOR PARTLY OR ALL BALD SCALPS!
Our 32 years of experience have made many disappointed people happy again. Abnormal hair conditions, skillfully and artistically changed into natural looking appearances (not overdressed or bulky). Free consultation with Mr. Charles by appointment only.

CHARLES & ERNEST, INC.
109 East 47th Street. ELdorado 5-0280

IN WASHINGTON
IT'S A MUST!
LA SALLE DU BOIS
for Luncheon and Dinner
1800 M Street, N. W.
In New York City:
36 EAST 60th STREET • 10 EAST 52nd STREET

one company here when we landed, and the first Germans we found were not expecting guests. Three of them were asleep in a house, with a cowshed attachment, about a mile inland from the beach where the British came in on the left wing of the landing. This twofold building is my favorite landmark of the campaign, because I found it sketched out, even to the cowshed, on the large-scale topographical map given me aboard ship before we went ashore and I was able to match the sketch up with its original fifteen minutes after landing. Put a map like that in the hands of an amateur tactician and he begins to remind himself of Stonewall Jackson in the valley.

The three Germans were sleeping in metal camp beds, surrounded by souvenir bottles of Italian perfume, hand lotion, and nail polish, and snapshots of their families at home, which ran as a rule to three generations of about two women apiece. The British, galloping up the beach ahead of me, practically overran the house, so rapid was their pace through the flat brown fields and pine woods. Two of the Germans pulled on their pants, got out by a back way, and disappeared up the coast road in an armored car, shooting petulantly as they went at a sea that was suddenly full of ships that had not been there when they went to bed. The third was taken in his underwear. I slept that night under one of the fugitives' blankets, my own being still at sea.

It was eerie sleeping—six of us in a row in the cowshed, with nothing inland of us, as far as we knew, but empty country, or Germans, or both. Toward one o'clock in the morning, Captain Mason and his bed groaned simultaneously. Then the Captain sat up and challenged a shadow in the doorway of the shed. "Who is that?" he thundered. "Speak up, speak up!"

The shadow did not reply, but it conveyed an impression of discomfort and started kicking at some straw.

"I insist upon knowing," said the Captain, throwing one leg out of bed.

The rest of us listened intently. We were not, as they say in the British Army, quite happy. Mason, however, perhaps through some sense developed in the schoolroom, felt that the situation had passed into his control and he advanced relentlessly upon his prey and cornered it just outside the door, where it identified itself as an American private in search of a stolen jeep.

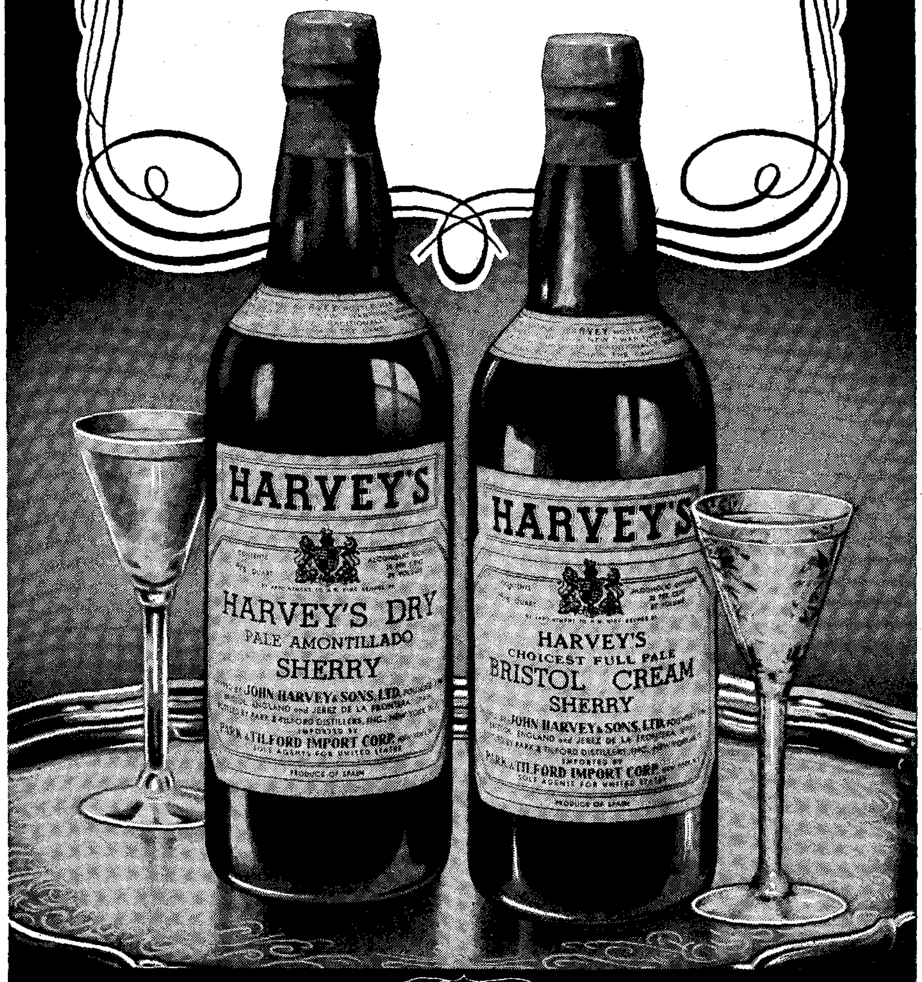
"You expected to find it under our straw?" asked the Captain sternly.

"God only knows," said the private,

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

The HARVEY Tradition is *Yours*–

The quality of Harvey patrons since 1796 constitutes our proudest testimonial. To these distinguished wine-lovers, serving Harvey's is a valued tradition. It is a tradition you share each time your table is graced by a bottle of Harvey's.



HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING . . . select golden sherry, full-bodied, medium-sweet. HARVEY'S HUNTING . . . fine tawny port, mellow and dry.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

Victory is "in the Bag"!

Blackie: "And I mean—*in the bag*, Whitey! Waste paper is now a vital weapon of war!"

Whitey: "You're right, Blackie! Waste paper that's thrown away may cost the life of a soldier on a distant fighting front!"

If you want to help America "deliver the goods", *save your waste paper.* Thousands of tons are needed every week to make containers for war weapons, medical and food supplies. Save cardboard boxes, brown paper bags, newspapers, magazines! Give them to your local charity or sell to your nearest junk dealer.

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
"BLACK & WHITE"
FINE OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
8 YEARS OLD
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
James Buchanan & Co Ltd
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

with a desperate show of spirit. "Who knows anything around here? I'm just eight hours off the boat and my jeep is gone."

"Ah, well, it's very unfortunate," said Mason, mellowing. "I hope you find it. But you are very lucky in a way, old chap, because under the circumstances, and with this howling wilderness full of Boche scouts and prisoners, if I'd had my gun in my hand, I would certainly have shot you through the eye. I was quite a first-class shot on the test range," he added as he got back into bed.

AFTER our first couple of days on the beachhead, the Germans suddenly appeared from all directions and fixed our borders, as I said before, very firmly. There were indications that some came from as far away as France. Whatever was the truth of this trivial detail, they brought a great many guns with them. The British soldiers, who had gone through the two stages, both unsatisfactory, of wild surmise before landing and anticlimax afterward, now began to bleed very freely.

One of the British brigades—a brigade approximates an American regiment—was led by a tall, ingratiating officer who had landed on the beach from the same stubby craft that had brought me in. I remembered him as he was at sea before dawn on D Day, brushing his teeth so intensely that he seemed to be lashing himself back and forth in an arc, ten feet long, at the end of a bullwhip. At the front the Brigadier was always mild and charming, and, to me, always unintelligible. He spoke rapidly, in a low voice, and at the end of each burst he cocked his head to left or right with a brilliant smile. It was hard to tell how to react. I decided that when the Brig cocked his head to the left he had made a joke and expected laughter, and when he bobbed to the right he ought to be answered yes or no. Either answer seemed to work out fine. One thing I did hear him say, from time to time, was, "It was a bit sticky last night, you know, but now we are quite happy." All the officers in the brigade said this over and over. The brigade was drawn from units which assay a high content of blood of various shades of blue. The brigade major was the son of a headmaster of Harrow. One battalion was commanded by a member of the Royal Family. The enlisted men of these regiments stamp their feet very loudly on parade or in drill and fight very well in action. They never said they were quite happy on this beachhead, since it would have been flagrantly untrue. I talked with one who had just survived a hard machine-gun attack. He was recuperating over a book of cartoons about Jane, a British comic-strip character. "That's the kind of war I'd like to be fighting," he said. The notable thing about Jane is that she is always undressed or being undressed. She spends eight out of each ten newspaper panels of her existence stripped down to a brassière, lace drawers, silk stockings, and a pair of high-heeled shoes. In the cartoon the soldier showed me, Jane had just been defrocked by a German with a bayonet and was replying by stabbing the Boche with a long knife she had drawn from the top of one stocking. For my taste, Jane is so tall, fair, and lean as to suggest a poster warning against the perils of pneumonia rather than authentic cheesecake. However, she is part of the standard ration of the British submarine fleet and is doled out to sailors on a mission, at the rate of a strip a day, from a sealed package in custody of the commanding officer. And in the Army she is fully as important.

IN trying to find a good place from which to cover this front—and the American front to our right, which was bleeding as freely and fighting as strongly as the British—the other press people and I shopped all over the beachhead before settling, with the troops, in the farmhouse. There was flying metal and rush-hour traffic everywhere. On the waterfront, in the summer villas owned by rich Romans, you were only a couple of rings away from the shipping, the bull's-eye of the bomb target and the heart's desire of German long-range shells. The masonry peeled off the villas like sunburned skin, water pipes burst, and every bomb sounded as though it were headed down your chimney. Corporal Brown, the dispatch rider, won his letter in life while motorcycling briskly through Anzio on his way to deliver our copy to the censors. As he rode by, a shell splashed against a wall, killing one Army photographer on the spot and wounding three others. Brown got transportation organized and saw two of the wounded to the hospital in time to save their lives. He came home feeling depressed about a dog whose belly had been ripped out in the same shelling. This particular casualty was just another example of beachhead congestion under fire. The peril extended even to birds. I never actually saw a bird hit in the air by shellfire, but often it seemed unlikely that they could all avoid it. I did see one

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small black bird pinned down, as the military phrase goes, by anti-aircraft fire during a bombing. Each time he tried to take off from a crevice of sea wall, another gun opened fire from another direction and the bird dropped back to his shelter.

The unit I was with suffered its only casualty when an engineer for the British Broadcasting Corporation, named Walden, got a glancing blow on the head from a spent fragment of flak. "I have a very thick head of hair," Walden explained. "I was hanging blankets on the line to dry when I felt a slight sting, you might say. Not until I looked into my bit of a mirror in my truck did I know my head was bleeding. I straightway applied iodine."

We had a new development in our third week on the beachhead. Shells landing in the field beside the house sent plaster showering gently from the walls, and this patter on your head in bed made a strangely romantic impression, as though a beautiful girl outside the window were pelting you with bits of earth to catch your attention. At least, that was one way of looking at it.

A United States Army lieutenant named Wilson, who censored press copy on the beachhead, published from time to time a typewritten newspaper of his own called the *Beachhead Bugle.* It contained a comical column of travel notes on the movements of outbound reporters ("The following rats deserted the sinking ship yesterday") and news of various kinds of casualties. When a soldier down the line, hearing of the paper, appeared with a story of a shell explosion he had just seen, Wilson turned it down firmly. "I only handle disasters that occur within fifty yards of my office," he said.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

Mrs. Thomas Jenning's classes for children of pre-kindergarten age will be resumed on Monday, December 20. The classes will be held on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 9 till 12 o'clock at her home on the corner of Liberty street and Grove avenue. A slight smack will be served about 10:30.—*Guilford (Conn.) Shore Line Times.*

Just as a matter of course?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Concord* (*Mass.*) *Journal*]

. . . if you're not caught up in your wo rying you're not caught up in your worr ing whether you're a bird in a gilded cag or just a cog in a flock of sheep.

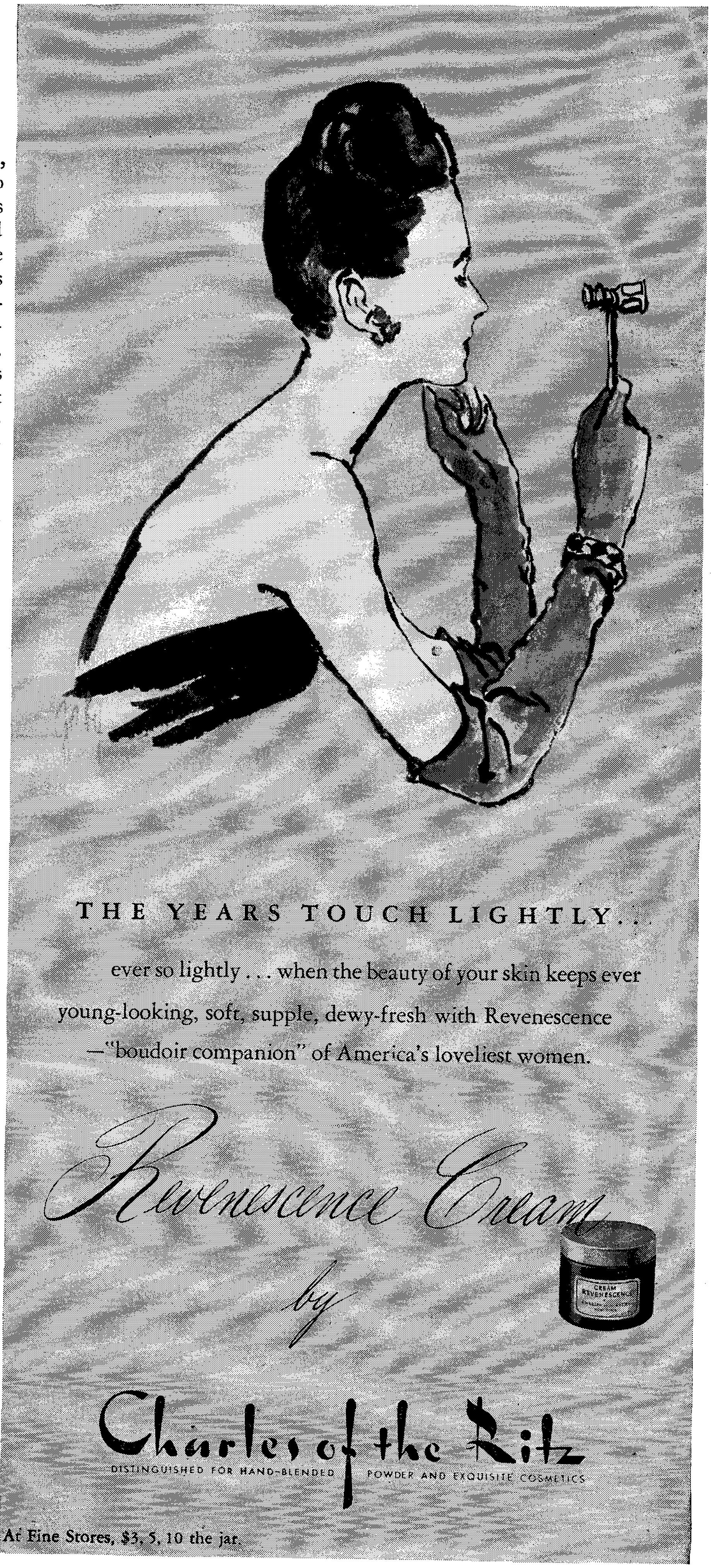
THE ART GALLERIES

In Black and White

INEVITABLY, the critic who covers the galleries regularly is bound now and then to be confronted by shows that, for temperamental or other reasons, he just isn't equipped to cope with. That's more or less the case with me this week. The main features of the current program are two exhibitions of drawings, one at the Wildenstein and the other at the Museum of Modern Art. Now I like drawings, but I certainly am not mad about them. Moreover, I like them, I'm afraid, for the wrong reasons, and whereas the true amateur studies them almost solely for line and treatment, I find myself interested most when they suggest color and substance—which, I suppose, is just another way of saying I like them best when they approach the quality of painting.

All this, perhaps, is one reason I found the Modern Museum's exhibition delightful and the one at the Wildenstein considerably less so. The second affair, which covers the French from Clouet to Degas, or from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, is focussed mainly on the eighteenth century, a period, as any of the aficionados can tell you, that is considered to be one of the golden ages of drawing. It's a period whose painting has always left me cold, and since I don't like Greuze, Boucher, Lancret, Fragonard, and the others in their major medium, oils, I can't find it in me to get any warmer about their black-and-whites. To be sure, there are a couple of enjoyable pieces in this section, a portrait of Diderot by Greuze and the small "Le Taureau" by Fragonard, both of them much stronger and more substantial than their authors' typical output. Some pastels are included, in addition to the black-and-whites, and in the nineteenth-century section there are two in this medium by Degas to be noted, "Red Dancer" and "Femme à sa Toilette," both masterly.

The collection at the Modern Museum, by a pleasant coincidence, begins almost exactly where the Wildenstein one leaves off, with Degas and the early Impressionists, but, unlike the other, it includes not only the French but also the British, Germans, Italians, and Americans—in fact, all the main cur-



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rents of modern art. It's a big show, with some three hundred pieces on display, and it must be said at once that a great deal of intelligence has been shown both in the selection and in the arrangement. I noticed a few omissions. There are no Rouaults, and though possibly this is because his rare drawings (as distinguished from prints) are almost impossible to find in this country, it marks a real gap in the collection. There are also, it seemed to me, far too few early drawings by Henri Matisse. If his later drawings are distinguished by their subtlety, there are a strength and richness and exuberance about those early, big, curlicued ink sketches of his that have always charmed me, and I missed them. Strength and richness, however—the real *painting* richness which, as I said above, is the main quality I like about drawings—abound in the rest of the exhibition; and there is so much of it, particularly as compared to the black-and-white work of earlier times, that it led me to wonder if it might not be modern materials, instead of modern techniques, that were largely responsible for the change.

The materials of oil painting—the color, the vehicle, the brushes, the canvas, and so on—have hardly improved an iota since Van Eyck's day; in fact, there are people who claim that hand-prepared colors are still the best and that factory methods of production have in general done more harm than good. The same thing can scarcely be said of the pen, the pencil, or the crayon, for with these it is absolute sureness and uniformity of texture that the artist most requires, and these, specifically, are qualities that machine production guarantees. I doubt, for example, if any artist of a century or more earlier could have worked with assurance in such deep, deep blacks as Seurat did in his "Portrait of the Painter Aman Jean" and his "Trombone Player," or as Charles Sheeler did in "Interior with Stove." These three were done with conté crayon. It is hard, too, to think of an earlier artist getting, with pencil, the smoothness and the true sense of color that Renoir achieved in his "Gabrielle and Coco," or Peter Blume attained in his "Beggar Woman." The suggestion of color in the black-and-white has been more important than

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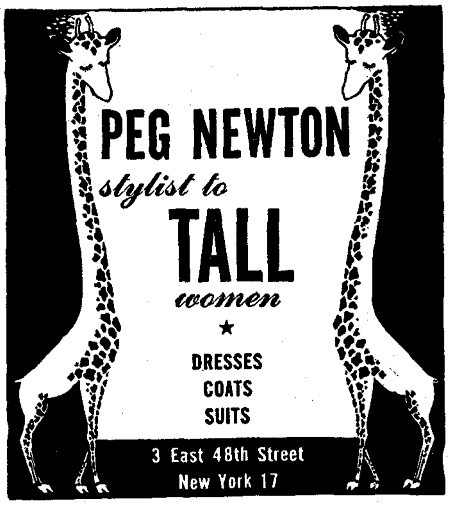
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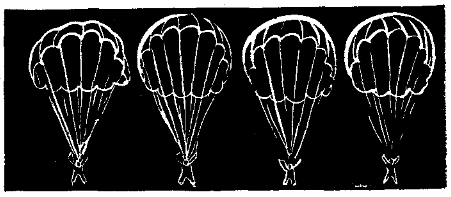

we've thought all along, but it's only in recent years that the artist has been able consistently to encompass it.

I DON'T know what it is precisely that differentiates the "primitive" artist from what I suppose we must call the sophisticated ones. But if the distinguishing qualities of the primitive are a preoccupation with minor detail and a tendency to play fast and loose with the laws of perspective, then Horace Pippin, whose new oils are on view at the Downtown Gallery, is indeed, as he is customarily classified, a primitive. However, in the use of color and the ability to organize and synthesize a scene into a well-balanced composition, he's about as subtle and sophisticated as the next man, which sort of makes you wonder where sophistication begins and primitivism leaves off. There's a further point, too, to be noted in connection with his new paintings: his progress in the past few years has been steady and consistent, and always toward a greater maturity of feeling. Canvases like his "Cabin in the Cotton," "West Chester, Pa.," and "John Brown Going to His Hanging," with its superb playing off of grays and whites against the black-clad central figures, are worth anybody's study for their artistic astuteness and basic conviction. . . . Milton Avery, at the Paul Rosenberg, is a man almost anyone nowadays would recognize instantly as a sophisticate. But he too bothers little about perspective and at times makes use of naïve detail, two facts which may conceivably make it difficult for the historian of five hundred years hence to classify him exactly. Letting that problem drop for the moment, however—or, as far as that goes, for the next five hundred years—it seems clear to the contemporary eye that what primitivism he displays is of the conscious variety, and he uses it beautifully and boldly to simplify the rhythms of his design. If at times that design tends toward the merely decorative, as in "Girl and Dogs," in the current show, there are other times, as in his "Oxcart Blue Sea," "Girl in White Dress," and the lovely gray-and-pink "Artist's Daughter by the Sea," when it takes on a peculiarly winning and gentle authority all its own.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*Headline from the Baxley (Ga.) News-Banner*]

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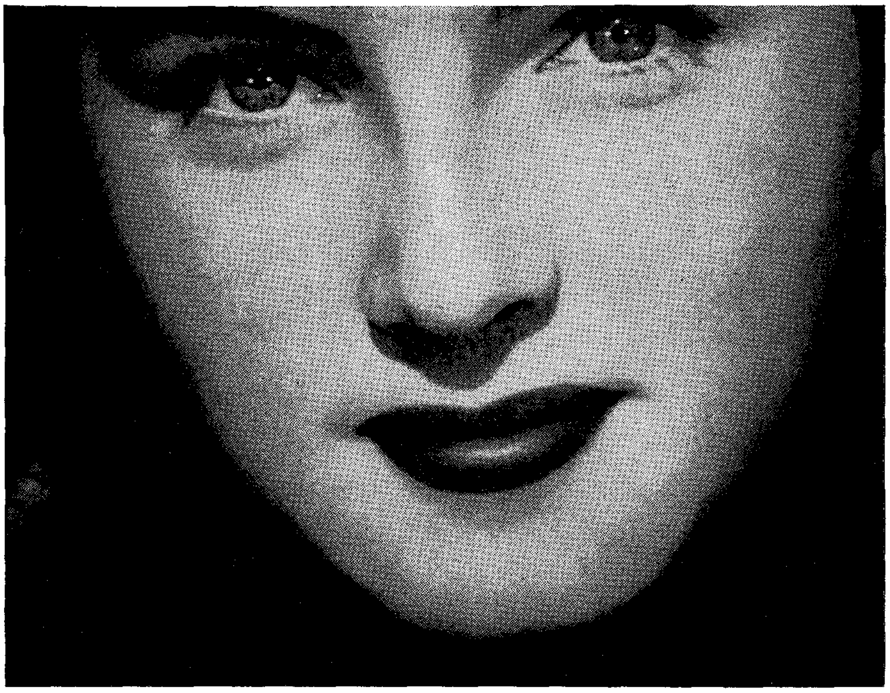
FOR DURATION



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

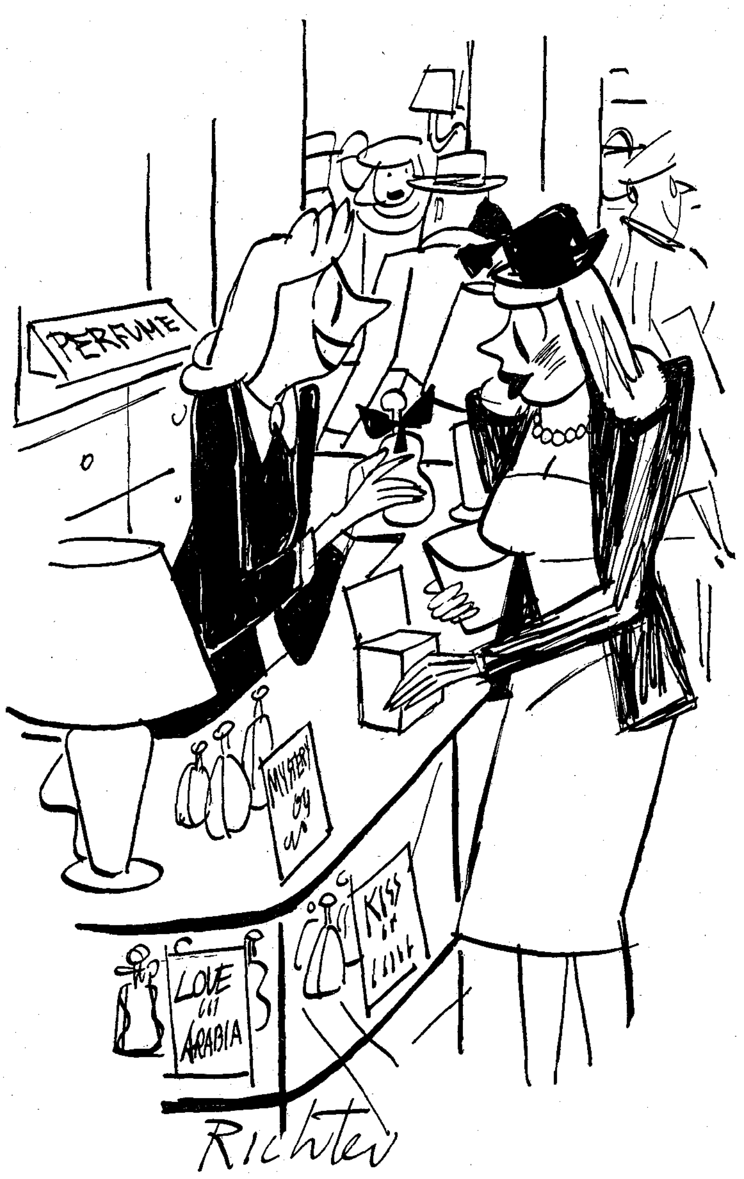
INFORMATION

THE migration of the antique-furniture market from countryside to city—or at least to *this* city—is still in process, and the end apparently is not even in sight. W. & J. Sloane house the latest large-scale outbreak of early and later Americana in a new shop called the Thirteen States, a spot more successful than most urban ones in creating that coveted, crowded, cozy, country-store atmosphere which makes shoppers feel like treasure hunters.

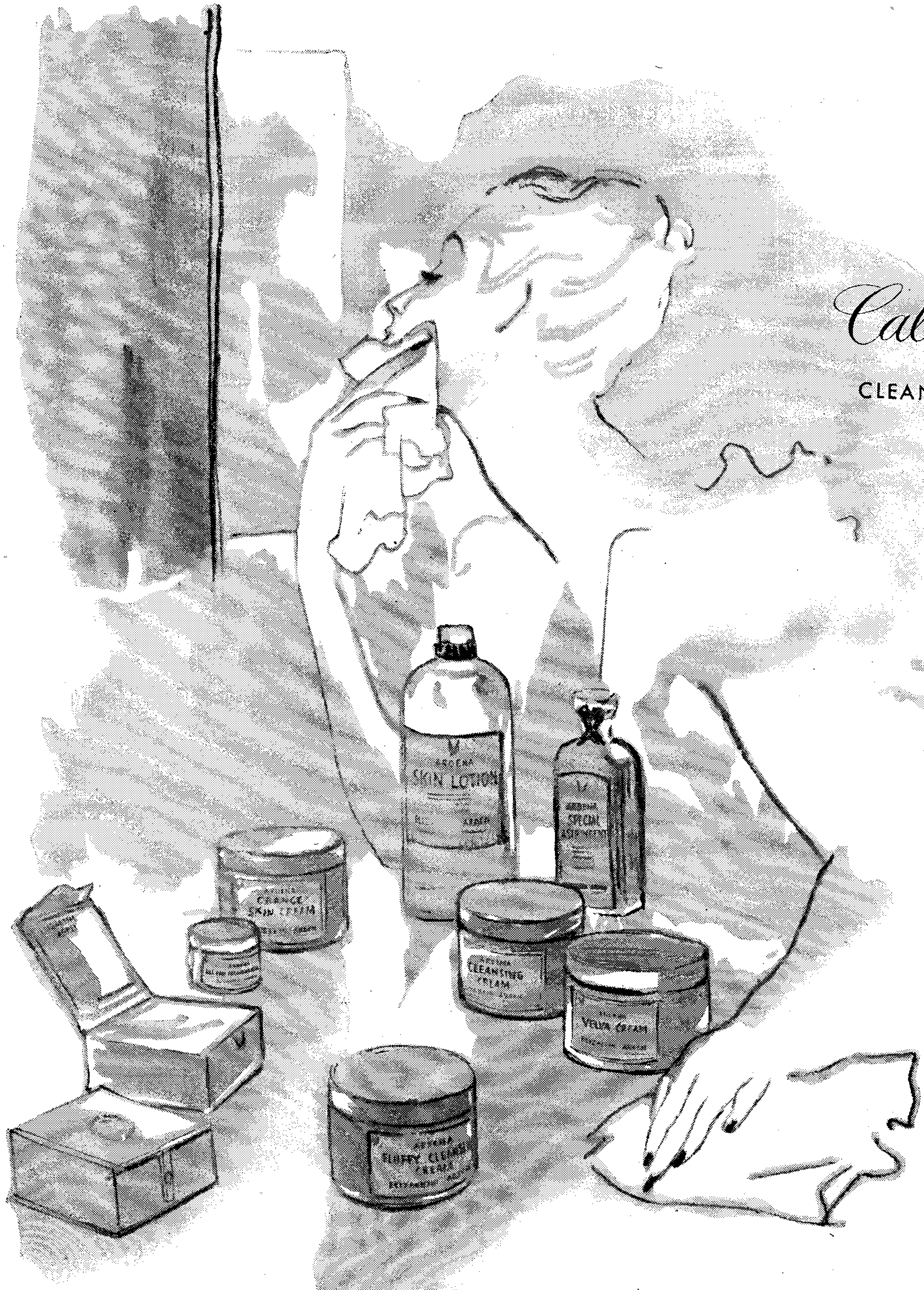
The Thirteen States is made up of six separate rooms, which open off a corridor and a courtyard, both themselves filled with fascinating things. It has, too, something no other antique shop I know of offers: a new idea in floor treatments, or, rather, a timely revival of a fine and more-or-less forgotten old one. Four of the rooms have floors that have been stencilled with wood stains, by a process rather like the one followed in batik work and simple enough for a reasonably adroit amateur decorator to try his hand at. As it was explained to me, the lightest-colored stain to be used in the design is first applied all over the bare wood floor, which of course must be in good condition and cleared of any previous coats of paint, varnish, or whatever. A coating of wax is next stencilled over the parts which are to remain the color of the first stain; the unwaxed areas are stained with the next darkest color, and so on, until the design is completed. The whole thing is simpler than it sounds, or so I'm assured. The most ambitious floor at Sloane's uses four colors and achieves a handsome, all-over parquet effect. Another one has a stencil border of laurel-leaf motifs around a plain, stained centre and manages to look formal and at the same time so delicate that you wouldn't hesitate to try the same thing in a French-boudoir type of bedroom, or *boudoir*. If you did, it would compare quite favorably with the effect you'd get from carpeting and would cost considerably less, even if you have the stencil work done for you by Sloane decorators. (The charge for stencilling a fifteen-by-twenty-foot floor is about $125.)

Aside from these floors, the chief difference between the Thirteen States and a backwoods antique shop is that at Sloane's your chances of picking up a museum piece for a song are extremely slim. Sloane buyers know a museum piece when they see one, but they know what to charge for it, too. (Example: a Victorian lady's-cabinet in papier-mâché, all but covered with fabulous mother-of-pearl inlay and having a sewing compartment lined with quilted satin and fitted in mother-of-pearl; a velvet-lined writing-desk section; *and* a secret drawer. It's $1,050.) On the other hand, there isn't a single item of junk in the whole place and you take no chance at all of being stung, which is more than I'd say for the backwoods. The simplest pine washstands and small tables are worth the thirty-odd dollars asked for such things. Nor does $100 seem too shocking a price, I suppose, for a rare piece like a painted-tin muffin-warmer for the hearth. This is a two-shelf standing cabinet with open back to let in the fire's heat—nice for keeping casseroles or platters of food hot during a fireside supper.

The store has made something of a specialty of glass-front whatnots for hobby collections. These are present in out-of-the-ordinary versions, such as a doll-size mahogany china closet (really an Empire dining-room piece in miniature), which is intended to stand, filled with miniature silver or china, on a wall bracket; $75. Other, larger cases in oak and mahogany average around $100. There's a mahogany one, like the bookcase section of a secretary and lined in quilted maroon satin, for $110. Sloane has cornered quite a lot of sewing tables in papier-mâché, too—the Victorian pedestal type, with hinged-lid box affixed on top, often still containing fittings in the customary elegant satin- or velvet-lined compartments. These cost around $130. Other wares range all the way from old penny banks and odd bits of American glass (early and good) to the inevitable Victorian household horrors, no longer horrible since they have been converted to new uses as



"They went right to the point in naming this. It's just called frankly 'Get Your Man.'"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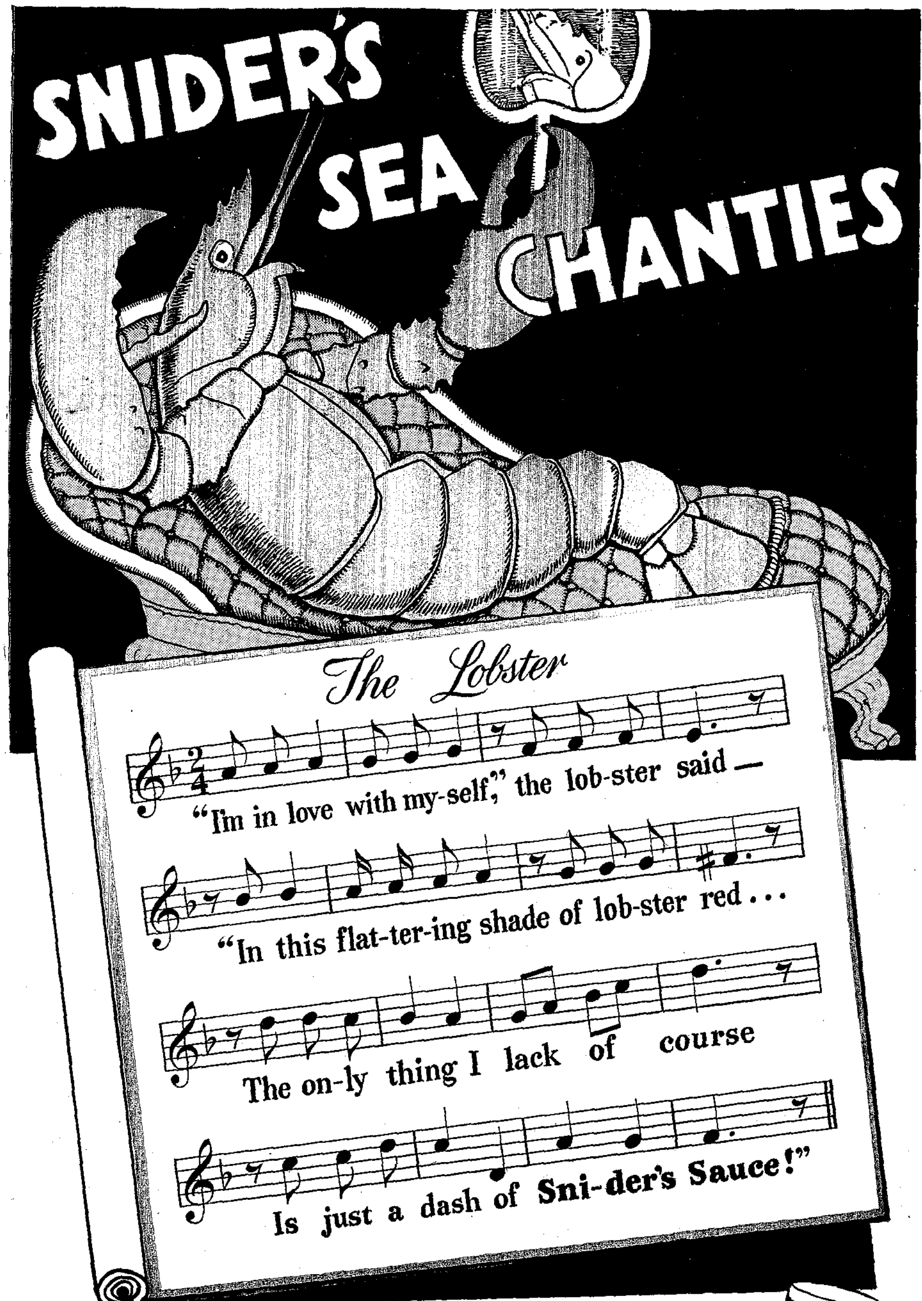
far removed as possible from their original ones; florid brass hatracks, for instance, done over in white paint, are offered as plant stands. Just about every sort of American antique that anyone but an eccentric would want is represented, and the only disappointed customers are the ones who come in expecting to find thirteen rooms, one for each original state.

WITH practically no fanfare at all, three of the most attractive department-store-decorated rooms in months have been unveiled at McCreery's. In one of them, a formal and unabashedly lush living room, the store's staff decorators have handled mahogany, velvet and satin, carved gilt, and crystal with imagination and taste, building up from something new in rugs—a plushy, deep-pile, cotton affair in elephant-gray, a rug which makes as spectacular a background as you could ask for for things like rose-red damask and fringed mauve velvet upholstery, mahogany side chairs with white self-striped satin seats, small occasional upholstered pieces in lime-green, and curtains of a smashing floral chintz patterned in shaded mauve-pinks against elephant-gray. A second living room is as Country as the first one is Town, and makes the most of brilliant reds and greens and some really fine pine furniture, against dead-white walls. Then there's a bedroom with a plain pink-and-green scheme which proves that this neglected, old-fashioned color combination can give a room as much character as any modern mingling of Shocking pink and chartreuse. They've used pink flowered wallpaper and a plain green rug, white woodwork, pink cotton upholstery for twin fireplace chairs, and pink-and-green checked gingham flounces on a tester bed, a chair, a bench, and a footstool. It all adds up to something pretty and fresh and, for a restful change, not at all sensational.

BLOOMINGDALE has something you may like very much in a two-and-a-half-room decorated apartment. The store uses inexpensive modern blond-finished furniture, the kind you might buy for a quick furnishing job for temporary quarters. The two and a half rooms consist of one big one, divided into living and dining sections by a kind of Chinese fretwork trellis hung with trailing potted plants (courtesy Bloomingdale's greenhouse), and, happily, a completely separate bedroom. The last has a nice touch; the usual dressing table alongside the window is replaced here



SNIDER'S SEA CHANTIES
The Lobster
"I'm in love with my-self," the lob-ster said—
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Is just a dash of Sni-der's Sauce!"

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For Lenten Menus: Hot Lobster Canapés

Melt 2 tablespoons butter; add ½ cup minced celery, and 2 tablespoons each minced green pepper, onion, and sweet pickle. Cover and heat gently 2 minutes. Add 1 cup finely chopped cooked lobster meat, crab meat, or shrimp, 6 or 8 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing, and ¾ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Cover and reheat slowly, stirring occasionally. Serve on hot buttered thin toast triangles. Top each with **Snider's Cocktail Sauce.** Makes 14 small or 7 large canapés.

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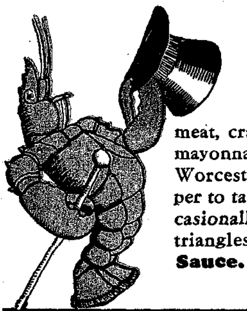
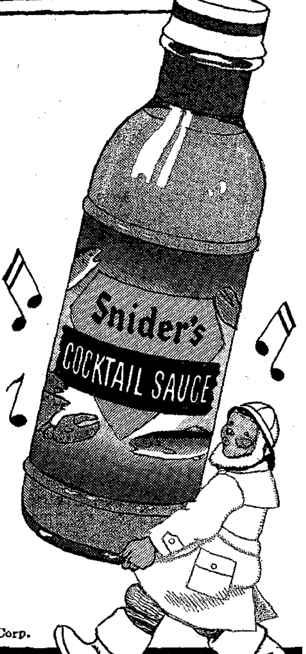
SNIDER'S COCKTAIL SAUCE





with a broad, low, mirrored table, flanked by two easy chairs—for tea or cocktails, if someone is so minded. The living room, in which a coffee and a cocktail table of blond-finished oak cost $14.98 and $18.98 respectively (with other pieces proportionately priced), and a pair of low, fat, and very comfortable modern chairs upholstered in striped cotton cloth are $59.50 apiece, is a more stylish budget job than I would have thought possible. The vine-hung trellis, lacquered rose-pink, contributes a lot to the pleasant effect. More of it comes from double-width draw curtains of green spun rayon and cotton, hung by wooden rings from a thick wooden curtain pole, both rings and pole painted flat green to match the cloth—another simple, good decorating idea Bloomingdale tosses to you gratis.

Abercrombie & Fitch is more than ordinarily excited about some crystal household wares that have just arrived. To begin with, there are coasters and hot-plate squares of bevelled-edge crystal, etched with Scotch thistles. They come in three sizes—four, five, and six inches—are priced at seventy-five cents to $1.25, and are, to be sure, worthy of a little mercantile excitement. A mint-julep set is in, too, with tall glasses ($10 a dozen) frosted to within an inch of the top to give the julep a head start; a big tray, also of the frosted glass and with chromium trimmings ($10); and a frosted mortar and pestle for crushing the mint ($6, and, of course, easily ignored if you are of the non-mint-crushing school).

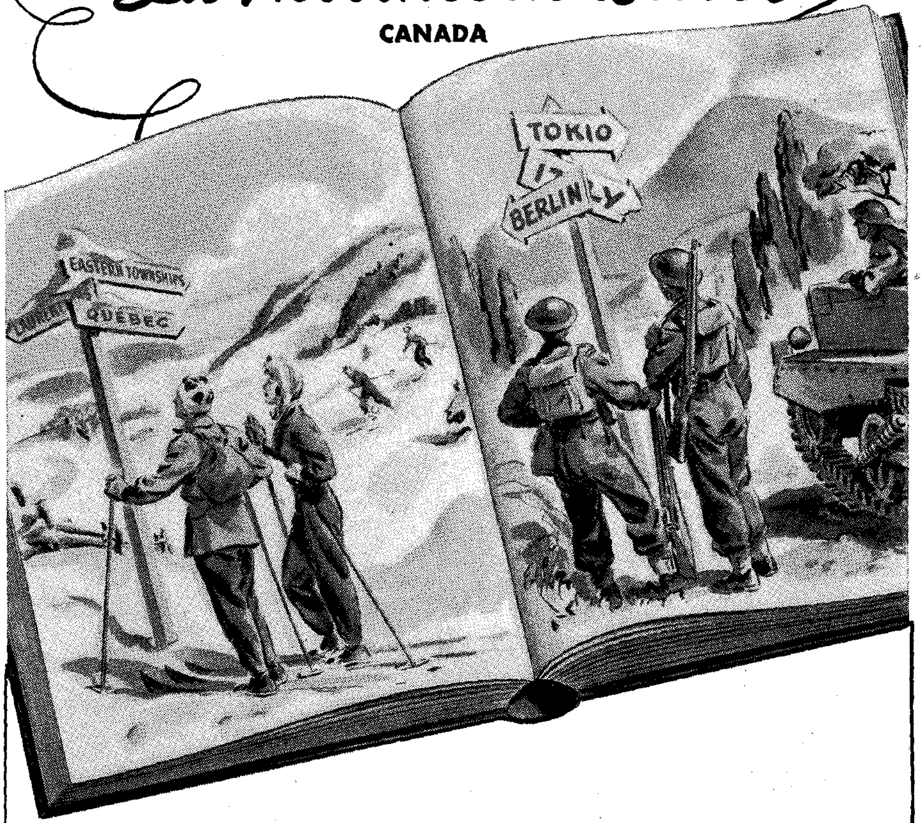
Abercrombie's pet Gourmet, as it is called, ovenware (clay, with glazed insides and covers) has some new casserole additions—a two-quart size, with its own non-skid, grooved wooden tray for comfortable serving ($7.50), and miniatures of this set, for individual service ($3 each). An outsize Lazy Susan for the self-service family table ($20, handsome in curly maple) is the desirable spinning type. A solid-mahogany cheese board, fourteen inches across, has a ceramic-tile centre, costs $9, and would be handsome for fireside use in the living room.
—B. B.

•

He's in the pa-
truth, I feel safer with him than
truth, I feel safer with him that
with the cocker. Jones, the paper
man, doesn't bite.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

Don't kid yourself—he bites when he's in the patruth.

WRITING NEW PAGES
IN THE BOOK OF HISTORY OF
La Province de Québec
CANADA



It's a far jump from the snowy hills of Old Québec to the war-torn hills of Italy . . . but many of the boys and girls who once studied the signposts on these famous Laurentian ski-trails, now read the signs on the roads that lead to Berlin and Tokio.

They're fighting Freedom's battle . . . fighting for the right to enjoy these fast hills and snowy trails that will be waiting for them when they come back.

You who can still come for essential or morale-building vacations will be welcome. And after the war, we will look forward to seeing all the many thousands of Americans who know this region as a winter sportland second to none!

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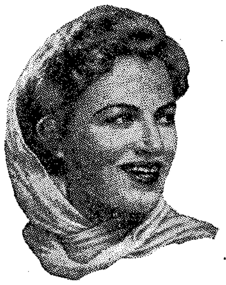

At Supper

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•

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The smooth alluring rhythms of

LEO REISMAN

and his Orchestra

MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
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SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
(no cover)

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

TO MARKET TO MARKET

Mrs. Merten walked through the cold smells of coffee and oranges, through the faintly spiced fragrance around the bakery counter, into the narrow pass that led through stacks of canned goods back to the meat department. She hadn't been in the Dorado Market for a couple of months, though she had traded here for seven years, and she noted curiously all the changes that had been made since Christmas—the fresh-vegetable bins moved from one side of the store to the other, the new, very young girl clerks, wearing white coats too large for them, and here, at the meat counter, the strange boy advancing to wait on her.

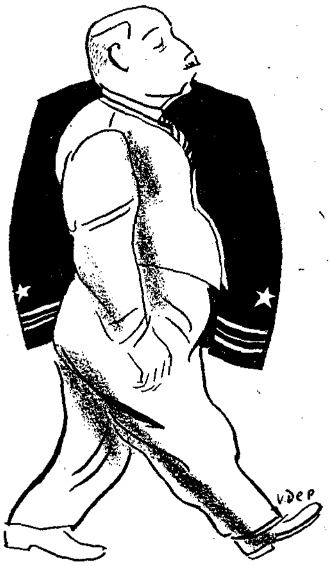
"Lady?" he said, his mouth gaping and his eyes wandering dully over her head, as if perhaps he weren't talking to her at all.

"I'll have to look around for a minute," Mrs. Merten said. "I don't know just what—"

A man with both arms folded about an enormous brown bag, out of which a stalk of celery stuck up past his ear, lurched past, and she moved aside for him.

"What points are good this week?" she asked the boy. She was groping in her purse for her ration books.

He pointed to a sign behind the counter. "Those," he said.



Mrs. Merten studied the sign, then opened her books. A loose strip of stamps fluttered to the floor. "Oh!" she said. She put the books on the counter, picked up the fallen stamps, then studied the sign again. The boy was staring over her head, his mouth wide open. She began to feel harassed by him. Or haunted. He was a stupid-looking boy and she disliked him; he disturbed her, standing there with his mouth open. Adenoids, she thought. "Well," she said, "I know I want a pound of bacon, for one thing—"

Just then she saw Ferd, the head butcher, coming toward her behind the counter. She was glad to see someone familiar, someone who had waited on her before and who knew her, and she said, brightly, "Hello, Ferd!," hoping that he would take over for the boy.

Ferd looked at her solemnly out of shoe-button eyes. He was a little man, gray-faced, with a wide mouth. "Hello, Mrs. Merten," he said. "Ain't seen you in quite a while."

"No." She shook her head. "No. I've been out of town, Ferd." She was about to tell him that her husband's father had died in Syracuse and that she'd taken the children and gone to stay with her mother-in-law; then she decided not to tell him. She didn't know Ferd well enough; he had never even been her favorite butcher. "I've been away since right after Christmas," she said.

"Ah!" Ferd's face took on a sly look. He leaned toward her and said, "That reminds me. How was that bird I sent you for Christmas?"

It was such an unexpected question that for a moment Mrs. Merten's mind was blank. Then her thoughts flashed back over the months, and she said, "Oh, fine, Ferd! Beautiful, really! If I'd been here, I'd have told you. But we were called away the day after Christmas."

Ferd nodded. "That was a nice bird," he said. "It was all right, eh?"

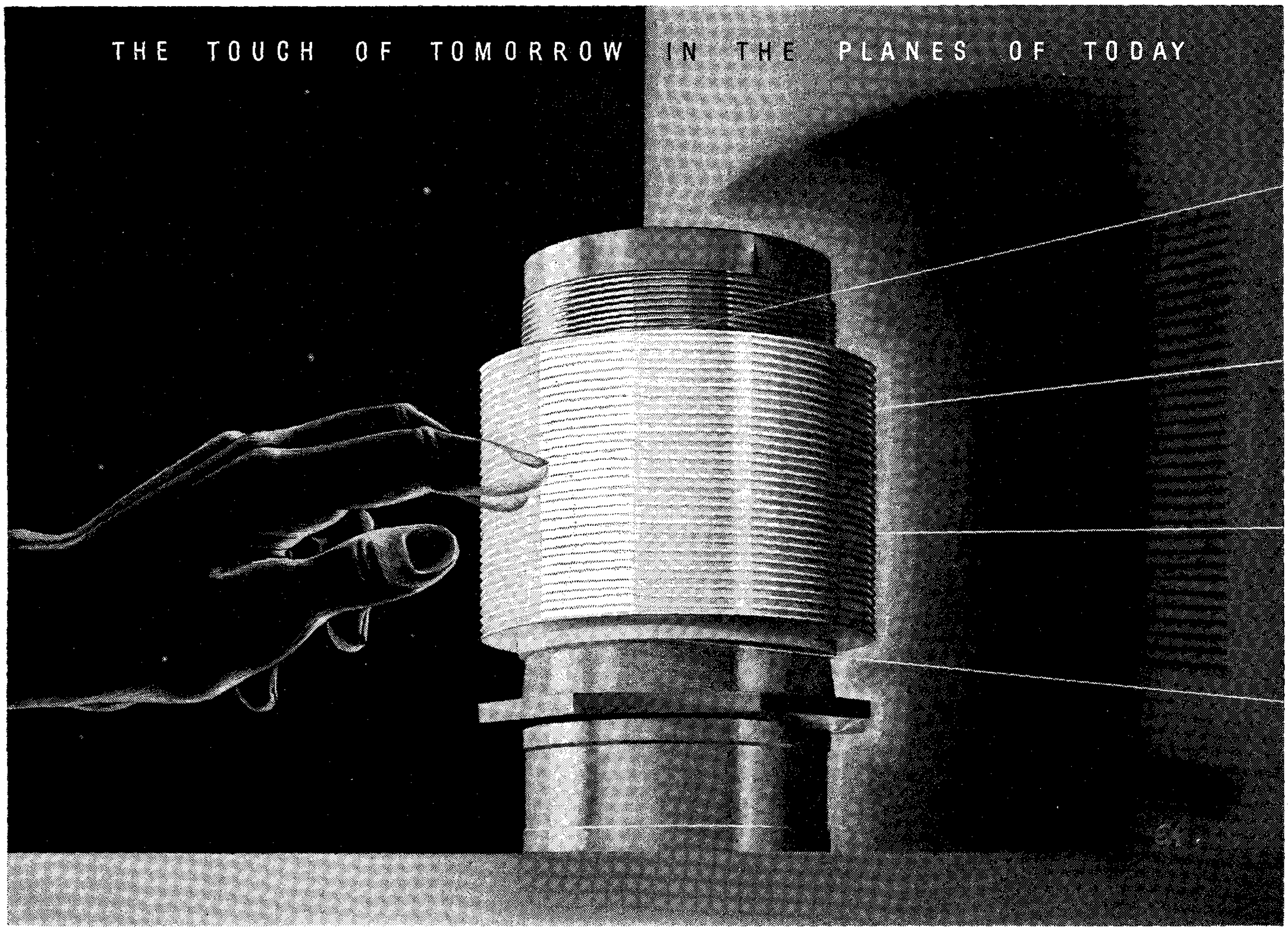
"Wonderful, really!" She thought he seemed a little hurt and she wanted to reassure him. "I remember so well, we talked of it afterward."

"It was a nice bird," he said. "I thought you'd say it was all right."

His face was still so sly as he peered at her that she began to feel embarrassed. She wondered why he kept talking this way, why he kept nodding.

"I picked that bird out for you myself," he said. He stepped back a pace, and the boy, who had been standing there holding a package of bacon, hastily jumped out of the way. Ferd reached back, took the bacon from the boy, and slapped it noisily down on the counter. The boy gaped for a second, then turned to wait on someone else.

"Yes, Ma'am, I picked that bird out for you myself," repeated Ferd. He stood back, facing her, hands on his hips. "Well, was Santy Claus good to you


THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY

Off Comes the Lid of Aircooled Engine Power

Another outstanding engineering development has come out of Fairchild's Ranger laboratories—a new and unique type of aircraft engine cylinder barrel. With it, an aircooled engine can produce appreciably greater horsepower.

What does this mean in terms of air strength for the United Nations? It means that our planes can now have one or a combination of several new advantages: they can carry greater bomb loads; or heavier armor; or more ammunition; they can lift more gasoline and so increase their range; their maneuverability can be stepped up.

The full story of how it works is technical, involved, and shrouded with secrecy. But briefly and in non-technical language, this much can be told:

Those "fins" you see surrounding the cylinder barrel in the picture are made of aluminum, a metal with pronounced ability to draw off engine heat. The core of the cylinder is steel. By all previous methods of manufacture an aluminum alloy "fin" was attached to the core as a separate part. Thus its cooling efficiency was only partly utilized. Now, with Fairchild's "Al-Fin" process, it is possible to *chemically bond* the two metals with the result that engine heat is drawn off much faster than by the conventional aluminum or steel "fin."

The announcement can now be made that all 12-cylinder Ranger engines produced during the past year have incorporated this revolutionary development.

As another example of the "touch of tomorrow," this latest product of Fairchild engineering takes its place among the notable aviation achievements of the day.

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this Christmas, Mrs. Merten?" he asked. His voice had become loud and ringing.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Yes, indeed!" She glanced furtively at the people on each side to see what they'd make of the question. Ferd stood there expectantly, his little black eyes bright on her, his wide mouth stretched flat across his face. "Yes," she murmured, fussing with her ration books, "we had a very nice Christmas."

"Ah," said Ferd, nodding. "You had a nice Christmas. Santy Claus was pretty nice to you, eh, Mrs. Merten? Well, I want to tell you that Santy Claus was mighty good to *me* this year!" He shook his head, looking at her hard. She suddenly began to understand. "Three bushel baskets full of presents," Ferd went on in that loud voice. "Right over the counter here, three bushel baskets of presents from people I've taken care of here. Friends of mine."

Mrs. Merten bit her lower lip gently. She felt the other people at the counter looking at her. She hadn't given Ferd a Christmas present. She never had given her butchers presents.

"Everything!" declared Ferd, and his voice somehow managed to be full of a sad humility, as if he knew himself unworthy of such bounty. "Everything you could imagine. Everything from boxes of candy to a bottle of Scotch whiskey. Three bushel baskets full I had here Christmas Eve." He sighed. "I never expected it," he said, "but it just goes to show you. People appreciate what you do for them, they appreciate."

Mrs. Merten wanted to run away. She gripped the counter edge tightly with both hands. "I suppose people felt they had to get in with you, Ferd. I suppose they felt the butcher was a good man to be friendly with these days, if they wanted meat." She noticed the strain in her own voice.

"I don't know," said Ferd. Shrugging, he smiled broadly and slyly. "Well, it's been nice to see you back, Mrs. Merten."

"I wanted some other things, Ferd."

"Ain't the kid waiting on you?"

"Well, he started, but—"

"He'll fix you up, Mrs. Merten. He'll be through in a minute." Ferd turned and shuffled slowly off.

Mrs. Merten stood there for an instant, pressing her hands together. Then she fumbled with the ration books and got them into her purse. She didn't know whether it was his threat or his manner that made her so cold. She walked swiftly toward the front of the store.

"Hey, lady!" the boy called. "You don't want that bacon?"

She didn't answer him. At one of the cash registers up in front, a girl said wearily, "Hello, Mrs. Merten." Mrs. Merten nodded stiffly and went on, without speaking, through the door marked "Out."—RICHARD SULLIVAN

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME DIVISION]

[*Announcement of a poetry contest conducted by Wm. M. Evers, 833 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.*]

1. I will pay $10.00 for the best poem condemning the unjust racial segregation as practiced in the Southern States; and including all unfair prejudice shown by whites against people of color. (The author of this contest is white and Anglo-Saxon).

2. I will pay $10.00 for the best poem scathingly criticizing the female use of lip-rouge and fingernail polish. This poem must point out the following: The spoiling of natural beauty by the use of paint; the nausea men must feel at the very idea of kissing a woman with her lips smeared with lip-stick; the enslavement of women's minds by the advertising of the cosmetic industries; the tyrany of style; female vanity; and any possible remedies.

3. I will pay $5.00 for the best poem answering Kipling's "Vampire," in which he insults womanhood by calling her "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." (This poem should be in the form of the "Vampire" stanzas).

4. I will pay $5.00 for the best poem answering Scott's narrow-minded poem which begins: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: 'This is my own, my native land.' " This poem should point out the facts that a man's country is only a geographical area, no better or worse than any other; and that true patriotism is loyalty to one's own Ethical Philosophy of life, and to all people who believe in and practice that Ethical Philosophy, regardless of race, color, nationality, birthplace, or other such meaningless differances.

5. I will pay $5.00 for the best poem eulogizing the Individualist, and his superiority over the herd type of man, who is swayed by public opinion, customs, propaganda, etc., and allows others to do his thinking for him.

6. I will pay $5.00 for the best poem against the filthy habit of smoking and chewing tobacco. This poem should mention poisoning the air; spoiling the enjoyment of meals; poisoning the kisses of lovers; expense; spreading ashes; unhealthfulness; etc.

7. I will pay $5.00 for the best poem against mustaches; describing the vanity of those who think they look more masculine with a mustache; speculate on the number of germs they would be seen to contain if examined through a powerful microscope; and describe the disgust that a sweetheart or wife must feel when being kissed by her mustached man. This poem might also mention beards.

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CONTENTS ONE OUNCE

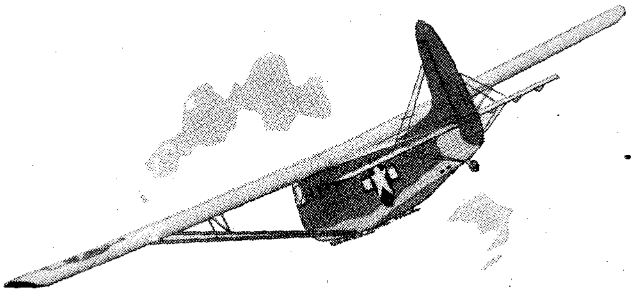
CONFUSING...ISN'T IT ?

This is not one of those "I-forgot-to-take-the-cover-off-the-lens boners." It is a factual illustration of a glider-borne infantry attack somewhere behind the enemy's darkened lines.

If it seems confusing to you—just think how confusing it must seem to the opposition. Seeing nothing. Hearing nothing. Then . . . *curtains!*

That's the way these glider troops work—in the dark. But it is not the way the WACO engineers who designed these gliders work. For, in the performance of these craft and the long line of comfortable, dependable, easy-to-fly WACO planes which preceded them, there is an overwhelming evidence of WACO's crystal-clear vision.

Right now, this vision is paying dividends in victories. But tomorrow its dividends will be in the shape of better planes and better flying. THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.



WACO
AIRPLANES

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

OF ALL THINGS

THE Finnish people have been caught on the horns of a serious dilemma. Self-preservation has demanded that they get out of the war, but seven Nazi divisions have demanded that they stay in.

•

Governor Bricker's recent speeches left the Republican situation practically unchanged. The contest for the nomination is still a race between One World Willkie and One State Dewey.

•

The Red Army, at this writing, has almost captured the city of Pskov, the fall of which would endanger the German position on the Baltic. It would also bring welcome relief to the throats of the radio news announcers.

•

Draft boards have been ordered to reëxamine young farmers who have received occupational deferments. Perhaps the government wants to make sure that these boys are raising more food than they eat.

•

Dr. Goebbels is having a hard time trying to convince his customers that a nine-hundred-bomber attack upon London has left that city in ruins. The people have already discovered that Goebbels is an unmitigated multiplier.

•

The WPB finds that the shortage of alarm clocks is seriously impeding production. It estimates that 9,000,000 workers want to be rudely awakened.

•

Vice-President Wallace is practically certain that F.D.R. will be a candidate for reëlection. He is unable, however, to say as much for himself.

•

Congress is taking steps to increase the pensions of Spanish-American war veterans. The legislators feel that this is a good year to do something for pre-Havana Harbor fathers.

•

Robert McCormick has requested that his name be withdrawn from the Illinois primaries. The public craving for the Colonel seems to have been underwhelming.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

UNION PACIFIC
1869 DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY 1944

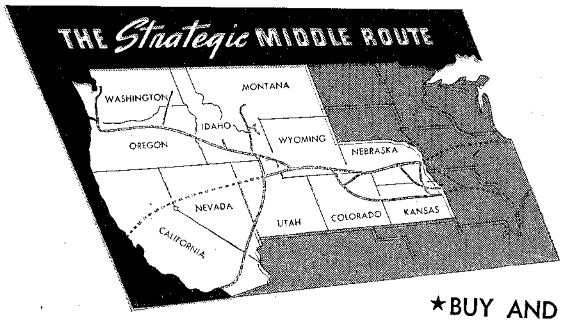
Ahead of the Future

The keynote of American progress is individual enterprise and initiative. As a nation, we plan ahead—not only for tomorrow but for the day after tomorrow. Thinking "ahead of the future" resulted, for example, in the building of the fleet of America's first streamlined trains—the Union Pacific Streamliners.

Far-sighted planning and individual enterprise have played a tremendous part in America's growth. Abraham Lincoln, in 1859, foresaw the vital need for a transcontinental railroad that would unite the East with the West in peace and in war. Today, over the Strategic Middle Route of the Union Pacific Railroad speed hundreds of trainloads of troops, foods, and materials of war. Rail transportation makes it possible for America to carry on the fight for freedom.

★ ★ ★

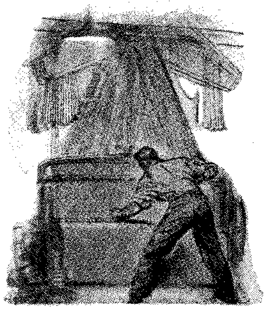
Many thousands of Union Pacific employes are working—many thousands fighting—to keep alive the American tradition of equal opportunity for all; to insure a just reward in return for hard work, for enterprise and for faith in the nation's future.



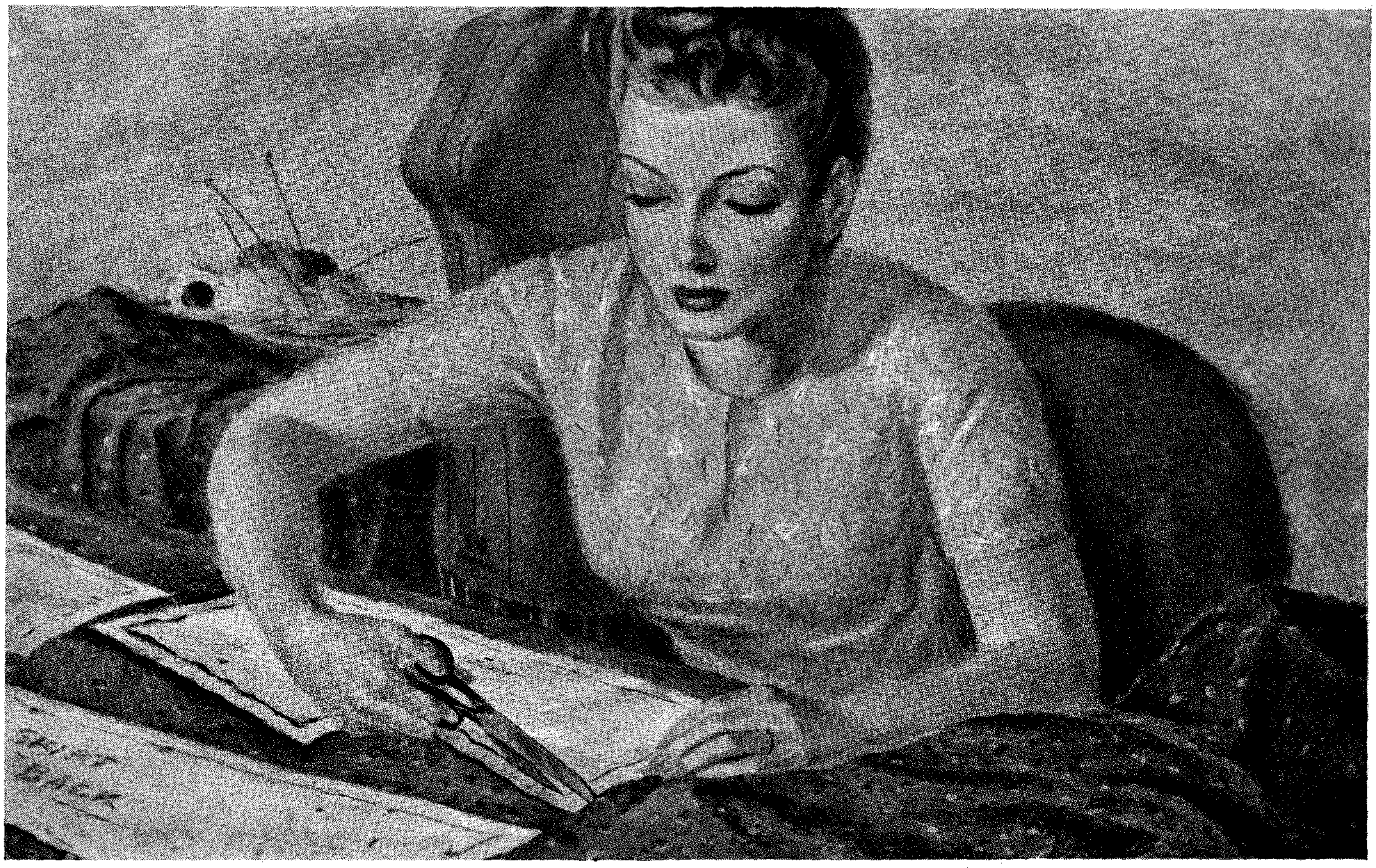
THE PROGRESSIVE
**UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD**

★BUY AND SAVE MORE WAR BONDS

AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN



HE *weaves the fabric*



Painted for McCall's by Walter Klett

SHE *cuts the cloth*

Weaving the fabric and cutting the cloth symbolize the basic differences in abilities and contributions between men and women. Each is an independent function — useless without the other. While men produce "consumer goods," it is the women who buy and utilize those goods. Such differences in interests lead to a difference in *reading* interests, too!

These differences are the reason for the existence of women's magazines and the reason why no other magazines published can take their place in the lives of women. That McCall's is read by one out of every five American women is no accident but the direct result of this magazine's ability to think the way women think. The fact that millions of women *cut, fit and make* their clothes from McCall Printed Patterns is further evidence of the confidence women place in the magazine that thinks the way they do.

In war as in peace, McCall's is edited directly to the three primary interests of the American Woman—Her Heart, Her Home, Herself.

STYLE & BEAUTY
HOMEMAKING
ROMANCE & NEWS
McCALL'S

McCall's—three magazines in one

BOOKS

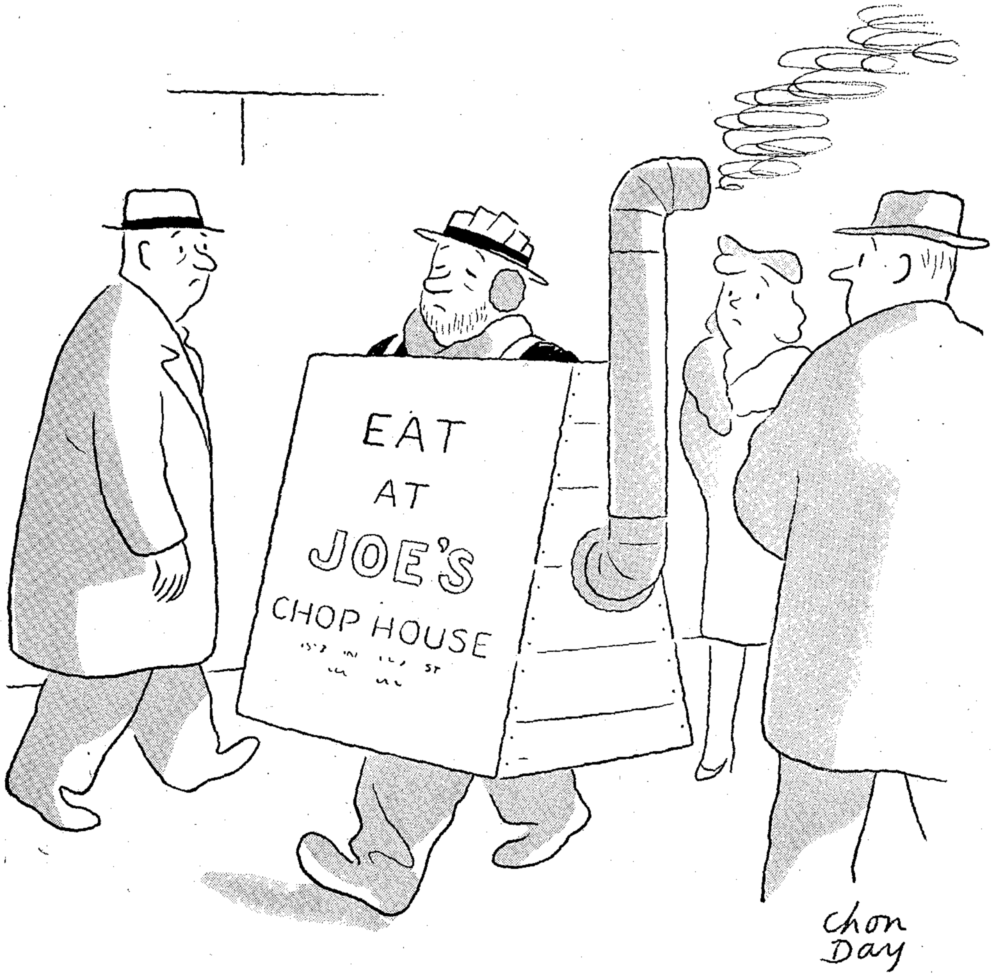
Black Haiti—Occupied France

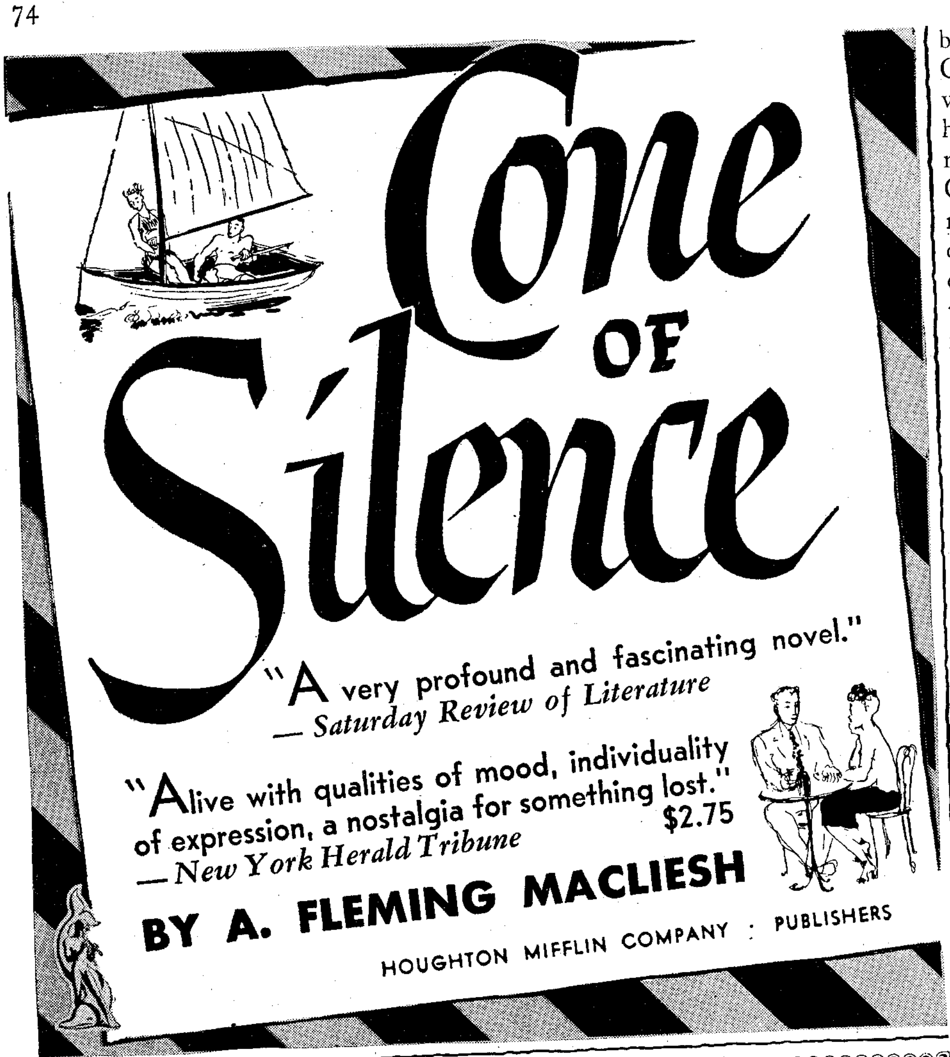
"CANAPÉ-VERT" (Farrar & Rinehart) is a novel about Haiti, the winner of a Latin-American fiction contest. It was written by two native Haitians, brothers, Pierre Marcelin and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, both poets, the latter a lawyer in Port-au-Prince and secretary general of the Department of Public Works. The book indicates the existence in Haiti of a literary culture which is serious and not at all a mere aping of the French. It is not an irresistible novel; but it gives us an inside picture of the Negro population of Haiti which, so far as I know, is unique, and which will be of special interest to anyone with an appetite for finding out how other kinds of human beings live.

The characters of "Canapé-Vert" are the people of a rural community which has hardly the concentration of a village. They are all peasants or small farmers or local officials, helplessly illiterate and ignorant, very close to the savagery of Africa, kept in order by the mulatto administration of Haiti and exploited by the plantation owners of Cuba. Their main pastimes are cockfighting and dice, and they all practice the cult of Voodoo, which makes up for them almost all they know of mythology, theology, morality, literature, art, and law. The world they exist in, from their own point of view, is the Voodoo world, not the Caribbean. The countryside is peopled with good and bad spirits which seem as real to them as good and bad animals, and it is quite natural to believe that one's neighbor, a magician, can fly through the air like a bird of prey. Such magicians may do a lucrative business, and there is one amusing scene in which Papa Guédé Nibo, the god of procreation and death, appears to a petitioner in a graveyard, explaining that he has been made a minister and is busy with affairs of state, and proceeds to consume on the spot the liquor and cigars that have been brought him. It is also one of the features of Voodoo that its devotees are given to believing that they become possessed, from time to time, by one or other of the Voodoo divinities. You will find at the beginning of "Canapé-Vert" a list of characters that will puzzle you at first and that you may hastily and apprehensively skip, but to which you will be forced to return for its help in straightening out the confusion between the people in contemporary Haiti that the story is actually about and the figures from the Voodoo pantheon that they sometimes think they are. Another feature of Haitian life is that children are likely to be kidnapped and turned into what are called zombis: that is, thrown—either by hypnotism or by drugging, a note by the editor suggests—into a dumb somnambulistic state in which they have to do their master's bidding.

The authors of "Canapé-Vert" have not, however, exploited Haiti for any romantic journalistic value, mysterious, exotic, or even picturesque. They have dealt with the worshippers of Voodoo not in the spirit of William Seabrook curdling the stay-at-home's blood with travellers' tales but rather in the spirit of James T. Farrell chronicling the lives of the Irish Catholics of the South Side of Chicago, or, for that matter, of Samuel Butler throwing open a Victorian rectory—that is, they show you at once how their Negroes conduct themselves as animals living in a certain environment and how they see themselves behaving as immortal souls in direct communication with the gods.

The effect is at first very strange; but, as we get used to the point of view, we find that the book throws a startling light on the situation of any social group in relation to its religion or its moral code. It is quite plain to the reader of "Canapé-Vert" that the characters are wretched human beings at the mercy of natural calamities and their own ill-regulated appetites; yet to themselves they all appear to be playing rôles in a half-supernatural drama of sin and retribution—a drama in which the bite of a mad dog or a tree that is blown down on a drunkard is a perfectly logical development. Involved in all this, of course, are instincts about good and evil that are felt by human beings everywhere; but the total confusion between these and the mythology and the natural accidents makes us conscious of similar confusions in more advanced civilizations. It may at first sight seem outlandish that an old lady who wants to scold her children should pretend that she has





Cone of Silence

"A very profound and fascinating novel."
— *Saturday Review of Literature*

"Alive with qualities of mood, individuality of expression, a nostalgia for something lost."
— *New York Herald Tribune*

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BY A. FLEMING MACLIESH

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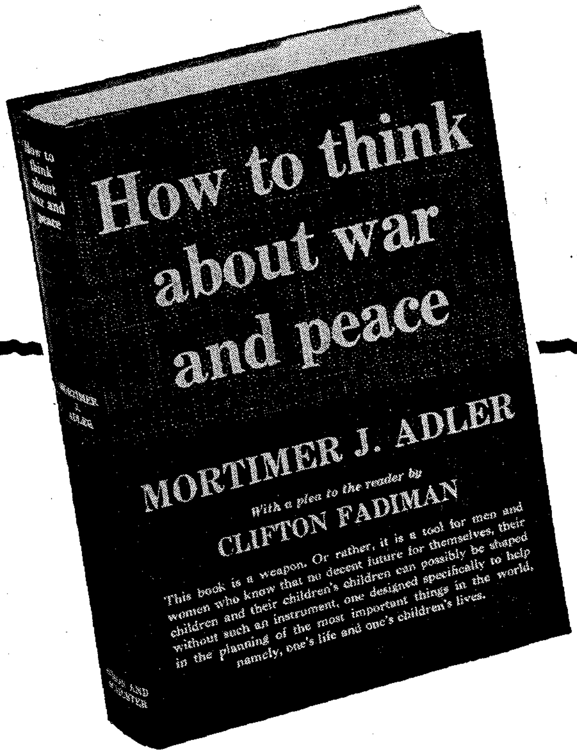
New York *Colorado Springs* *Chicago*

become the embodiment of a deity called Grande Erzilie, or that a man who wants to kill his sweetheart should first have to work up the delusion that he is ridden by a bloodthirsty spirit called General Anglessou; but is this really much more fantastic than imagining oneself the Will of the German People or the Sword of the Proletariat? In tracing the contagion of myth and the real motivations it masks, through the whole life of the little community, the authors of "Canapé-Vert" have shown much quiet intelligence and skill, and have produced something quite distinct from the ordinary sociological novel, and a great deal more distinguished. They have treated their subject without cynicism, without patronizing, without sentimentality. They have never resorted to melodrama; they have made no explicit comment. Yet they reveal to us with a certain poignance the general human significance of the Haitians.

One unnecessary element of difficulty has been added to the natural difficulties of adjusting oneself to the unfamiliar background. I began to suspect something wrong when I found an old house described as having "lizard-tracked walls," and guessed that this unlikely-sounding consequence of the prevalence of lizards in Haiti was really a mistranslation for some such phrase as "*murs lézardés,*" which would mean simply that the walls were cracked. When I looked up the French original, I did find "*murs lézardés,*" as well as a number of other things that made me realize the shortcomings of the translator. Mr. Edward Larocque Tinker is described by the publishers on the jacket as an authority on the Creole dialect, specimens of which appear in the book; but his command of neither English nor French is adequate for a decent translation. His renderings of the dialogue are often reminiscent of a class in beginners' French: "It is necessary that I tell it" for "*Faudrait que je te dise;*" and "It's that little pig of Aladin" for "*C'est le petit cochon d'Aladin.*" Mr. Tinker also allows himself a free hand in cutting down and embellishing the original, and, on occasion, from what must be the promptings of some ideal of literary propriety, spoils descriptions by suppressing the images on which the effect most depends. When the authors of "Canapé-Vert" speak of the darkness of evening as "*étirant ses fragments comme autant d'amibes,*" Mr. Tinker drops out the amoebas; and when they say that "*l'agonie du soleil s'était achevée en une douce hémorragie,*" Mr. Tinker eliminates the hemorrhage and substitutes a


How to think about war and peace
MORTIMER J. ADLER
With a plea to the reader by
CLIFTON FADIMAN
SIMON AND SCHUSTER

This book is a weapon. Or rather, it is a tool for men and women who know that no decent future for themselves, their children and their children's children can possibly be shaped without such an instrument, one designed specifically to help in the planning of the most important things in the world, namely, one's life and one's children's lives.

JUST PUBLISHED

The new book by the author of "How to Read a Book"

How to Think About War and Peace, by Mortimer J. Adler, does not reveal which peace plan is good and which is bad, or precisely what should be done at the peace conference. Rather, it is an attempt to help the reader clarify his own thinking about the questions every sober, free man and woman must face in the modern world. In the very first chapter, these questions are outlined:

1. Will there be a world war after this one?
2. If so, will it occur in my lifetime, or in the lifetime of my children and grandchildren?
3. If there is to be another world war, what can we do to postpone it as long as possible?
4. Will there ever be peace on earth—not just a breathing spell between wars—but lasting peace?
5. If so, will it come in my lifetime, in my grandchildren's, or centuries from now?
6. If there is any probability of perpetual peace, what can we do to hasten its coming?

These are the questions the answers to which will determine the major course of our lives and the lives of those to come after us. If you are not interested in them, then this book is not for you.

CLIFTON FADIMAN SAYS: *"This book is not like any you have ever read. It is a real thing, like a lathe, like a wrench, like a vise. Like them it is a tool. But it is a tool to think with—and for use on the most important job there is, your survival and the survival of your family."* Price $2.50

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK

"gentle glow"—a revision particularly unfortunate since one of the characters a few pages later has to say that the sky is "bleeding." The reader should be advised that, though the excellent matter of this book survives the inept translation, not quite all of its queerness is due to the alien mentality of Haiti.

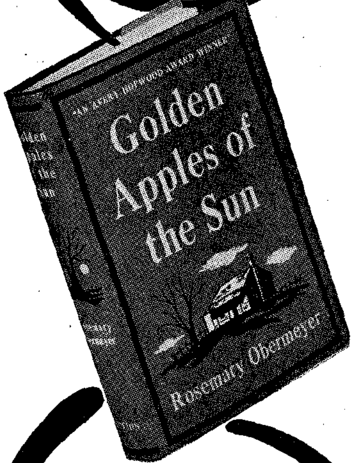
"THE SILENCE OF THE SEA" (Macmillan) is a short story about Germans in France, written by a Frenchman who calls himself Vercors, and first printed in France by the underground press. Later it was included in a *Revue du Monde Libre* which the RAF dropped on France. This short story has been a good deal talked about, but it has only just appeared in English. It is a piece in the familiar tradition of Daudet's "La Dernière Classe," Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," and Barrès' "Colette Baudoche." A young and handsome German officer—a composer, an idealist, and an aristocrat—is quartered in a French household consisting of an old man and his niece. Every evening he comes in to see them and talks to them of literature and music, of his past life, of his love for France, of his faith in a coming union between the Germans and the French that will mean the salvation of Europe. Neither the Frenchman nor the girl speaks a word or acknowledges his presence. At last the German makes a trip to Paris and talks with a Nazi friend and is compelled for the first time to recognize that the Nazis care nothing for French culture but simply want to crush the French soul. I will not spoil the story by telling the end, for, as a story, it is fairly effective. But it has glaring improbabilities—the monologues of the officer are incredible—and it hardly seems realistic as a picture of life in Occupied France. I cannot share the conviction of the author of the preface that "Vercors" is "a great writer." I found more eloquent than the story itself certain passages in this preface, written by a French exile who signs himself M. D.: "We have been so much afraid over there that French thought, seen from afar, would appear, like the Wild Ass's Skin, to be slowly shrinking up in the darkness, so deeply do we suffer from the absence of France, for the first time in many centuries, from the great interchange of human values!"

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CHRONICLE OF DAWN, by Ramón J. Sender, translated from the Spanish


The new AVERY HOPWOOD AWARD WINNER (FICTION) is now the new smash hit. Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Catholic Book Club, and critics and readers everywhere. $2.50

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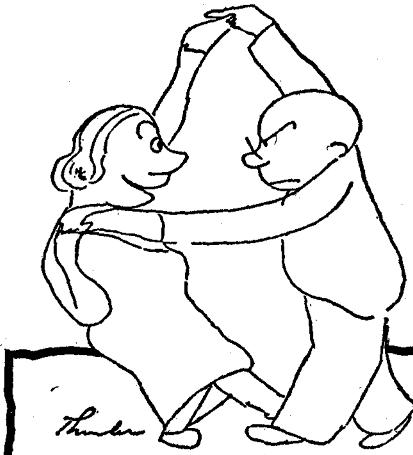
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"READERS will delight in his yarns about Buffalo Bill, Hiram Maxim, his student days in Germany, and how his father became a successful Mayor of New York. This is anecdotage at its best, charming and graceful, and never a dull moment."
— *San Francisco Chronicle.*

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— *Time.*

"It's a wow." — Richardson Wright, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Third Printing $3.00

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"Curious and brilliant . . . I can think of no other writer who would not have made a mess of so delicate a blend of mind and matter . . . Some of the episodes in the book are beautiful short stories in themselves . . . The brilliance, the bite, the flexibleness that distinguished *Serve It Forth* are apparent in this latest work, which also marks an increase in the author's technical virtuosity."
— Sheila Hibben, N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

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TOMORROW ...feel the difference!
White Rock
White Rock SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

The Big Difference!

❶ WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT: Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.

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❸ IT'S SUPER-CHARGED Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink . . . it points up flavor!

Please! We and your government will appreciate your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.

. . . says JOHN BOLES
star of "One Touch of Venus"

Mr. Boles insists on serving White Rock to his guests...they say it helps them keep feeling fit next day.

He takes a glass of plain sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake. You see, White Rock's *natural* mineral salts combat acidity . . . help keep you on the alkaline side.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

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★ QUALITY
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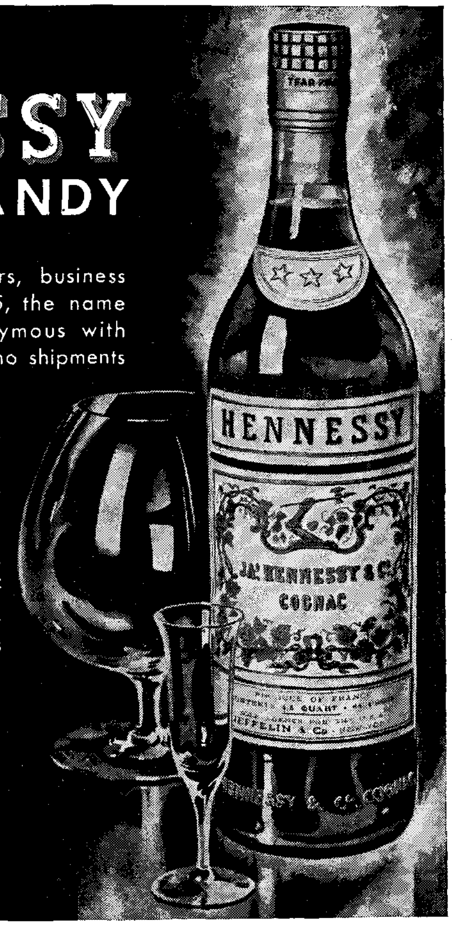
★ CLEAN TASTE



Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & Co, Est. 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

by Willard R. Trask (Doubleday, Doran). A brilliant and noble-spirited young Spanish Loyalist starts to write the story of his life as he lies dying in a French concentration camp. He dies before he has done more than trace the picture of a happy child of rare promise growing up in a safe, friendly Spanish town. A beautiful, tender story, which leaves one with a fierce sense of outrage at the wastefulness of war.

Swing the Big-Eyed Rabbit, by John Pleasant McCoy (Dutton). The story, by an intelligent newcomer, of a shy boy with a passion for learning, who comes down from the Virginia mountains to live at a mission school. The boy's reverence for the teachers who dispense a shabby education and his disillusionment with the even shabbier brand of morality that pervades the place are real and moving. Mr. McCoy writes freshly and with neat touches of insight that make the book worth reading.

Mongrel Mettle, by Jesse Stuart, illustrated (Dutton). This is the autobiography of the kind of dog which would have given Albert Payson Terhune hydrophobia. Jerry-B Boneyard is a class-conscious mongrel that sets out to see the world and observe human nature and dog nature with a sharp and unsentimental eye. Amusing satire written in the engagingly simple style that Mr. Stuart has made his own.

Breathe upon These, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Bobbs-Merrill). Another recital of horrifying Nazi brutality, with some incidental castigation of the British thrown in for good measure. The author employs the device of having a refugee Jewish scientist tell his story to some well-to-do Americans whom he is meeting for the first time at a luncheon. The distinguished guest, as unhampered as the author by excessive niceties of taste, starts right in with the fruit cup and gives them a dose of atrocities, gets down to concentration camps with the fish course, and culminates over the coffee with the drowning of several hundred men, women, and children. After lunch, he makes out a long and probably just case against the British treatment of Zionists in Palestine. It is good for us here in this country to have our apathy shattered by a recital of suffering and death, but Mr. Lewisohn, who, sometimes, even in his most serious moments, teeters on

Just published

THE FIRST NOVEL FROM
THE INIMITABLE PEN OF

Ludwig
Bemelmans

It's the story of a South American general who flees the shadows of war in Biarritz, dallies with his mistress in intrigue-ridden Casablanca, merrily jolts café-society in New York, and finally—with his astonishing retinue—returns to his hacienda in Ecuador.

"This is an extraordinary book which will amuse everyone, but is much more than amusing. It will most impress those who completely understand the biting satire beneath its witty, glittering surface . . . a real reading experience."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

The Viking Press
$2.50

the brink of absurdity, is hardly the man to do it.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF MRS. PETER WILLOUGHBY, by Mary Elizabeth Plummer (Little, Brown). Moderately entertaining trivia about a lady who lives in Sutton Place and her reactions to practically everything. Miss Plummer writes competently, but her sketches of Mrs. Willoughby on a bicycle colliding with a bishop, writing a diary for the benefit of posterity, dealing with a mother-in-law, learning Portuguese, and so on, never succeed in being quite so amusing as the author obviously intends them to be.

GENERAL

LITERARY ENGLAND, by David E. Scherman and Richard Wilcox (Random House). Fifty photographs of places celebrated in English literature. A short description accompanies each photograph, along with related scraps of prose and poetry, and, all in all, it is a book which may well be enjoyed by anyone interested in English literature. There's a particularly Christopher Morleyish preface by Christopher Morley, but the reader, merely by skipping those pages, need never know it's there.

THE ELIZABETHAN WORLD PICTURE, by E. M. W. Tillyard (Macmillan). A learned, somewhat pedantic essay on the Elizabethan conception of the physical, spiritual, and philosophical world. Dr. Tillyard's study, however, though primarily intended for specialists, introduces many new facts, relative to the Elizabethan cosmic scene, that will enable those less academically interested in the period to discover new, and perhaps unsuspected, meaning in certain parts of Shakespeare, Milton, and Donne. The author, incidentally, uses the word "Elizabethan" with great laxity, applying it to the whole of the English Renaissance, from the time of Henry VIII to that of Charles I.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEADLINE AT DAWN, by William Irish (Lippincott). Another race-against-time story, about a young man and a dance-hall hostess he has picked up. The young man has been involved in a murder earlier that evening and the two decide they had better solve it before morning, when the police will be on the job. Some staggering coincidences make a good deal of this hard to believe, but you'll probably find it exciting anyhow.

Portland's Record-Breaking Shipbuilders are in the 7th Grade

They're the leaders of tomorrow, these model boat builders of today... and they're Journal Juniors, too!

THE JOURNAL JUNIORS, whose current membership is 60,000 eager boys and girls, whose entire membership during its two decades of existence is well over 600,000, is purely a *voluntary* organization. There are no dues, no special incentives offered. Members do not even have to subscribe to The Journal. These boys and girls join because they want to . . . because the Journal Juniors is *their* organization.

Not A New Idea

In 1927 The Journal sponsored the first Journal Junior Model Boat Regatta for Portland boys and girls; invited industrial arts instructors of Portland schools to cooperate. The response was widespread and enthusiastic and has continued for 17 years.

As a result model boat building is today a regular project of 7th grade youngsters in their industrial arts classes. Right now in a Portland school some boy is building a model boat that will break records in the 18th Annual Model Boat Regatta this June.

Other Activities

Model boat building is only one important Journal Junior project. The Oregon Journal Juniors, both girls and boys, participate in a host of activities. In addition to their daily column in The Journal, they have radio programs, model airplane races, plays, stamp collectors' clubs, baton twirling, dancing, Victory Gardening and dozens of others. All are wholesome, healthy outlets for youthful imagination and enthusiasm.

ONLY a newspaper like The Journal would originate such an organization and keep it alive and growing for almost twenty years . . . keep it free from any type of commercialism. It took vision, organization and understanding. The Journal feels that giving an outlet for the energy, talents and ambitions of boys and girls is an important function for a home newspaper ...just as important as keeping their parents informed of what's going on in the world from day to day.

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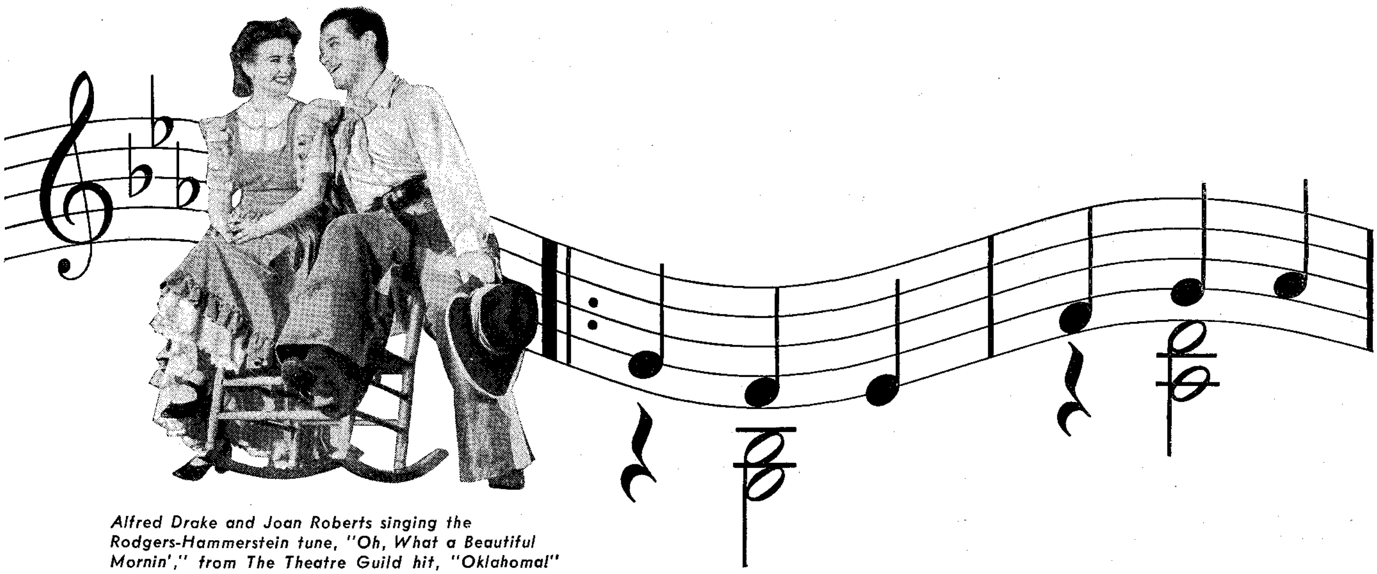

Alfred Drake and Joan Roberts singing the Rodgers-Hammerstein tune, "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," from The Theatre Guild hit, "Oklahoma!" Music © 1943 by Williamson Music, Inc.

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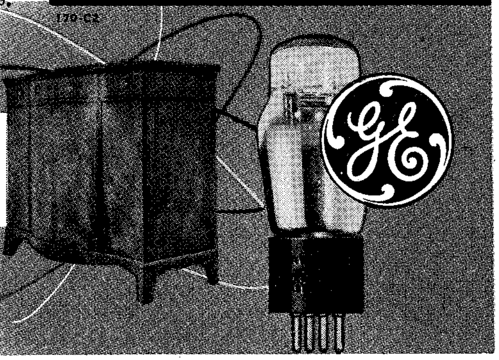

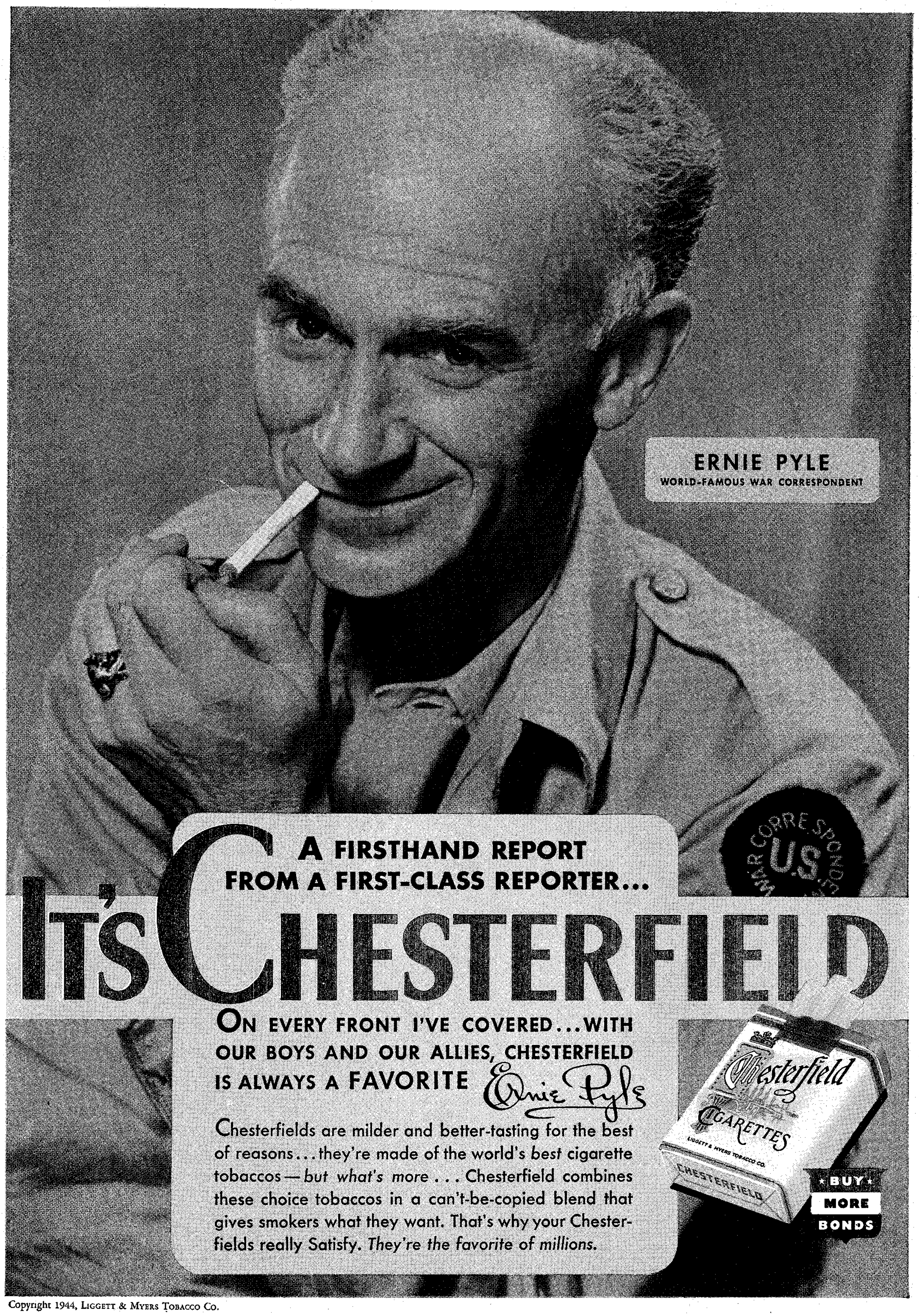
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